Collier's

August 17, 1940

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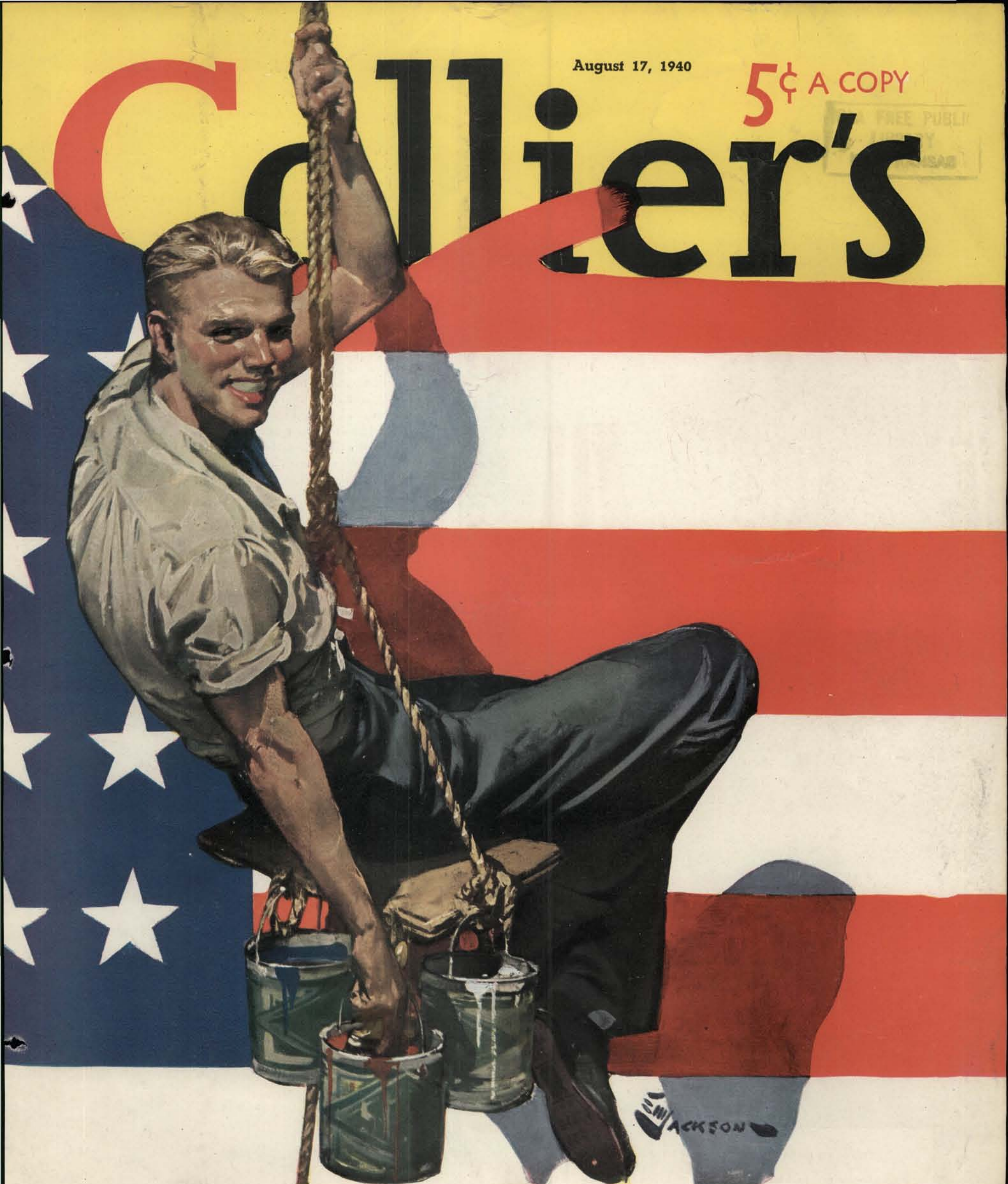

**How to Build Airpower By W. B**

JOHN H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
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UG. 17, 1940

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
MD
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED · LOUISVILLE, KY

## *Song for Summer*

When temperature soars up and up—to 90 Fahrenheit,
And the weather men prognosticate
there's "No relief in sight"—
Don't be depressed! There *is* relief! Just take a timely hint:
There's a lot of cooling solace
in Four Roses and some mint!

Unite the verdant mint leaves with this whiskey mellow-old;
Use ice, of course, aplenty—
so your drink is frosty cold.
Ah! There's the grandest Julep that man's hand has ever made!
A symphony of perfection
for sipping in the shade!

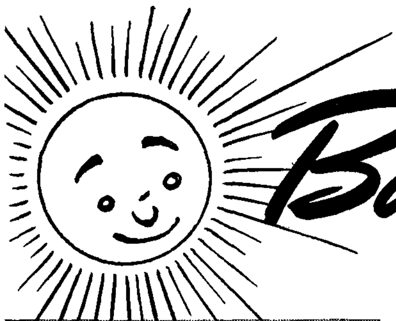
A green-and-silver triumph that could make the Sphinx emote;
But as its fragrant coolness
trickles down your grateful throat,
Remember well the moral with which this ballad closes:
To make the *perfect* Julep
you *must always use Four Roses!*

• • •

*Four Roses is ALL whiskey—a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*

**HOW TO MAKE A FOUR ROSES MINT JULEP**

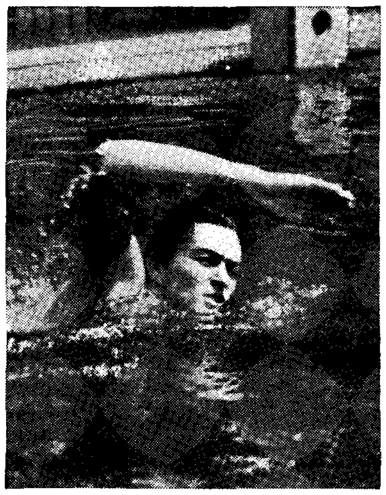
Place a few sprigs of fresh mint in bowl. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or simply stir, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass or silver Julep cup. Fill glass with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses till glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand until frost forms thick.



# Baking Sun-Drenching Water

## leave your Hair parched and lifeless!

*Scorching sun parches your hair —makes it dry and lifeless.*



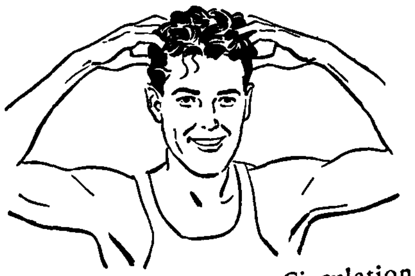
*Water increases harm, and washes away the remaining scalp oils.*

AN AFTERNOON of invigorating exercise under the summer sun does wonders for your health. But what a toll it can take of your hair! For the fiery rays of the sun bake your hair—make it dull and brittle. Then a swim or shower adds to the damage—drenches your hair—washes away needed scalp oils!

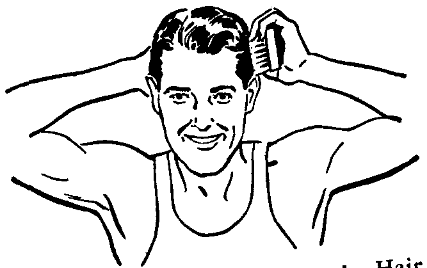
Protect your hair with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout". Massage Vitalis briskly onto your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingling as circulation increases. Your parched scalp loses its tightness—becomes supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oils—give your hair a rich, handsome lustre! See how easy it is to comb your hair—how neatly it stays in place. There's no "patent-leather" look either!

Get a bottle of Vitalis today at your druggist's. Let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" keep your hair attractive—despite sun and water.

## Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"
helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

**WARNING**—For your protection in the barber shop genuine Vitalis comes only in the sanitary, individual Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

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# THIS WEEK

AUGUST 17, 1940

## SHORT STORIES

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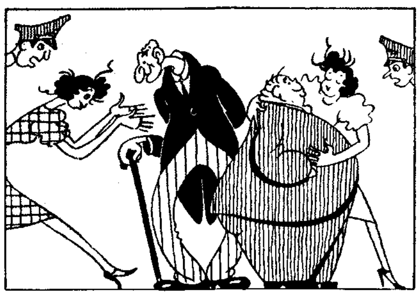
**COVER** E. M. JACKSON

# ANY WEEK

SEVERAL agitated citizens have written us that something should be done about what happened on a recent Sunday in Detroit, Michigan. Until then we had the idea that anything happening in Detroit on Sunday would be gratefully hailed. As usual we were wrong. On this particular Sunday three fellows who do not love this country enough to enjoy its errors as well as its virtues were exhorting audiences to vote Red. One was Mr. James W. Ford, a Negro who yearns to be Vice President on the Communist ticket. The second was a much more interesting office seeker—Mr. John W. Aiken, who is running somewhat slowly for President on the Socialist-Labor ticket. The third was a personable young man who aspires modestly to Congress as a Communist — Mr. Thomas X. Dombrowski. We've never heard Mr. Aiken nor Mr. Dombrowski, but we have listened to Mr. Ford and found him pretty dreary. We wouldn't have mentioned this at all had not Mrs. Irene Hoblaz of Detroit, who heard Mr. Aiken, written to say that she didn't mind so much for herself but shuddered to think "what such dreadful slanders against our government did to the minds of little children, several of whom were present unattended by their parents."



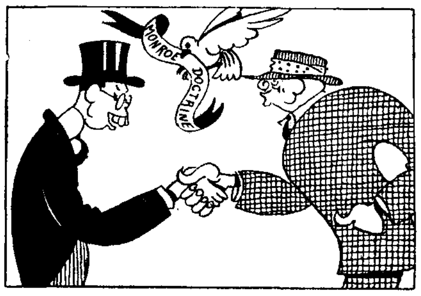
FRANKLY we think that a pretty dreadful situation. The little ones should be looked to at once. Children who would spend time listening to any political exhortation—red, white or blue—instead of running around getting into interesting trouble are not normal. We suspect too that the ministrations of a capable psychologist might benefit adults who go in too seriously for public oratory. "Why is it," demands Mr. William V. Nombest of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, "that almost all the mugs who are trying to talk us into what's left of the European war are either so old that they have moss on their ears or too fat to get into any army but the Salvation? Or is that the only way they can work up any excitement for themselves? Maybe they're just trying to get rid of the young fellows and think the women will rally around them in desperation."

IT WAS while we were brooding over the question that we were almost run over by a motorcar that announced on its rear window that next November this country would decide between "Public Utility and Public Futility." We continued more carefully and were rewarded by a picture in a shop window. The picture was of a large, vigorous gentleman striding across the sky, carrying the Stars and Stripes. The picture had a caption: "The Willkie Way." We were pretty glad to get home.

WE'RE sorry to learn that the Canadian army will be without the services of Mr. Roy McDarmaid for a while. Mr. McDarmaid not only lives near Windsor, Ontario, but has done so very successfully, being immensely popular among the lads and having just married a highly delectable young woman. It is of Mr. McDarmaid's wedding that we write. After a two-day honeymoon, Mr. McDarmaid was to have donned the uniform, shouldered the rifle and been off for camp. But the lads attending the festivities after the wedding had decided, rather belatedly, to give him a shower. The shower consisted of such durables as a few horse shoes, boots, kettles, frying pans and oddments of the sort. And instead of showering him sweetly as the girls had long ago linen-and-kitchen-showered his bride, they let him have it from the roof of the porch. In the ensuing misunderstanding which took place around and upon the prostrate body of Mr. McDarmaid, several of the guests were pretty badly used up. But fortunately the police arrived with an ambulance as well as the paddy wagon and, according to Mr. Sam John Dillon of Windsor, Mr. McDarmaid will live to become a hero and several of the wedding guests will be out of jail before September.

WE WERE talking to Mr. Gerald G. Quimball of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the subject was modern warfare. We got along nicely, agreeing with monotonous regularity, until we happened to mention parachute troops. There, we felt sure, was something the United States knew nothing about. Moreover, it would take months to train soldiers to leap from planes and land behind enemy lines intact. "Nonsense," said Mr. Quimball, "if the United States Army needs parachute troops they can call on the Forest Service. We send foresters out in airplanes, spot the smoke, drop the fighters, and a couple of million feet of timber are saved. The smoke jumpers are equipped with trick extinguishers and fireproof uniforms. Our lads can land on a cigarette butt."

THE trouble with talking to people you don't know is that you're bound to meet somebody smart. We were ripe for a defeat when we took on a Japanese gentleman named Koshomino. Mr. Koshomino took us off guard by launching into a defense of the Monroe Doctrine and hoping with the solemnity that only a Japanese can achieve that the United States would defend it at all costs. We shook hands with Mr. Koshomino. "You think it is a good policy?" he asked. We said we did indeed. "Then you cannot hold with your countrymen who think it is not good for *Japan too?*" We shook hands solemnly again with Mr. Koshomino.



LATER Mr. Lew Burlingame of Akron, Ohio, told us that he'd been reading that Washington, D.C., had made the largest population gain of any American major city during the past ten years. This didn't open our pores very wide and we said so. "Okay," said Mr. Burlingame. "Anyway our nation's capital gained thirty-six per cent in population, most of it since 1932. All I wanted to tell you is that it won't last. This guy Willkie will attend to that pretty quickly."

IN DETROIT we found Canadian-American relations a trifle strained. There are about five hundred Canadians in Detroit yearning to get home but can't because they're having lots of trouble proving to the Canadian immigration authorities that they belong in Canada. In Windsor there is a considerable number of Americans trying to get back but can't because they lack evidence that they belong south of the border. It's all due to the new immigration laws and the general suspicion that everybody everywhere is an undesirable alien. An agent from the Justice Department was explaining it to us. He'd been pretty well over the ground and calls it a standoff. If all the stranded Canadians on our side remained here and we let Canada have the Americans grounded on her side, he said, you could call it even. But it's not as simple as that. In Canada, seeking to return from tourists jaunts, are residents of the United States who, born in Europe, had never bothered to become naturalized. And, of course, that's true of residents of Canada stranded in Detroit. Some of them came from countries that Mr. Hitler has abolished. In any case, Mr. Hitler wouldn't let them in. And to make [illegible] all the worse for them, Washington and Ottawa have taken the matter up, turning it over to special committees. This, the stranded ones are convinced, means that they won't get home for years.

BUT WHAT a swell excuse. . . . W. D.

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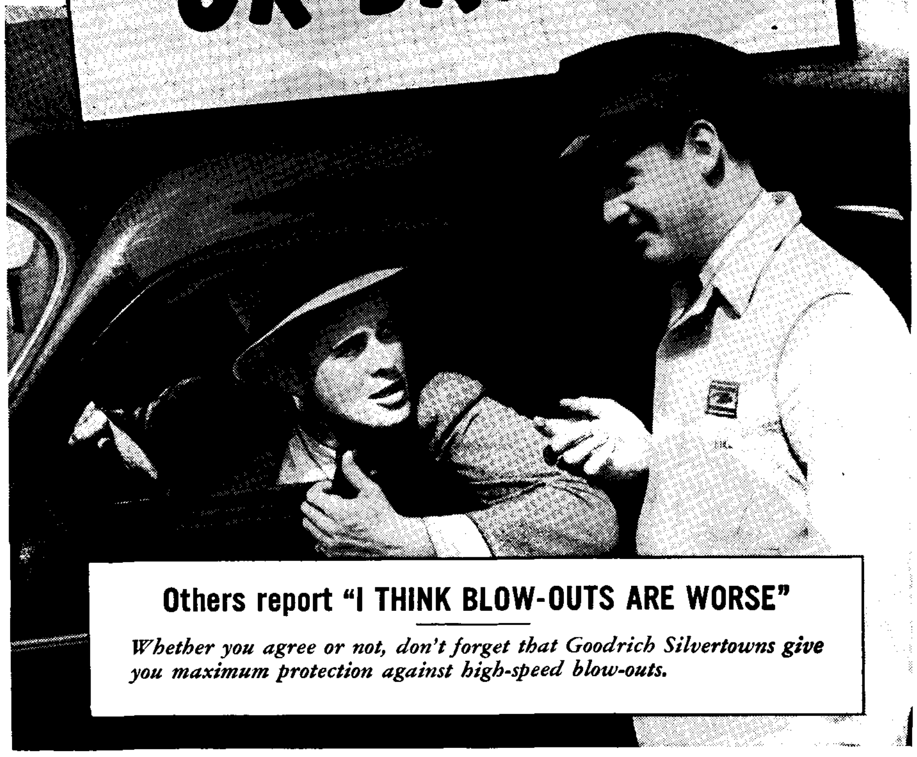
# HOW WOULD YOU VOTE ON THIS QUESTION?

## WHICH ARE WORSE—BLOW-OUTS OR SKIDS?

**Thousands say "I'M MORE SCARED OF SKIDS"**

*No matter how you vote, remember this: Goodrich Silvertowns are built to give the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.*



**Others report "I THINK BLOW-OUTS ARE WORSE"**

*Whether you agree or not, don't forget that Goodrich Silvertowns give you maximum protection against high-speed blow-outs.*

**All agree "BOTH ARE DANGEROUS"**

*So why not get the Goodrich Silvertown—with its tread that's a "life-saver" on wet, slippery roads . . . and a special, internal ply construction that's a "life-saver" against high-speed blow-outs.*

## *WHY ARGUE?* Silvertowns protect you against BOTH

- Do you agree with those who say skids are worse? Or would you yourself say "blow-outs"? There's room for plenty of argument, of course. But when you look at the accident reports ONE FACT STANDS OUT—*BOTH ARE DANGEROUS.*

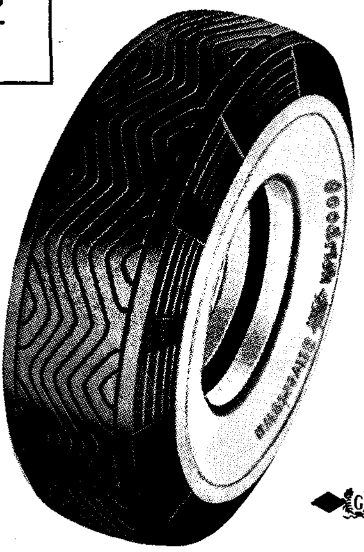
### Avoid "Half-Way" Protection

Maybe you've never realized it but you can now get a tire that gives you maximum protection against BOTH skids and blow-outs—and it's the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown.

On the outside, the Life-Saver Tread has a regular "windshield-wiper" action on wet roads . . . an endless procession of spiral bars that sweep the water right and left and force it out through the deep drainage grooves. This rapid-fire sweeping action leaves a track so dry you can actually light a match on it . . . so dry, too, that you get the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.

Not only that, the famous Golden Ply construction of Silvertowns is noted for maximum resistance to high-speed blow-outs. The specially-treated plies that Goodrich now builds into all Silvertowns resist internal blowout-causing heat—give you greater safety every day you drive. No wonder these plies are described as "Life-Saver" plies.

After you hear the BANG of a blow-out or feel a skid starting it's too late to change your tire protection. For safety's sake get your Silvertowns today. If it will be easier to make your own terms than to pay cash, take advantage of the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.



# *The new* Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

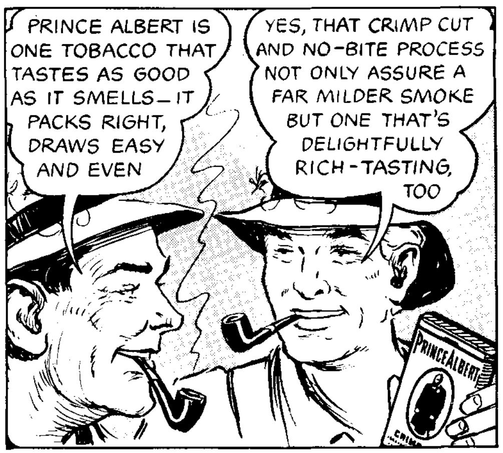
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

JUDGE, YOU'VE SEEN A LOT OF OLD MILLS IN YOUR TRAVELS, BUT WE'VE GOT ONE OVER HERE THAT'S UNIQUE
GOSH, THAT IS DIFFERENT! MM-M-DOESN'T THAT WATER LOOK CLEAR AND COOL!
THE INDIANS THOUGHT SO, TOO. THEY CALLED IT 'NEOSHO,' WHICH MEANS CLEAR, COOL WATER!
YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT INDIAN LORE
OH, IT'S JUST A HOBBY OF MINE. HERE'S A PIPE-HEAD I HAD COPIED FROM AN OLD INDIAN RELIC—THE STEM WAS 69 INCHES LONG
THE INDIANS WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET A COOLER SMOKE, EH, JUDGE?
HOW EASY IT IS TODAY, THOUGH—JUST A TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT FOR A SMOKE THAT'S REALLY MILD, COOL-BURNING, EASY ON THE TONGUE

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

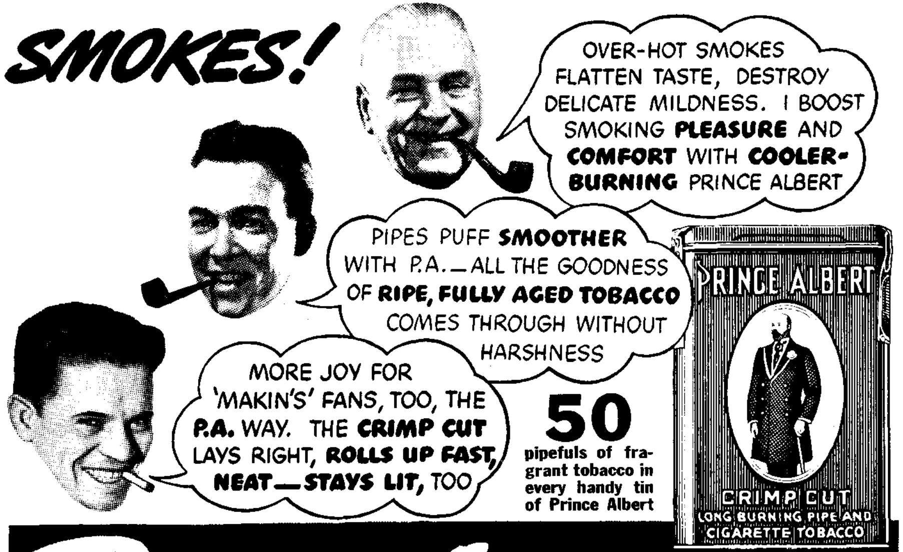
86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*


PRINCE ALBERT IS ONE TOBACCO THAT TASTES AS GOOD AS IT SMELLS—IT PACKS RIGHT, DRAWS EASY AND EVEN
YES, THAT CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE PROCESS NOT ONLY ASSURE A FAR MILDER SMOKE BUT ONE THAT'S DELIGHTFULLY RICH-TASTING, TOO
PRINCE ALBERT

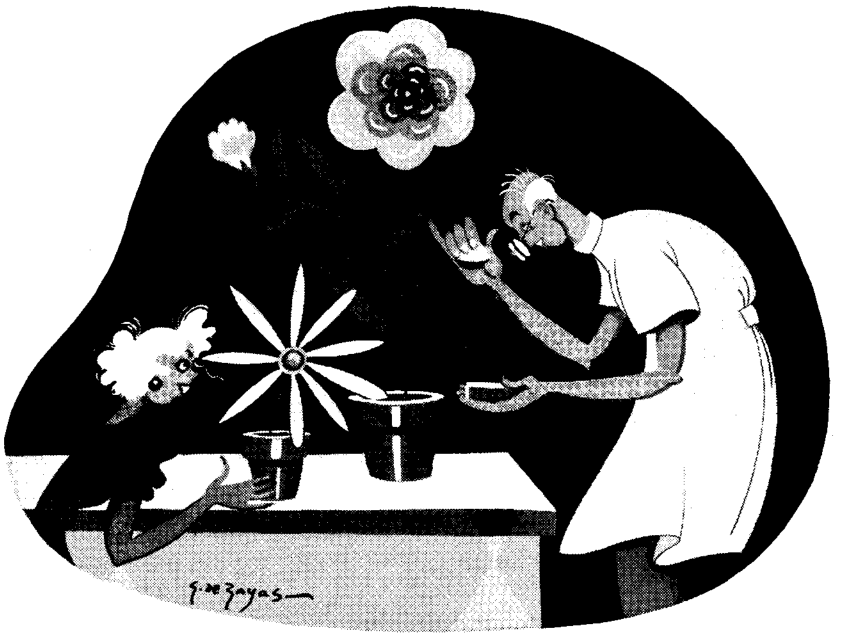
Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

STEP UP SUMMER FUN WITH COOLER-BURNING SMOKES!


OVER-HOT SMOKES FLATTEN TASTE, DESTROY DELICATE MILDNESS. I BOOST SMOKING **PLEASURE** AND **COMFORT** WITH **COOLER-BURNING** PRINCE ALBERT
PIPES PUFF **SMOOTHER** WITH P.A.—ALL THE GOODNESS OF **RIPE, FULLY AGED TOBACCO** COMES THROUGH WITHOUT HARSHNESS
MORE JOY FOR 'MAKIN'S' FANS, TOO, THE **P.A.** WAY. THE **CRIMP CUT** LAYS RIGHT, **ROLLS UP FAST, NEAT—STAYS LIT,** TOO
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Botanists* are now producing a wide variety of new plants through the use of a drug called colchicine. Either soaking the seeds in a solution or painting the buds with a salve makes flowers, trees, fruits and vegetables not only take on new shapes and colors, but also grow to double their normal size.

*Few* Americans have ever played, or even watched, a game of real or court tennis, forerunner of lawn tennis, because it is almost exclusively a millionaire's pastime. There are only ten courts in the United States—on large estates and in select clubs—and they cost between $80,000 and $150,000 apiece.

*During* the life of the Third Republic of France from February, 1871, to June, 1940, the country changed its cabinet 106 times, or on an average of once about every eight months.

*In* accordance with the Anglo-Portuguese treaties of 1914 and 1916, no wine produced in the British Empire can be labeled and sold as port.

*After* a steel mill is through with the palm oil and bran which it uses in the manufacture of tin plate, they are mixed and sold as a fattening food for livestock.—*By F. D. McHugh, New York, New York.*

*Probably* the only private "time capsule" is a $75,000 pyramid in Monte Ne, Arkansas, erected by William Hope Harvey between 1932, when he was defeated as the presidential candidate on the Liberty party ticket, and his death in 1936. Its vault contains copies of his books on how to cure the ills of the world, preserved for more intelligent generations than his own, which failed to appreciate him.

*In* Dutch Guiana, the bush Negroes, who do not wear such fancy attire as trousers and dresses, are obliged by law to rent these clothes in a store on the edge of a town before entering it for a day's visit.—*By Lois Catuna, Northport, Long Island.*

*Many* persons, who have been commanded while under hypnosis to perform a certain act on a future definite date, have executed the order punctually on the designated day, even a whole year later.

*An* analysis of the testimony of 20,000 persons who were asked to describe the physical characteristics of the man they saw commit a crime revealed that, on the average, they overestimated the height by five inches, the age by eight years and gave the wrong hair color in 83 per cent of the cases.

*Certain* plants have grown to twice their normal size after their seeds were subjected to supersonic vibrations, or inaudible sound waves, for only three minutes.—*By Julian R. Frederick, Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

*The* only element that can be changed in color by compression alone is phosphorus, which turns from white to black under a pressure of seven tons to the square inch.—*By Nanette R. McGirr, Washington, D. C.*

*During* the great fireworks display given nightly on Liberty Lake at the New York World's Fair, about 12,000 separate pyrotechnic units costing approximately $1,700 are set off, some of which are worth $300 each. Although the performance lasts only fifteen minutes, forty experts work all day preparing the 200 pieces of floating equipment.

*The* Tremont House, which opened in Boston in 1829, was the first American hotel to rent an entire room to one guest. Up to this time, it was the custom to require three or four persons, usually strangers to one another, to occupy a single room and sleep together in one large bed.

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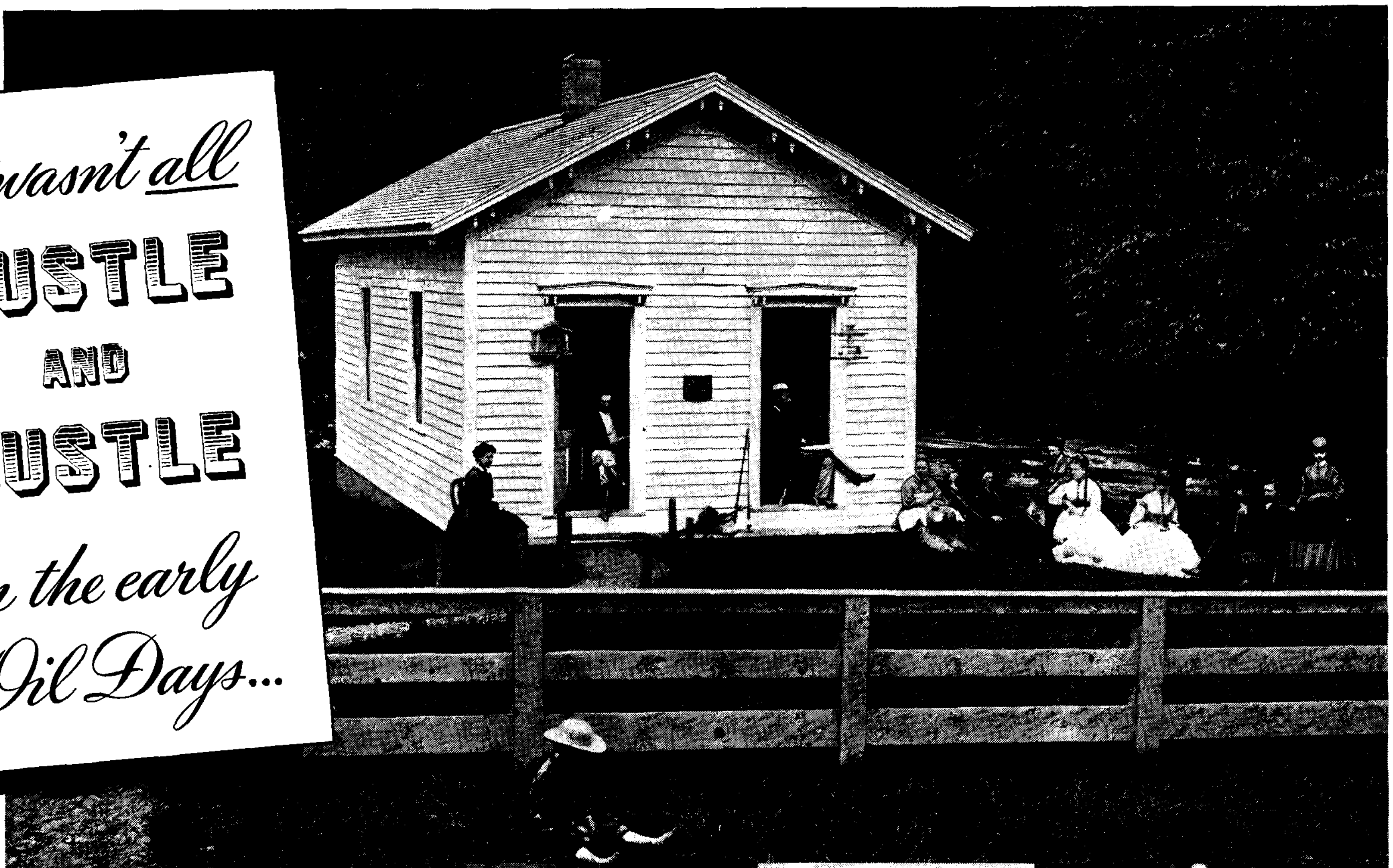
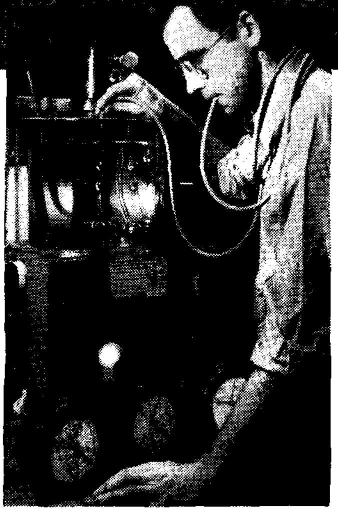
# *It wasn't all* HUSTLE AND BUSTLE *in the early Oil Days...*



**Here's tranquility** in the midst of excitement—a peaceful scene in the sixties at the old Indian Rock Oil Company along historic Oil Creek. Note costumes, postures, gadgets—including trout rods, creel and bird-cages. And don't miss the barefoot boy in the foreground. Seething excitement was usual on the Miller Farm where this peaceful picture was made. Wells on this farm became spectacular producers of Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the same top-quality crude which today makes your Pennsylvania Motor Oils. These oils steadily have been the favored motor oils since the first motor car was built.

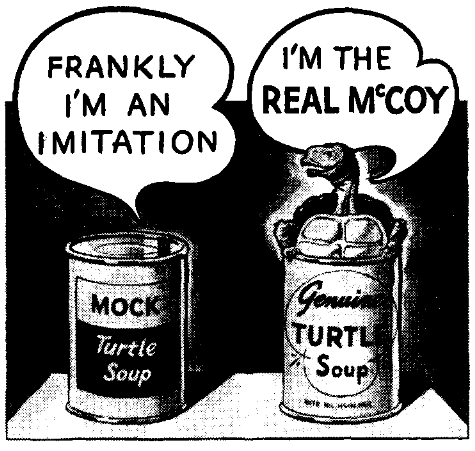
**Big boom and bang man** of the early oil days. Owen Roberts of the old torpedo firm W. B. Roberts & Son, Bradford, Pennsylvania, had a lot to do with perfecting the process of "shooting" a well to make oil flow more freely. Roberts' torpedoes played a big role in Pennsylvania oil producing technique. Always the quality leader of the oil industry, Pennsylvania also produced most methods of recovery and refining in use today.

**Tinker is an oil man's middle name.** Our picture shows Clyde Warner tinkering with a drilling rig about to be set up in Venango County, Pennsylvania. This rig will reach down into the oil sands where Nature's choicest crude (Pennsylvania, of course) is stored, and bring to the surface crude oil to make more Pennsylvania Motor Oils to lubricate the cars, the trucks, the planes, the ships, on which the whole world moves.



**Under temperatures** controlled to hundredths of a degree, this laboratory worker at State College, Pennsylvania, tests the viscosity, or body, of a Pennsylvania Motor Oil to be sure no adulteration has occurred. Stop-clocks register its rate of flow. High viscosity (ability to flow in cold weather, and to hold body in terrific heat) is one of the superiorities which makes Pennsylvania the favored motor oils wherever motor cars are used.

**Your grocer** doesn't sell mock turtle soup as the real thing. He calls it "mock" to distinguish it from genuine. You can be mighty sure that your oil dealer will sell you a real Pennsylvania Oil as such—not by some "mock" name such as "paraffin-base" "eastern oil" or "Pennsylvania-type." Oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude are the only real Pennsylvania Motor Oils.



**Imitation is flattery,** and all that, but remember, the imitation only *looks* real. To be a genuine Pennsylvania Motor Oil, an oil must be made *entirely* from Pennsylvania Grade Crude—and every oil entitled to bear our emblem is guaranteed to be genuine. Look for our emblem when you buy your motor oil. It is your mark of protection.

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The area at right, touching four states, is the only district in the world producing Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, which is known to be the best raw material in the entire world for making motor oil.

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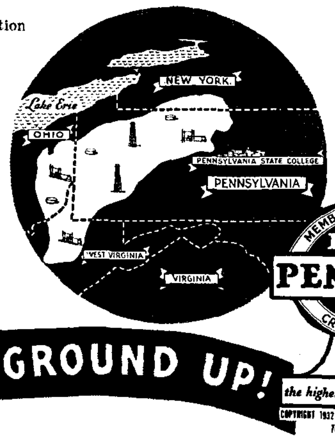
**This advertisement is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new announcements in this series.**



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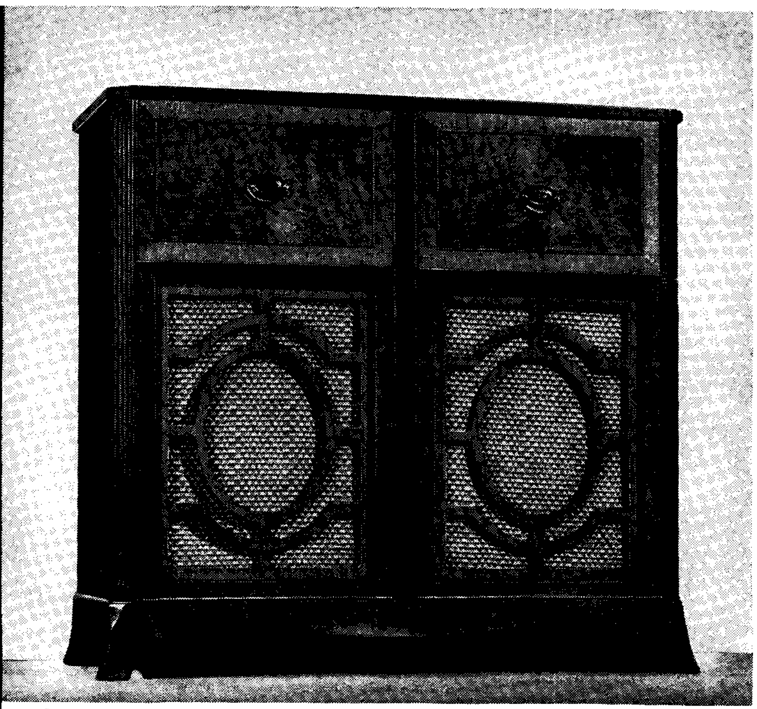
THE AMAZING NEW 1941

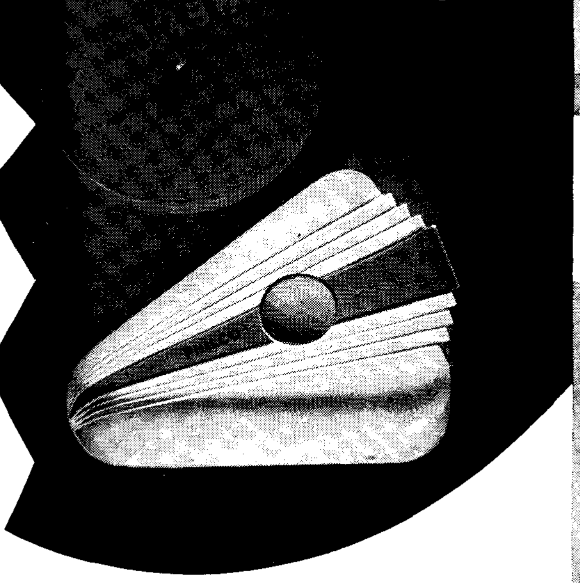
# PHILCO

PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

# Plays *any* Record on a BEAM OF LIGHT!



**PHILCO 609P.** This Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph combines the exquisite beauty of a lovely Period cabinet of authentic Hepplewhite design with the thrill of Philco's new and spectacular 1941 inventions. It brings you new and vital benefits no other radio-phonograph can offer. Music on a beam of light. New Tilt-Front cabinet. Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. New phonograph circuit, specially designed for finest record tone. *Yours for only $15 down.*



**No Needles to change!**

**Records last 10 times longer!**

**New Purity of Tone!**

CLEARER HIGH NOTES
DEEPER LOW NOTES

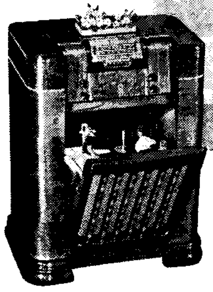
Philco for 1941 presents the first basic improvement in record reproduction since the invention of the phonograph. *Music on a beam of light!* Instead of a hard crystal and rigid steel needle that create work and wear, the amazing Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph reproduces any record on a beam of light, reflected from a tiny mirror to a Photo-Electric Cell. It's a history-making invention that brings you thrilling new benefits never before enjoyed in a radio-phonograph. ONLY PHILCO HAS IT!

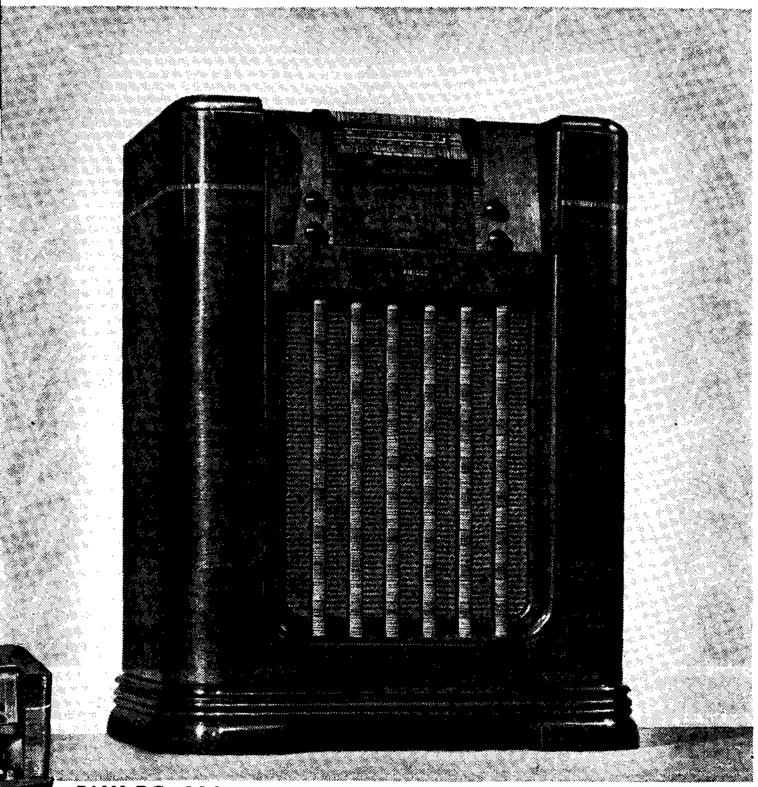
*No needles to change!* The Philco Photo-Electric Reproducer is extremely light and floats gently in the record grooves. In normal use, its rounded jewel lasts from 8 to 10 years! *Records last 10 times longer!* The new Philco Photo-Electric principle eliminates wear because it eliminates work. There's no grinding or gouging of record grooves. You can play and enjoy your most valuable records as much as 700 times without fear of wear!

*Glorious new purity of tone!* You hear *all* the beauty of your records; rich, deep "lows" without sacrifice of clear, brilliant "highs." Surface and needle noise no longer mar purity of tone.

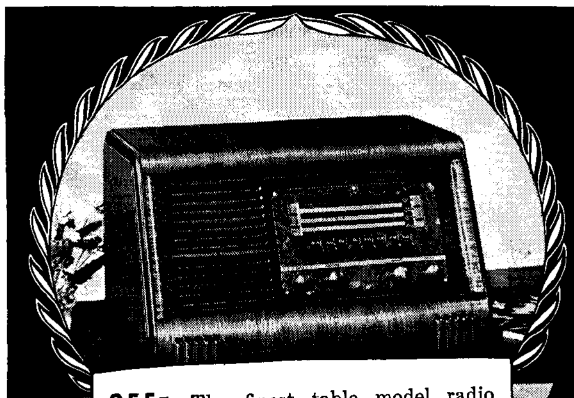
**TILT-FRONT.** Only Philco brings you this brand-new convenience! *No lid;* no need to remove ornaments to reach the phonograph. No dark, unhandy compartments. You simply tilt forward the grille which automatically brings out the record turntable, in full view and easy to use.

**MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS.** The Philco Home Recording Unit is optional equipment at reasonable extra cost. Large microphone with acoustic chamber insures life-like recordings. Free from record scratch.





**PHILCO 608P.** Philco's new, history-making achievements are yours *at a popular price* in this amazing 9-tube Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Plays any record on a beam of light. Tilt-Front Cabinet with no lid, no dark, awkward compartments. Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of costly, hand-rubbed Walnut woods. *A sensational value and yours for only $12.95 down.*



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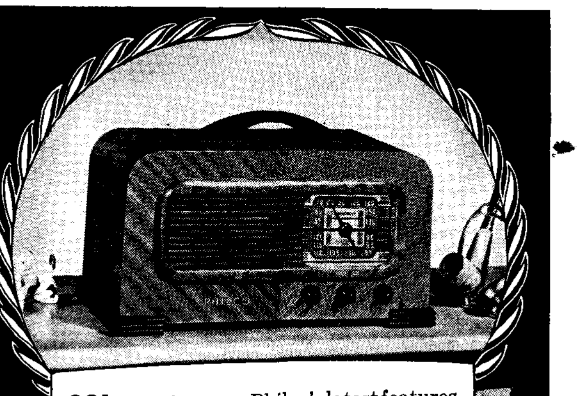
**PHILCO for 1941 offers you the greatest values in its 11 years of leadership! Consoles, table models, compacts, portables, auto radios... a wide variety of styles for every taste and purse.**

**EVERY 1941 PHILCO IS BUILT TO RECEIVE TELEVISION SOUND AND FREQUENCY MODULATION . . . THE WIRELESS WAY!**



**221C.** Brings you Philco's latest features at a record low price. American and Foreign reception; new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Smart walnut cabinet. Just plug in and play. *Only $2.35 down.*

**Collier's** The National Weekly for August 17, 1940

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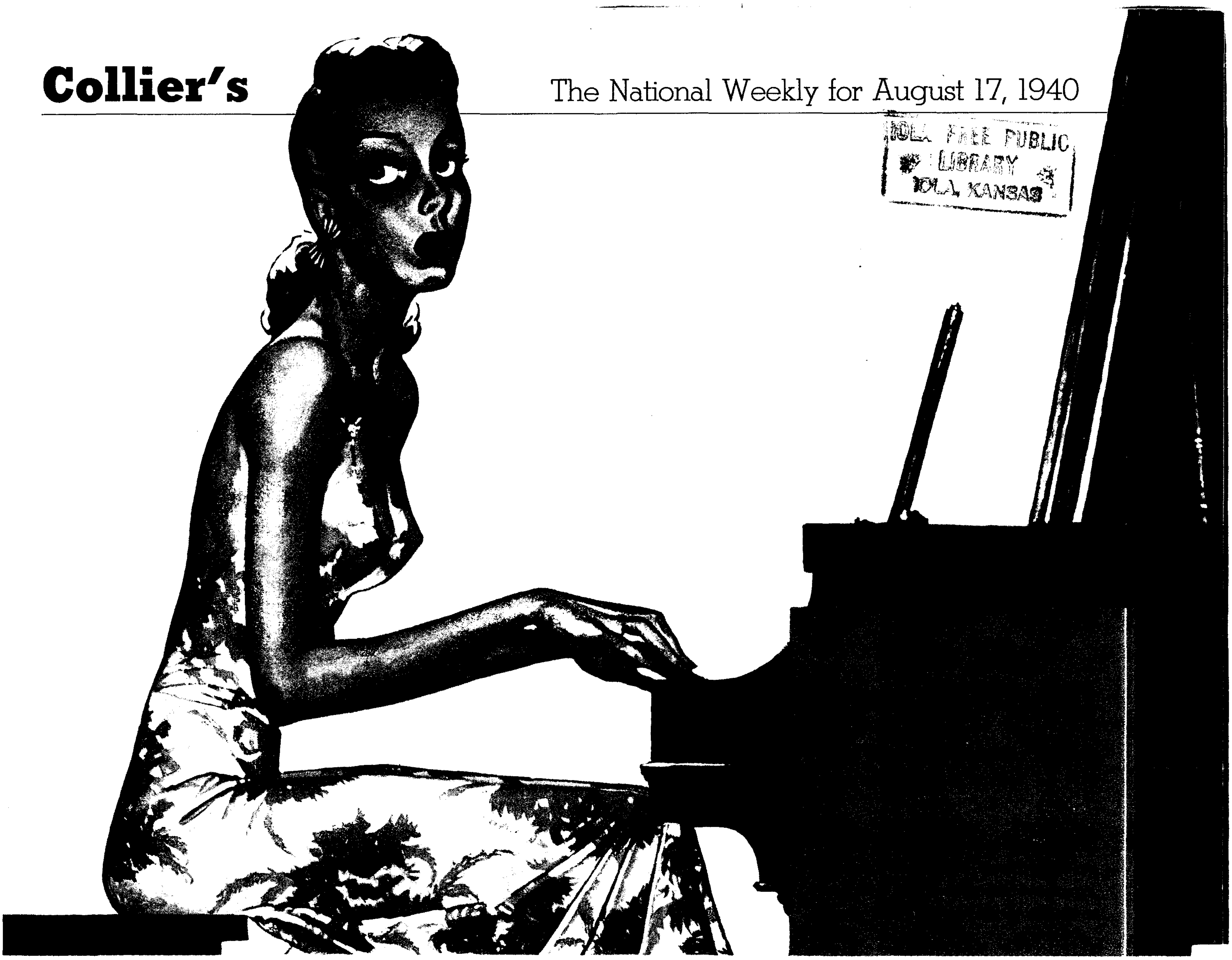


GEE, Honey, it brings me down to have to take you into this," Frank Leedy said with a sad look around the dingy, third-rate hotel room as he toed a path from the door through the pile of luggage. He was tall and skinny, with curly blond hair, prominent ears and a wide mouth.

"Oh, cheer up, Pops," May said. "We're back in New York, ain't we? Just think of it—no more night jumps in day coaches, no more canceled spots, no more worrying about what happened to the advance agent. And, compared to the dives we've been stopping at, this is a palace."

She was a dark-eyed bundle of slight curves, half the size of her husband. The careless way in which she flung a large bag onto the bed suggested gay, endless energy.

"Yeah, everything's sharp, Honey. All we have to do is get the gang a nice, steady job." Frank shook his head ruefully. "What we did to the poor cats on this ride!"

"Well, at least we brought them home," May said on one of her quick trips between the valise and the dresser. "Only trouble is, the public ain't hep to our brand of jive, yet. But we'll put them hep. They'll dig our stuff after a while."

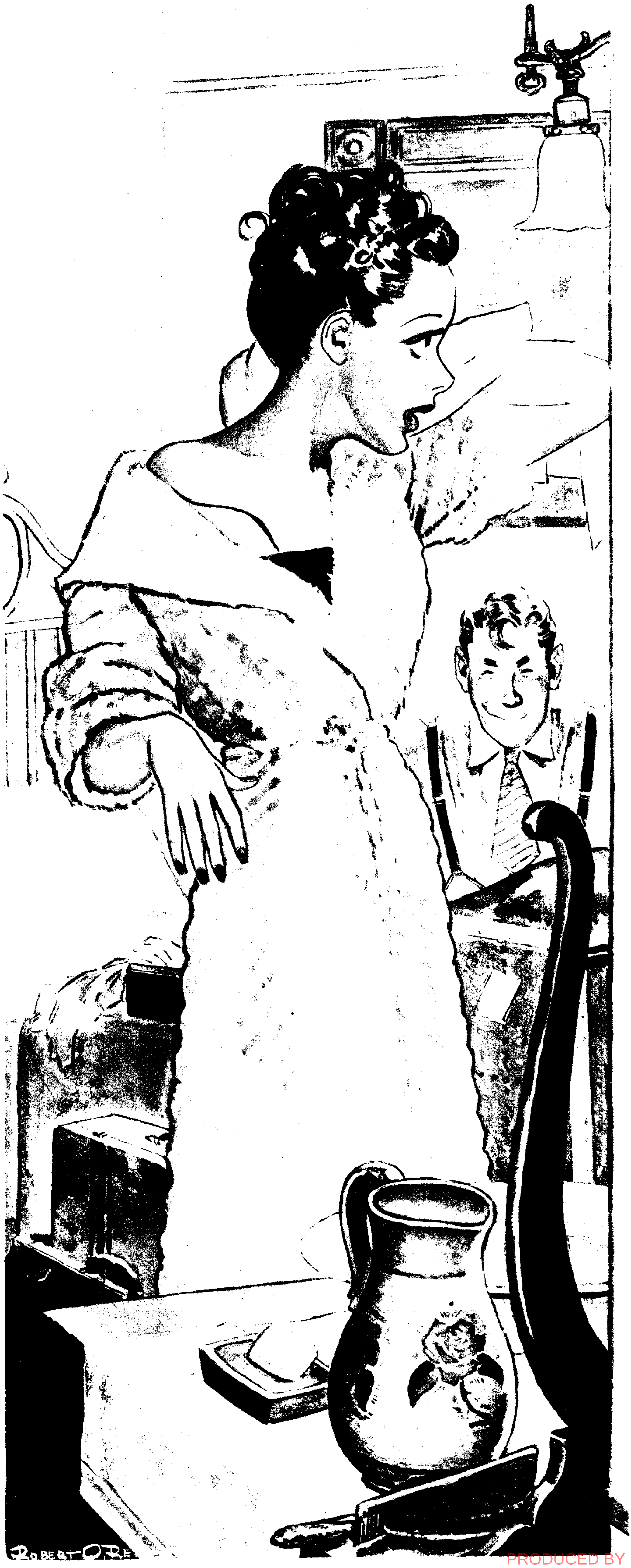
They had been married three months before and for a honeymoon had gone with their band on a playing tour, with expectations of a long, steady booking. But their big-talking agent's promises had fizzled out to two a week and then, finding themselves with eighteen blank days ahead before the next certain pay check, and with just enough for fare home, they'd played it safe and abandoned the tour.

May kicked the empty valise under the bed, went to the washstand in the corner and, as she sloshed water over her face, began to sing one of their own songs: *"I'm blue but happy, blue but happy, happy cos I'm used to bein' blue. Sad but I like it, sad but I like it—like it cos there's nothin' else to do. So send me down, blues, send me down, blues . . ."*

Frank never ceased marveling at the size of the voice that came out of her. Having heard that voice, one could no longer be much impressed with the fact that she also played the piano like a man. As only few men could. But it counted a lot in the band.

Five years ago it had been only a quartet, with Frank on the tenor sax and clarinet which he'd played professionally, by necessity, ever since he'd got his first long trousers; Vido Maresca, the tough, chunky Latin, on guitar; Tubby Phil Adams drumming, and May at the keyboard. Then the others had joined, one by one, until there were ten. All ace swingmen who hadn't been sure what they were after until they had found Frank and May. After that they had something to hold on to and stay with. May's voice inspired them and Frank's ideas as a leader were so right for the men who understood them that it was a joy and a privilege to help carry them out.

"It's been a long time," Frank said softly when May had stopped singing.



**"You have to be patient, that's all," May said. "Goodman didn't get there overnight. Meantime, we're having ourselves fun"**

"Doesn't seem long to me. You have to be patient, that's all. Goodman didn't get there overnight. And meantime, we're having ourselves fun, just making music."

"Yeah, we've still got the band." Frank chuckled self-solacingly.

There was always that, May thankfully reflected, to keep her moody, temperamental spouse happy at heart. He had his band. It had taken five years of the most painstaking kind of work to make it what it was, but it had been a work of love. If only Frank didn't suffer so when the slightest thing went wrong with the music! But there was nothing she could do about that.

Having completed freshening herself, she noticed that Frank had just been sitting on the bed, watching her with that appreciative smile of his which still embarrassed her because it was so openly worshipful.

"Well! How about getting unpacked? This is going to be our home for a while, you know."

Frank got up and kissed her and obediently began making order among his effects. "Tomorrow," he said with a sigh, "we start selling it again."

A MONTH later they were still trying to sell it. The big square room in the Musical Arts Building had become as much a home as the hotel room. In it they spent their days, rehearsing, playing for booker after booker, in the other their nights, talking and planning late before they went to sleep. An occasional engagement at a party or a club dance barely paid for the thirty-cent lunches, sixty-cent suppers and the rent for both rooms.

"Too hot—too wild—not refined," ran the comments.

They were very tired of it the afternoon Morton Fess came to hear them. He was a short, cadaverous, cigar-eating, small-time agent, panting for prestige and the big money.

"No showmanship," he said after the boys had played their hearts out for him. His positive, all-knowing manner had immediately irritated Frank.

"What do you want us to do, jump around and do a snake dance—or wear funny hats?"

"You got to sell your stuff more."

"It's solid music. We always counted on it selling itself."

"Well, now, take your drummer, frinstance," Fess said slowly, with the air of one handing out invaluable advice. "Not enough traps. It don't make an impression. It looks empty."

"Does it sound empty?" May demanded. She and the boys were having difficulty controlling themselves. This guy was the worst yet.

"No—I wouldn't say that." Fess gave May an oily, paternal smile. A dame at the piano was one of the things about the band that didn't seem right to him. The way she glared back at him, however, led him to decide he'd better not mention it. "But there's certain effects people like. Chimes, frinstance, and temple blocks—you know, some novelty."

Frank looked at Tubby behind the drums and saw the wave of pink start at his tight collar line and spread rapidly up around his moon face. Tubby often got choked up that way. Frank always had to talk for him.

"Well, look, Mr. Fess. There's certain suitcase men, like Adams, here, 'frinstance,' who would give up altogether before they even made a pass at a temple block."

"Clippy-cluppy, clippy-cluppy," Vido, the guitarist, broke in, making an idiotically fierce grimace. "Say! Whodaya think this is, Rodney Montfort's stooges?"

"Temple blocks, for Pete's sake—and chimes!" muttered Windy Warrick, the big, apelike trombonist, holding tightly to his instrument, afraid he might be tempted to use it as a club.

Rodney Montfort's band was nationally famous but Fess sensed that the disparagement of the big name came not from envy but from a special kind of militant earnestness. He was not equipped to understand it. He was puzzled by the boys' music and by their attitude. He couldn't tell them a thing. Obviously they had no respect for his opinions. Antagonized, he would not admit that he had been impressed. He smiled and shook his head pityingly, and at that May lost her temper.

"You heard what we've got. Take it or leave it!"

The agent left without another word. Steve, the trumpet player, who looked like a men's clothing ad, made a disrespectful noise on his horn for a send-off. Vido began mumbling:

"That tin-eared heel! I'd like to—" He shaped his fingers into hooks and waved them in the air.

Only the big, stout Alec Potter, easygoing and slow except when he was handling one of his reed instruments, had remained calm through the weeks of discouragement. He pulled Vido down into his chair, handed him his guitar, picked up his alto sax and began playing. Vido's muttering tapered off as he joined in, and one by one the others went to work until the whole band was playing again. What a sweet bunch, Frank thought for the thousandth time. Smiling at May, he, too, picked up his horn.

Fess indignantly thumped the elevator bell and asked himself who the hell those boys thought they were, anyway, when he noticed two men come down the corridor and stop at the door of the room, behind him, that he had just left. One he recognized as Emil Wetterau, president of National Music, Incorporated, and the other, younger man, as Arthur Pickett, junior executive.

"Listen to that, Emil," Pickett said. "Wonder who they are. Listen—they're marvelous."

IN HIS curiosity, Fess had leaned toward them. Wetterau suddenly turned and gave him a look of regal displeasure. Fess was glad the elevator door opened just then and he hurried into the car. He had heard enough. Any band that could stop the representatives of National Music in their tracks like that must certainly be worth getting hold of.

Back in the corridor Emil Wetterau impatiently took Pickett's arm. "That's what you would no doubt call a killer-diller aggregation, and you ought to know by now that they make me sick. Swing is on the way out, anyhow. Come along, Arthur, we've got an important hearing to attend." Pickett had to hurry along. . . .

Fess and the corpulent Mr. Freem stood arguing amid chunks of plaster and pieces of scrap lumber in what used to be a quick-order lunchroom and was soon to be The Inner Door—Freem's seventh or eighth night-club venture. Several men were at work decorating it.

"Don't proposition me with green music, Fess. I'm investing thousands in this establishment and I've got to protect it."

"But every band was green once, wasn't it? Leedy and the club start at scratch and get built up together. His

*(Continued on page 24)*

It's men going off to fight machines. There's nothing sporting about it. They haven't got a chance

# The Man Who Wanted War

## By Martin Knapp

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**He watched the young men going off to fight machines. It gave him another slant on war**

THERE was a crowd around the club bar, and everyone was talking, and the radio was blaring out war news, and some men were looking over the shoulder of a man who had a newspaper with black headlines three inches high. As they stared at the black letters, the men's eyes were shocked and apprehensive—all but those of Freddy Winsted, who held the paper; his face was lit up like a lamp, and he looked happy for the first time in years.

You couldn't help but notice it. And, usually, you didn't notice Freddy Winsted. He was always around, but you really didn't see him. Or, if you did, it was just as a reddish blur which was his face with its two empty blue eyes that always looked puzzled, and which now were shining so that they transformed his face into the semblance of the face it used to be. It stood out, even in the crowd of men. And, though he was some way off, I could hear his voice, above the noise, saying, "Damn' swine!" over and over; and, "No fourteen points now to get 'em off the hook! Ought to be wiped off the earth! Damn' fat swine!" He kept on and on. It might just as well have been 1914.

Freddy Winsted was a freshman in 1914. A big, good-looking boy. Of course, he was a natural for Harvard; a Winsted, 3d or 4th or 5th, and everything a Winsted should have been, crew and one of the top clubs, and a good sound sense of what was done, and what wasn't. He felt he had a tradition to maintain, and he took it pretty seriously. He was popular, and one of the important men in his class. He just assumed that everything would be handed to him on a platter, and it was.

And he certainly was good-looking. I remember what Louisa said once on the beach at Nantucket. His being so brown made his hair fairer, a bright amber color, and the muscles rippled across his brown back. Somehow, he did suggest a Norse god—huge, and fair, and bright-colored. Looking at him in that thoughtfully detached way her eyes had, she said, "He is beautiful. The most beautiful thing I've ever seen." There was something defiant in the way she said it. I'm sure she married Freddy because he was so darn' beautiful.

BUT, of course, the war helped too. When he came back with a wound stripe on one arm, and just a little pale, he looked every inch a hero. But he still had his boy's laughing face, and everywhere he went people turned, instinctively, and smiled. You could see it had been a perfectly swell war. He'd got in just at the end, been billeted with the British, seen some action, and a good deal of officers' mess. It was Kipling and all that. It went to his head rather. And, to make everything complete, he got a splinter of shell, and was invalided back to London.

It wasn't serious, except that it made him a hero. But he might have got over that, if the war hadn't ended then. He felt very bad about that, and very bad about leaving England. Except that he talked a good deal more than they do, he was more British than the British when he landed at Hoboken. He never could understand all the gloom about the war. Apparently, he never saw the dead men in the mud. It had been simply a swell show.

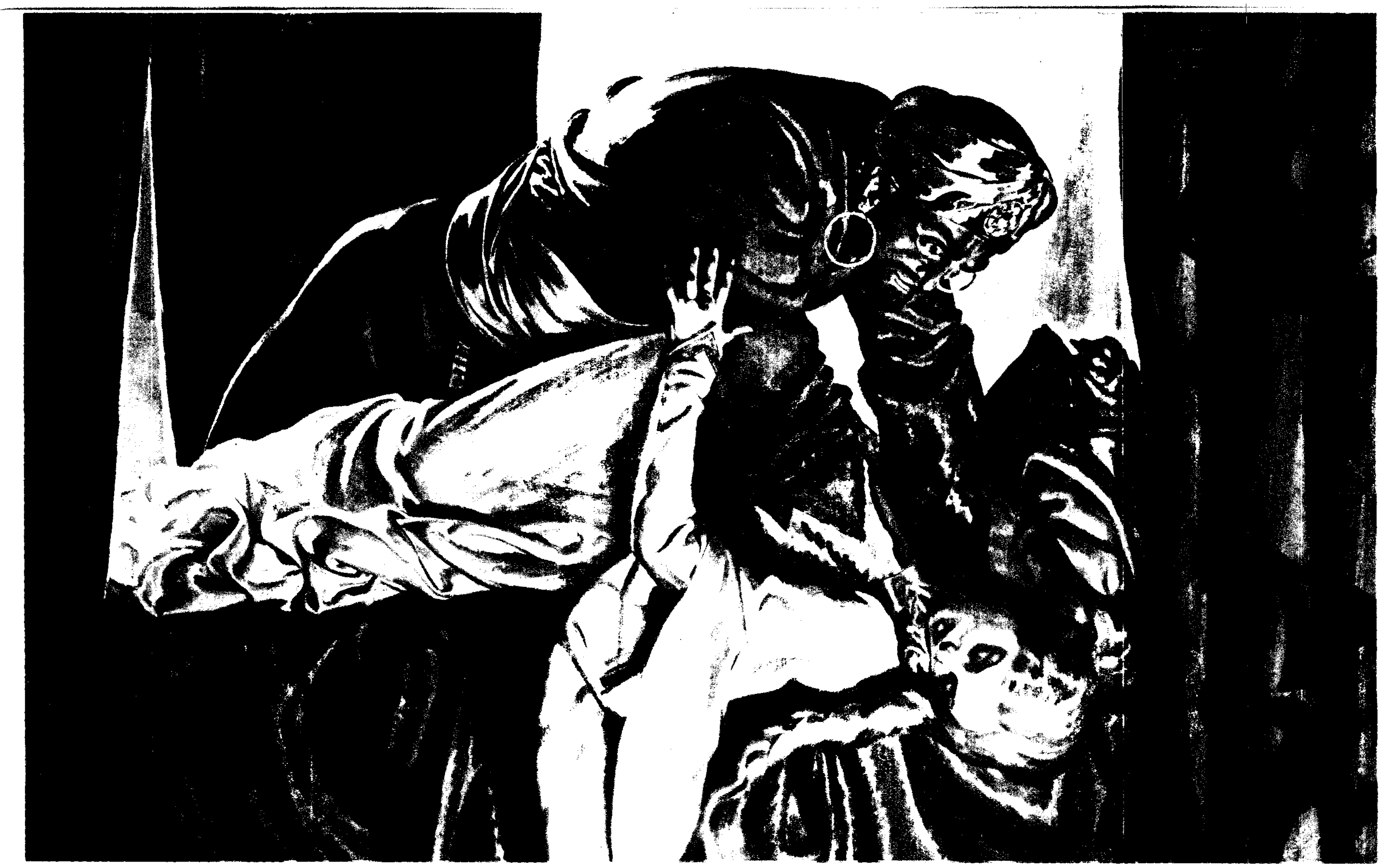
Life was just a glorious adventure. You can't exactly blame him. There'd been a mean conspiracy to dump everything into his lap without the slightest trouble. Even Louisa sort of came along with all the rest, though that conveys exactly the wrong impression of Louisa if it suggests a docile female. For, of course, Louisa was mercury, and small and dark, and utterly bewitching, with quick movements, and a mind that darted about incessantly. And yet she married Freddy, and it was not surprising that she did, for, after all, he was young Lochinvar. What I mean is, that he just had everything, and it looked like a most brilliant match, and the picture papers were full of beautiful young officers grouped around Freddy and Louisa, who looked too beautiful to be real. Their pedigrees were printed with pictures of most of their living relatives, all bank presidents and bishops.

Louisa was just twenty when she married Freddy about 1919. And she got the famous Winsted silver, had two perfectly adorable little girls, and, later, Frederick Winsted 4th, or 5th, or 6th. They were the best-looking children I have ever seen, and Freddy talked about them as though they were a completely new species. Only they didn't act like that. When he tried to put them into the same mold from which he had been poured, they simply would not jell. That was just one of the things that began to baffle him.

UP THROUGH the nineteen-twenties he grew steadily more and more baffled. There were so many things he couldn't understand. He just couldn't understand why he couldn't be a president, or a vice-president like his father, and his grandfather. It wasn't because he didn't try. He tried brokerage, and banking, and promoting a moving-picture company; he had a go at aviation, and some new kind of magazine, and several other things. Of course, he had to be something big, important. It looked so easy. And it wasn't.

I began to notice that Louisa was growing more and more defiant when she talked about him. "He's kind and generous," she said. "He'd do anything for his friends. He's a dear. Really, he is. He doesn't drink, or do any of those things. He hasn't any vices, really. I wish he had. It isn't that. It's just his

*(Continued on page 37)*



"I had great ambitions. Repertory. Then I went on a world tour—Shakespeare"

# The Patriotic Murders

## By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

HENRY MORLEY, a London dentist, lives with his spinster sister, Georgina. He has a partner, one Reilly; a secretary, Gladys Nevill (who is in love with a youth, Frank Carter, of whom he does not approve); and an office boy, Alfred.

Hercule Poirot, the noted Belgian detective, keeps a dental appointment with Morley. He leaves; and a short time later, his friend, Inspector Japp of Scotland Yard, informs him by phone that the dentist has shot himself.

Racing to Morley's office, Poirot examines the body, asks some questions. After which, he convinces Japp that Morley *may have been murdered.* And they start an investigation. . . . Gladys Nevill tells them a curious story. She had received a telegram (on the day of Morley's death) informing her that her aunt—in the country—had suffered a stroke. She had rushed to her aunt, and found her in perfect health! . . .

Among the dentist's patients, shortly before his death, were Alistair Blunt, head of a great banking firm; Miss Sainsbury Seale; and a wealthy Greek named Amberiotis. Among his partner's patients were Colonel Abercrombie, a retired army officer; and Howard Raikes, a young American. Alfred, the office boy, testifies that Raikes had reached the office—and suddenly disappeared. *Had he left the office, or—?* Japp and Poirot decide to investigate.

Another possible suspect is Frank Carter, who had called at Morley's office and, informed that Miss Nevill was not in, had *apparently* gone away. Had he hidden himself and killed Morley? The two detectives wonder. . . . Interrogated, Reilly has little of importance to offer. Nor has Alistair Blunt—or his niece, Jane Olivera, who appears to be interested in the case.

The two men pay a call on Miss Sainsbury Seale. The lady seems flustered by the appearance of two "police officers." In flutelike tones, she answers their questions. Meanwhile, Poirot has been developing a theory. He puts a few queries to Miss Seale concerning her conversation with the dentist. Then, leaning forward, he says quietly:

*"He didn't happen to mention a patient by the name of Amberiotis?"*

### III

"NO, NO," Miss Sainsbury Seale said. "He really said nothing—except, I mean, the things that dentists *have* to say."

Through Poirot's mind there ran quickly: "*Rinse. Open a little wider, please. Now close gently.*"

Japp had proceeded to his next step. It would possibly be necessary for Miss Sainsbury Seale to give evidence at the inquest.

After a first scream of dismay, Miss Sainsbury Seale seemed to take kindly to the idea. A tentative inquiry from Japp produced Miss Sainsbury Seale's whole life history.

She had, it seemed, come from India to England six months ago. She had lived in various hotels and boarding-houses and had finally come to the Glengowrie Court which she liked very much because of its homey atmosphere; in India she had lived mostly in Calcutta where she had done Mission work and had also taught elocution.

"Pure, well-enunciated English—most important, Chief Inspector. You see," Miss Sainsbury Seale simpered and bridled, "as a girl I was on the stage. Oh! only in small parts, you know. The provinces! But I had great ambitions. Repertory. Then I went on a world tour—Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw." She sighed. "The trouble with us poor women is *heart*—at the mercy of our *hearts.* A rash, impulsive marriage. Alas! we parted almost immediately. I—I had been sadly deceived. I resumed my maiden name. A friend kindly provided me with a little capital and I started my elocution school. I helped to found a very good amateur dramatic society. I must show you some of our notices."

Chief Inspector Japp knew the dangers of *that!* He escaped, Miss Sainsbury Seale's last words being: "—and if, by any chance, my name *should* be in the papers—as a witness at the inquest, I mean—you *will* be sure that it is spelt right. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale—Mabelle spelt M-A-B-E-L-L-E, and Seale S-E-A-L-E. And of course, if they *did* care to mention that I appeared in As You Like It at the Oxford Repertory Theater—"

"Of course, of course." Chief Inspector Japp fairly fled.

IN THE taxi he sighed.

"If it's ever necessary, we ought to be able to check up on *her* all right," he observed, "unless it was *all* lies—but that I *don't* believe!"

Poirot shook his head.

"Liars," he said, "are neither so circumstantial nor so inconsequential."

Ten minutes later they paid off the taxi and entered the Savoy.

Japp asked for Mr. Amberiotis.

The clerk looked at them rather oddly. He said:

"Mr. Amberiotis? I'm sorry, sir, I'm afraid you can't see him."

"Oh, yes, I can, my lad," Japp said grimly. He drew the other a little aside and showed him his credentials.

"You don't understand, sir, I'm sure. *Mr. Amberiotis died half an hour ago.*"

To Hercule Poirot it was as though a door had gently but firmly shut.

Twenty-four hours later Japp rang Poirot up. His tone was bitter.

"Washout! The whole thing!"

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"Morley committed suicide all right. We've got the motive."

"What was it?"

"I've just had the doctor's report on Amberiotis' death. I won't give you the official jargon but in plain English he died as the result of an overdose of adrenalin and procaine. It acted on his heart, I understand, and he collapsed. When the wretched devil said he was feeling bad yesterday afternoon, he was just speaking the truth. Well, there you are! Adrenalin and procaine is the stuff dentists inject into your gum—local anesthetic. Morley made an error, injected an overdose, and then after Amberiotis left he realized what he had done, couldn't face the music and shot himself."

"With a pistol he was not known to possess?" queried Poirot.

"He *may* have possessed it all the same. Relations don't know everything. You'd be surprised sometimes, the things they *don't* know!"

"That is true, yes."

"Well, there you are. It's a perfectly logical explanation of the whole thing."

"You know, my friend, it does not quite satisfy me. It is true that patients have been known to react unfavorably

*(Continued on page 32)*

# More than Base Hits

### By Robert A. "Red" Rolfe

**The Yanks have their fifth columnists, too. They're the sharp-eyed sign swipers who engineer the cute inside stuff that means dozens of extra games at the end of a season**

FOR four hectic years we Yankees have won the American League pennant and the world's championship. For four years we have hit doubles, triples, homers. For four years we've had superlative pitching.

Maybe we won't win the pennant this year. Maybe we did get off on the wrong foot and waited until midseason to get back into step. The fact remains those four straight wins broke a record. We *did* put on the pressure this season to jump from the cellar division well up toward the roof.

How did we do all this? Was it better hitting and pitching? What more does a team need to excel?

Well, my story is that not hitting, not pitching, not even the defensive play of our infield nor the strong arms of our outfielders could account for the definite edge we have had over our opponents. Our pennants were won by subtle, inside baseball.

That's my thesis. And now it's up to me to prove it. Let's go . . .

First, let's charge up two or three victories a year to the Frankie-and-Johnny play. How many times have you seen Johnny Murphy (Grandma, the Fireman) come striding in from the bull pen in the last innings, ready to rescue our game from the villainous Indians or Red Sox or Tigers? Two men are on bases—here's a real game to illustrate what I mean:

It's Hadley versus Harder, in Cleveland, June, 1939, ninth inning, the score 3 to 2 in our favor. Jeff Heath is on second, Bruce Campbell on first and dangerous Ken Keltner at bat. And no one out. Then Johnny takes the mound. For

*(Continued on page 40)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

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# The Tune I Know

## By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**It's a wise cowboy who knows when to saddle and ride, and Hade Crosby's friend was a wise cowboy**

HALLELUJAH, I am broke again. Hallelujah, the way that old tune goes, I am broke again. One thing about it, though, I have got my bedroll with me. And some groceries in her. And I have got a saddle and a braided rawhide rope, and I am open for a job.

(Oh, yes, if somebody will beg me to take a job, I will take her, all right!)

I am walking along the road, keeping time by whistling through my teeth that tune I know. Hallelujah. . . . But it is not so bad this time, because I have got my bedroll (with groceries) and a fine saddle. The only way I can get to the Circle C dude ranch is by walking along the road, and I am doing her. I have heard there is a job for a good hand at the Circle C, so I have left my outfit in town, I have not got a horse, and I am on my way to tie down that job if I can.

The only trouble is, it is a job wrangling dudes. Suppose I get this job, and suppose this fall I would go on up to Montana for the roundup season, and I would meet my old friend Hade Crosby, and Hade would say, "Steve, where'd you summer?" and what would I say? I would have to say, "Hade, it hurts me to say it, but I summered down in the Circle C country wrangling dudes."

Hade would choke.

But I need the job, I sure do need her, and if I get her, boy, I won't be broke no more. So I am going over in my mind what I am going to say to the head wrangler up at the Circle C. His name is Kinkaid. I have never saw him in my life; Ed Jones, he runs the Teton Bar back in town, told me about the job. I have only been down here three days, when I come from Utah, where I had a job taking some horses up to a place in the Wasatch Mountains. Mormons, they have got down there. They can make water run uphill in their irrigation ditches, damned if they can't.

I will tell Kinkaid where I worked, and if he wants to see me ride, I will do her for him. Or rope, or anything. I suppose I'll have to get me a fancy vest, the way the dudes like them, and a hand-tooled belt with studs in it and a silk handkerchief and a hatband with metal disks. I mean, if I get the job. Maybe a red silk shirt. Boy.

It is hot and I sit down to take a rest beside the road. The Teton peaks stand up there high in front of me, and on a bench along the foot of them in the woods there is where the Circle C is at. So I rest a while and keep on going (high-heeled boots was never made for walking, boy) and late in the afternoon I turn off of the road and go up a worse road and climb the bench and I come to a long clearing, a natural park, and there she sits. They have got a big log building, one story high and with a porch, and a lot of dude cabins on both sides where the dudes sleep.

I do not feel like walking right up to her, so I circle around toward where I can see the corrals and barns. I am walking along a fence, when suddenly I catch sight of something. I don't know what it is, a wrangler or a dude, and I don't know whether it comes from a circus or from a side show, but it sure would make a nice Christmas present. He is the fanciest thing I have ever saw. He is coming toward me, so I lean against the fence and wait. He touches his horse and rides over, a nice, easy lope. One thing, he sits nice in the saddle.

He comes up. "Hello," he says.

"Hello," I say.

Then he says something I cannot repeat it here, but it is something he says he will be. He jumped off his horse on the other side of the fence and he is sticking his hand through the fence, and I am taking his hand, and we are standing there calling each other the worst names we can think of.

"What in the name of hell are you doing here?" Hade says.

"I got lost, off of the road," I tell Hade.

Hade rubs his chin. He says, "Steve, this is the first time I have ever known you to lose your bearings like this."

"I was walking along whistling a tune," I tell Hade. "You know how it is, you are whistling and thinking, and pretty soon you are lost." I look at Hade's clothes. "Hade," I say, "I can't help but see you have got a job."

HADE takes a deep breath and leans harder on the fence. "Steve," he says, "it is entirely temporary. It is on account of some hard luck up in Montana this spring, four kings against a small straight flush, and I needed a job and I had to take her. It is grub." He looks at me. He says, "It is better grub than you would believe. By the way," he says, "this outfit needs a good man to wrangle dudes. Somebody with his own saddle. Maybe you would happen to know of somebody."

"I wouldn't know of anybody around here," I tell Hade. "I just come in from Utah three days ago, Hade, and put my saddle and bedroll in the shed back of the hardware store where I and you slept once when we was broke."

"You have got your saddle with you?" Hade says.

"I was thinking of trying for a job at the Lazy K," I tell him.

Hade says, "Steve, you are lost anyway, you might as well stay here and take this job. It would help me out, Steve; and another thing, it would be like old times, I and you working together again."

"Hade," I tell Hade, "you have got a way of putting things where it is mighty hard for a fellow to say no."

So I get through the fence and Hade leads his horse and we walk into the lodge, and I am telling Hade where I have been since we saw each other last, and we come to the office of the place and Hade takes me in and introduces me to Kinkaid.

Kinkaid says, "Oh, yes, I been expecting you. Ed Jones called up and said he was sending you up here to try for the job."

I do not take the trouble to look at Hade. I just stand there.

Hade says, "Mr. Kinkaid, Steve here is one of the best top hands in the business. Outside of being one of the smoothest liars in the West, there is nothing against him, and I and Steve sure work together fine."

I am hired.

THEY have got a dude here by the name of Miss Manners. A dude is no bargain, take them as they come, but this dude Miss Manners is about the best you can expect. To start with, which is not unusual about dude girls, she is so pretty it just makes a fellow wonder if she's real.

She is here with her mother, and along with them is a young fellow who is going to marry Miss Manners and his name is James Darrow.

But anyway, this Miss Manners you would think she was born here in the West, and that's a fact. She can ride as good as anybody, and she rides Western; she sits down in the saddle and takes it. She looks like she has worn her Western clothes, denim pants and all, since she was a little kid.

Anyway, it would be harder to find two people more different than her and Darrow, no matter where you would want to look. Maybe in the East they were the same, but they sure are different here. This fellow, I don't like to say it, but I give you my word I have never saw anything so comical in my life when it comes to getting or sitting on a horse or trying to ride. He hates horses, he looks at one like he has got a pain in his stomach, and you don't have to believe it, but one day he puts his wrong foot in the stirrup when he is mounting, and he swings into the saddle and there he is, backwards. He just sits there backwards and looks down at the horse's tail and wonders what the hell.

But the thing is, he is really the nicest fellow you would want to meet. He can tell the funniest stories you ever heard, and he knows he is terrible around a horse, and when it is time for him to fall off he laughs as hard as the horse does. I mean as the rest of us. You can't help but like him, he is that kind of fellow.

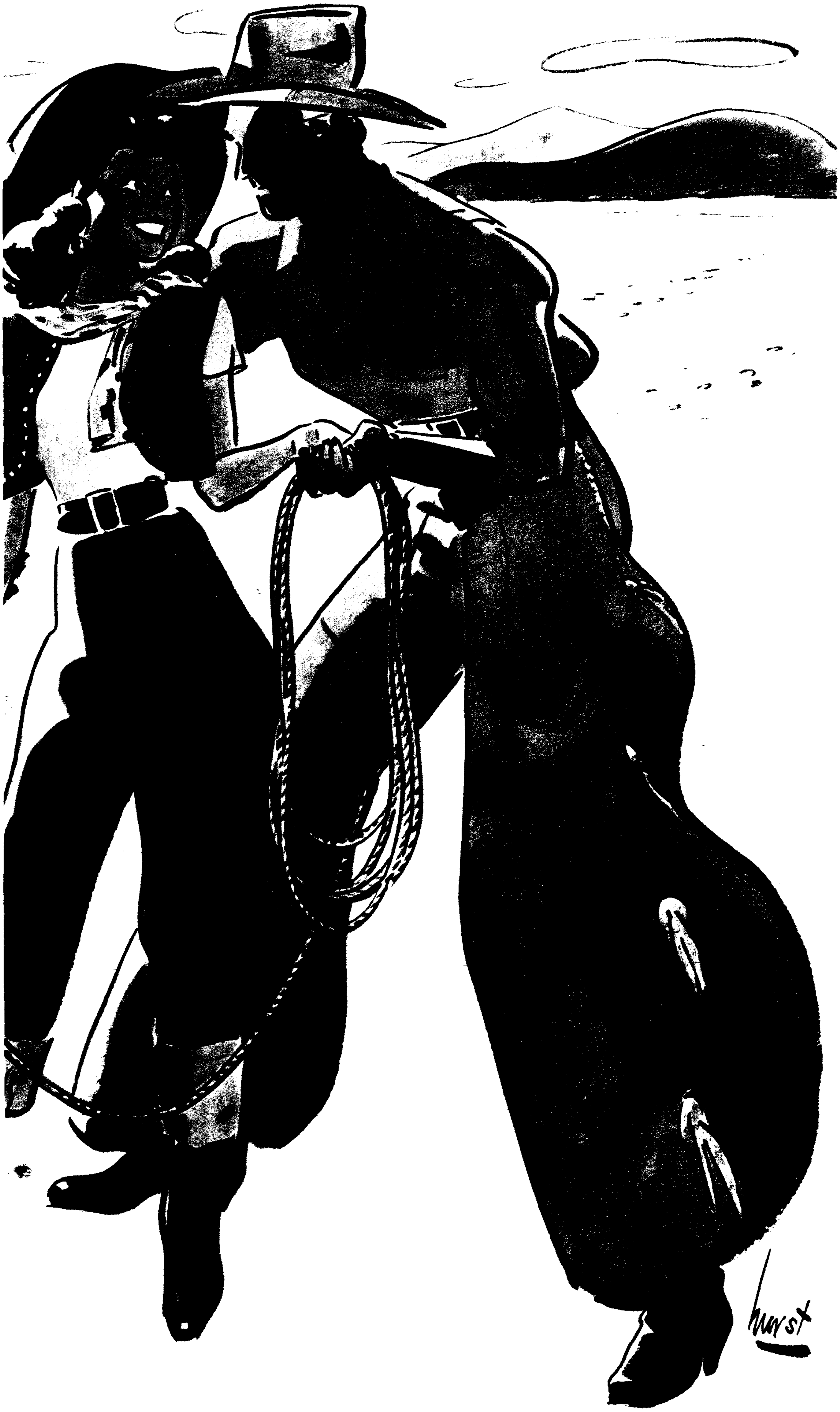
Miss Manners wants to ride all the time. The other dudes go for a ride every afternoon, but they take a mighty tame kind of ride, going along in single file, and this is too slow for Miss Manners. Mr. Kinkaid will not let Miss Manners ride alone, so he tells Hade to go along with her and Darrow, or when Darrow can't make it, then go with Miss Manners alone.

I do not like this so very much.

Perhaps you do not know my old friend Hade, but that fellow Hade is about the finest set-up fellow you have ever saw in your life, and while Hade could not be called strictly handsome from a movie point of view, he has got something about him that when the ladies take one look at him if Hade is not careful he is practically a married man. With all these dude-wrangler clothes on, it is worse than ever along these lines.

Hade tells me that Miss Manners does not want to keep pace with the only speed Mr. Darrow can ride at, which is a slow walk, but she wants to

**When Hade is explaining something to Miss Manners, she does not look at what he is explaining. She looks at him**



dash around like she is on the trail of some train robbers or something, and Darrow can come along the best he can, in the distance. She rides beside of Hade. Every time Darrow falls off, Hade says, him and Miss Manners have a quarrel. Most of the time lately Darrow does not go at all.

One night in the bunkhouse I and Hade are alone and we get to talking.

"Hade," I say, "this Miss Manners, she sure does like to ride."

"Yeah," Hade says. He is cleaning his boots.

"This Darrow," I tell him, "is sure one fine fellow."

"Sure seems like it," Hade says. He puts down his boot. He says, "They ought to make a mighty nice couple, take it when they are married. I think Darrow is one of the leading ones back in the East, and this Miss Manners, when I am riding with her and I get a good look at her, it seems to me, Steve, like it is this Hedy Lamarr, this movie actress, out there in the sagebrush riding along beside of me."

Hade does not say no more.

"You better be careful, Hade," I tell him.

He looks at me. "Forget that part of it," he says.

I DO not exactly forget it. I am watching Hade and Miss Manners, and I do not like it the way she is looking at my friend Hade. I will try to explain this. For one thing, we let the dudes practice throwing a rope. Miss Manners makes Hade show her. She makes him take hold of her hands and move them. By this time Miss Manners could throw a rope when she is sound asleep, but she is always wanting to practice, anyway.

When Hade is explaining something to Miss Manners, she does not look at what he is explaining. She looks at him.

Darrow is not riding any more. He has gave up. Every day Hade and Miss Manners are riding, and when they are not riding, Miss Manners is going along where Hade is going, around the ranch, and she is hanging onto his arm and looking at him.

One thing I have got to say, they do look mighty nice riding around together. Miss Manners has got a big man's hat, and she is wearing boots with three colors of leather in the tops, and take Hade with his dude-wrangler outfit, the two of them together make a regular picture, they sure do.

One night Hade is sitting on the edge of his bunk reading a magazine. I notice he is not turning the pages, he is just sitting there looking at it. No, he is not even looking at it. He is looking right past it, at the floor. He sees me watching him, and he begins to read.

All right Hade.

Who is going to blame Hade? When he mentions this movie actress Hedy Lamarr in regards to Miss Manners, he is right, he is telling the truth. In the face of Miss Manners being so beautiful, and especially the way she looks at Hade, Hade so far has kept his head and done his best.

But Hade is not keeping his head no longer. It is all over with Hade.

He is sitting there looking past his magazine, he is looking at the floor, and he is in love with Miss Manners.

The next night in the middle of the night somebody is shaking me, and I wake up. "What is it, Hade?" I ask him.

Hade says, very quiet, "Goodby, Steve."

I am shaking my head, trying to get wide awake. I do not know what this is about.

"Steve," Hade says, "I have got my bedroll and saddle on the last bunk, there, and you put them away and take good care of them and I'll write you

*(Continued on page 48)*

# How to Build Airpower

### By W. B. Courtney

Mr. Courtney saw, at first hand, how Germany built her airpower. How it was done and what any nation hoping to match it will have to do, is discussed here

A FRIEND of mine who is employed by a firm that builds airplanes went into his bank to deposit a pay check.

The teller read the company's name printed on the check. He said. "Well, you fellows in the aviation business are pretty lucky, I guess. You're in the big money now!"

My young friend, because of lifelong enthusiasm for aviation and belief in its eventual greatness, works for a lesser salary than his talents and qualities would now fetch in many other fields. His company has hundreds of thousands of dollars sunk in plant, acreage, materials and equipment and has never earned a dividend.

Forget my friend and his company, however. Just think about what that bank teller said. Plenty of air and military experts will tell you it's the American version of a state of mind that has brought disaster upon the European democracies. It is widely held and it is a cynical mixture. The minute you work for a "war" industry you are a profiteer; and the moment we turn attention to problems of preparedness our smug belief in our own unsurpassed competence, ingenuity, skill and industrial genius finds assurance that everything is already fixed. We complacently take the resolution for the accomplishment; the thought for the deed. The President said we must gear up our industry to a capacity of 50,000 planes a year. Henry Ford said he can build 1,000 planes a day. Hurrah, we knew the old American git-up-and-git was still there!

We have read about and seen pictures of horror abroad. We even had an hour of panic, after President Roosevelt's "timetable of invasion," in which he intimated that enemy air armadas could base on Greenland—although Pan American Airways dropped the notion of laying down an emergency stop there for its transatlantic service when Colonel Lindbergh, after personal study and survey for several weeks, found no practicability for even lone passenger ships in its ugly rock- and ice-bound harbors.

But fright quickly passed. Famous names and mouthy phrases lulled us back to false security. A thousand planes a day, a double-size Navy. It is only natural for uncritical and but partially informed, or partisanly misinformed, laymen to read magic in great men. "Henry Ford" is a byword. A Washington taxi driver told me: "Boy, it's a good thing Henry Ford took hold of this here plane mess. Now we got nothin' to worry about!"

Aviation leaders, air corps and military officers think you still have a lot to worry about. They wish you would take time out right now for a rational look at the airpower situation here and overseas.

Meanwhile, the current wisecrack in an Air Corps long starved is "Swell, let Henry Ford build a thousand planes a day—for one day. Then we'll have an Air Corps!"

When a flying officer talks like that he is not guilty of defeatism. He is bitterly striving to make you view the situation with realism rather than "with alarm." He knows that you can't get an air force merely by appropriating money. You've got to have a policy, and someone in centralized authority to say go ahead and build.

Furthermore, the air officer wants you to consider Henry Ford's sincere and patriotic offer in light of other factors. Ford did not say he could build one thousand planes a day right away. The most optimistic professional guess is that it would be a year and a half before he could gear up to that rate. Remember, Henry Ford was building automobiles for many, many years before he reached a production rate of 1,000 cars a day. Moreover, by 1,000 planes a day Ford does not mean 1,000 *complete flyable* planes. He means what aviators call "the shell." That is, fuselage and wings—a covered framework, nothing more.

### A Problem of Co-ordination

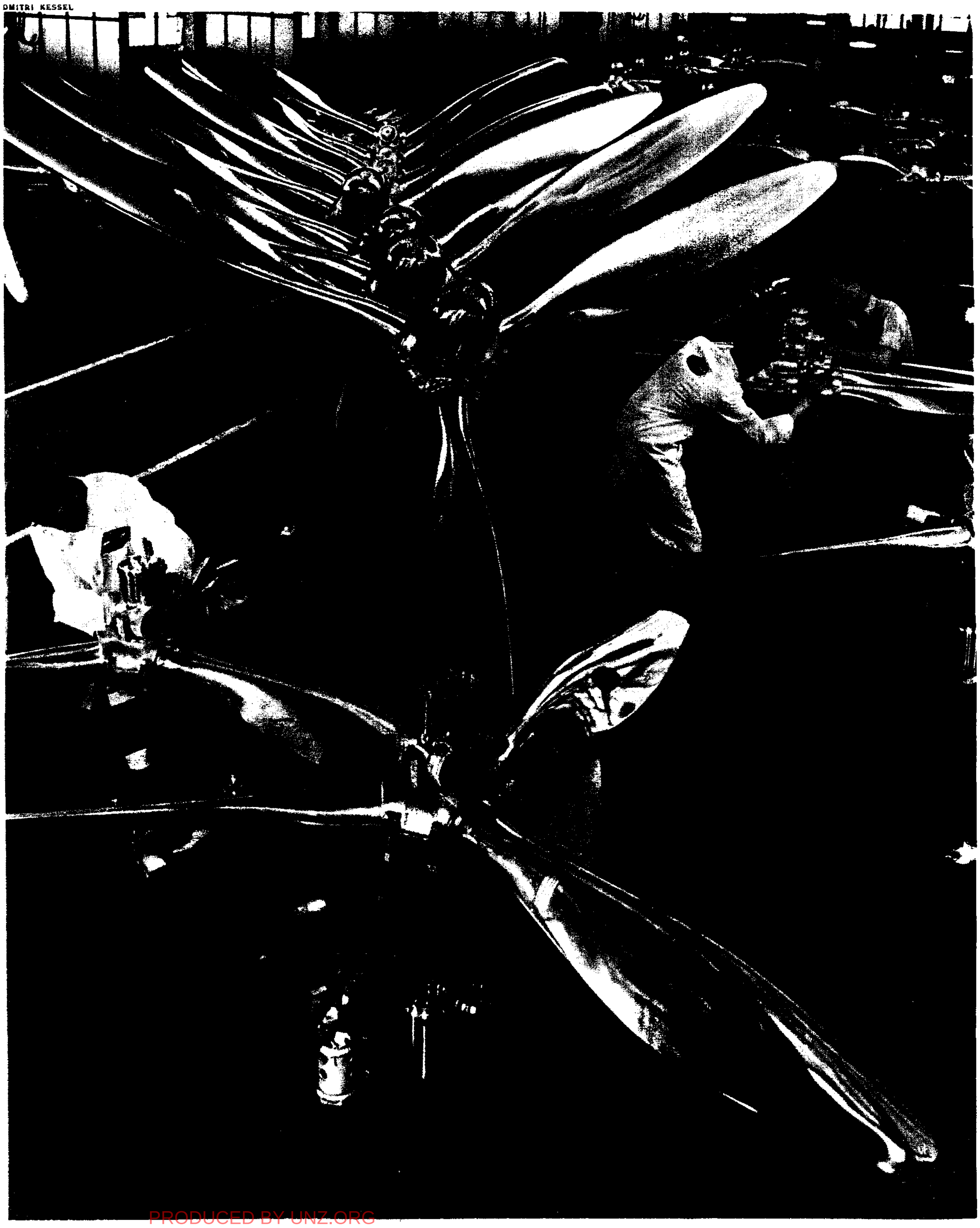
Each of Ford's 1,000 planes a day would still need landing gear, controls, instruments, engines, propellers. Someone—perhaps Ford himself—would have to build 1,000 motors a day. Someone also a thousand pairs of tires, someone else a thousand radios, a thousand turn-and-bank indicators, a thousand gas tanks and compasses, a thousand each of a dozen other gadgets. Such production facility and capacity are not even remotely within sight or grasp. Also, we should have to produce the pilots to fly these ships. The ideal, demonstrated in Europe, is to have at least three flyers for each ship. British experience has been that two active days a week is the absolute human limit of each pilot's endurance, but squadrons must keep on for seven days of 24 hours each when a blitzkrieg's in swing.

Finally, Henry Ford meant that he would build 1,000 shells of *only one type* of airplane a day: pursuits. Airpower is made up of many types of ships. Pursuits comprise only about 22 per cent of a combat air force. And some pursuits require two motors each: and that means doubles on many instruments and other fixings. Some bombers take four engines apiece: with a consequent quadrupling of accessories.

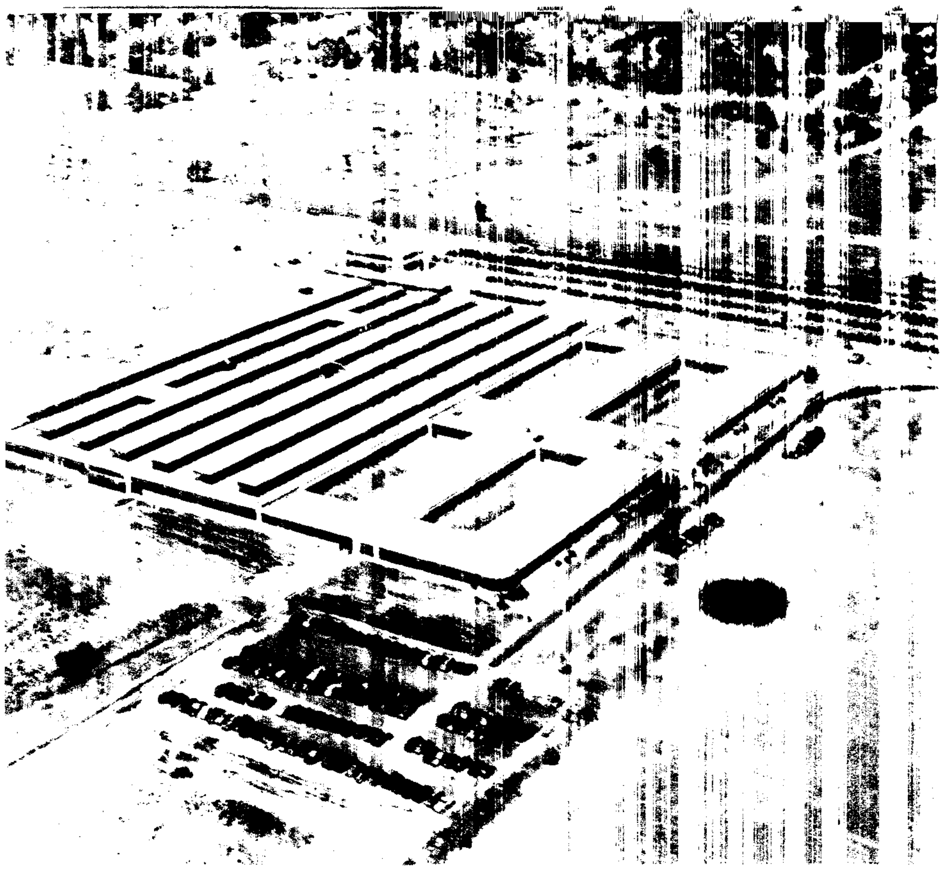
Assuming that such mass production would make each completely equipped and flyable pursuit cost half what it now costs, the toll for a 1,000-plane-a-day building program would be $18,350,000,000 a year—for pursuits alone, only about one quarter of a whole air force.

In midsummer, the aviation industry

DMITRI KESSEL

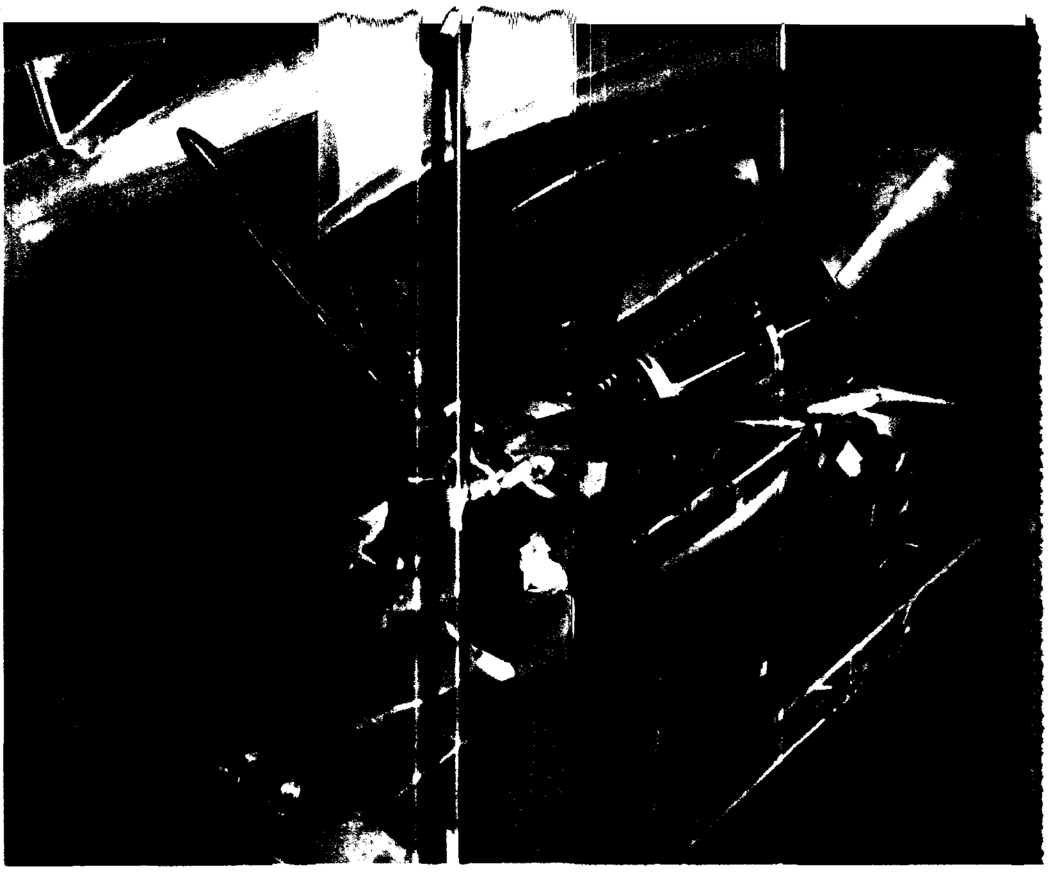


**Propellers for American planes on the assembly line at the Hamilton Standard Propeller Co., Hartford, Conn. Bulk of plane manufacturing in United States is on West Coast**



FAIRCHILD

**An American airplane factory (the Eclipse plant at Bendix, N. J.) is a compact unit that could easily be disorganized by enemy bombing**

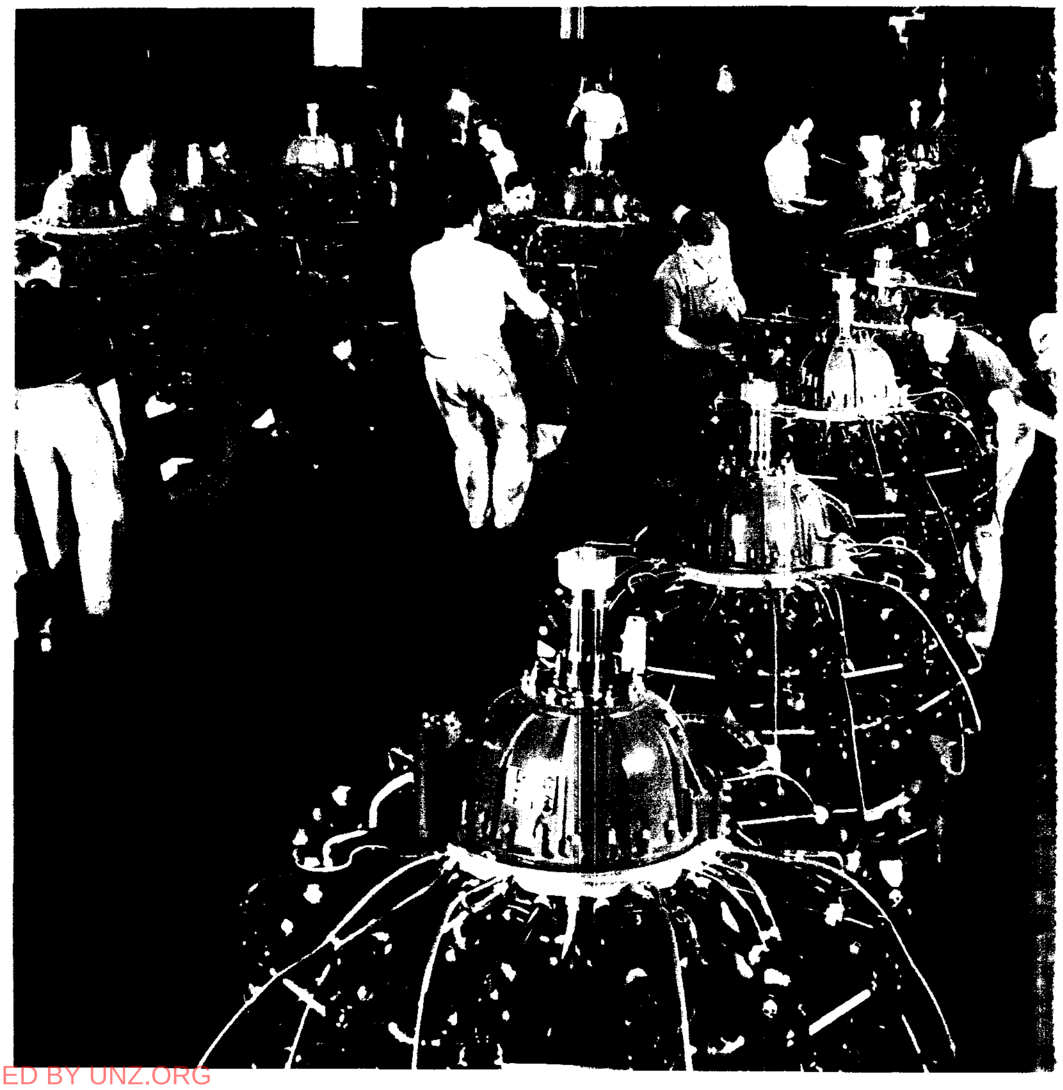


EUROPEAN

**Upper right, German workmen installing propellers on a Junkers engine. German fighting planes are stripped to bare essentials**

© BRITISH COMBINE

**Right, a British factory at Liverpool assembling Blenheim bombers. It took the British air industry two years to build this plant and put it into operation**



DMITRI KESSEL

**Pratt & Whitney motors ready for shipment from the Hartford plant. Two such plants make nearly all our large motors**

of the United States was actually building within its present floor space about 500 military airplanes a month. Of these, an extremely small percentage are war planes for England.

In motors, the picture is only slightly more encouraging. Of all types and sizes of aircraft engines, from little 40-horsepower put-puts to the huge horsepower experimental mammoth, the output is no more than 1,500 a month. This is about step for step with plane manufacturing when you consider that all our bombers and commercial air liners are twin- or multiple-engined.

"Fighting" motors nowadays must all be of 1,000 horsepower or greater. Two firms build virtually all such motors; even with great plant expansion already paid for by France and Britain they cannot reach between them 2,000 a month for another year, if then. A third warplane motor, the Allison, owned by General Motors, which has been "in the works" for more than five years, has not yet reached a production of 25 a month.

### The Bright Side

Here is the credit side:

1. Our planes and motors, beyond any question, are still best in all phases of *quality*.

2. Our pilots are best, and the Air Corps training program, in scope and intelligence, plus the Civil Aeronautics Board plan, is a guarantee our airmen will not only continue to receive better instruction and more experience, but that we shall be far ahead of all possible combinations of enemies in active and reserve "flyer strength" long before we can possibly catch up in "plane strength."

3. Our aviation industrial executiveship, in youth, fitness, eagerness and experience, is not surpassed elsewhere.

4. Our abundance of material and fuel resources.

5. Our bombing accuracy. This is partly due to training and partly to superior bomb sights.

American and other foreign expert observers agree that so far as they can judge the German air force has made only two mistakes in its fighting. First, it has not used bombs of heavy enough caliber in raids on surface naval units. Second, its high-altitude bombing (as differentiated from the much publicized dive bombing) has been ragged. The first is inexplainable. The second may be due to hasty, incomplete practice or to inferior bomb sights, although this is difficult to assume of German military technicians who have been so careful and precise in all other particulars.

This is as good a time as any to explode the notion that the United States possesses a "secret" bomb sight.

A bomb sight is a mechanical gadget, usually set in a gyroscopic mounting, that enables you when you aim at a target from the air to calculate swiftly factors of drift, altitude, forward speed of plane, interlayer wind velocity and numerous other considerations that take you three years to figure out with a pencil and paper. Bomb sights are built on known mathematical principles. They are not "invented" or "discovered"; they are devised. Superiority in bomb sights is merely the old story of the better mousetrap; of refinements in application and shrewdness in use. One of our bomb sights has long been considered "best." With it our Air Corps has made truly astonishing records, on bombing ranges. But intense, arduous practice also played a part in these records set by picked crews of at least ten years' experience.

The United States is the birthplace of powered flight by man, and home of the most stirring pioneering air flights. It is difficult for our lay citizens, therefore, to understand why this leader of world aviation hasn't got the world's greatest air corps.

France, after the first Great War,

*(Continued on page 54)*

# A Girl Must Be Sure

### By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

**The story of a cop who got his man —and, incidentally, got a girl, too**

SHE was good but she wasn't as good as Rafael. Rafael was young, he was serious about his work, and he never smiled. Rafael and Margarita: the tango. Rafael Allones of Caibarien, son of a sponge fisherman, and Marge Petersen of Brooklyn, dancing under the stars at the Blue Pavilion.

This was the encore. When it ended, applause rose in a geyser of sound, fell reluctantly on all parts of the pavilion in scattered, persistent handclaps; died grudgingly.

Bleeker relaxed. "Yes, sir," he said, nodding his head approvingly, "Max sure made a success of this place. Here it is, stuck down on the beach, miles from nowhere, and people come from all over. Palm Beach. Miami. All over."

"Max is okay," Kernehan said.

Bleeker took a drink, cleared his throat. "What about the girl? Is it bad?"

A hand fell on Kernehan's shoulder. "I thought I recognized you," Max Wagner said; and to Bleeker, "Hello, Sheriff."

"For old times' sake," Kernehan said, "I'll let you buy me a drink, Max. Sit down."

"Even when he comes south he carries a chisel. Hey, Mario; set 'em up here." Max Wagner hunched forward on his elbows, his chubby, middle-aged face good-humored with raillery, his rich brown eyes twinkling. "You must see the wife, Kerny. Aggie'll be glad to see you."

"How is Marge Petersen?" Kernehan said.

Max Wagner looked first at Bleeker and saw in the sheriff's eyes an uneasy, liquid stirring. In Kernehan's face he saw nothing. Kernehan was gazing across the wide reaches of the pavilion.

Max Wagner said, "I had a hunch you didn't come out here for the entertainment."

Kernehan leaned his head to one side, glanced sidewise at Wagner and shrugged.

Max Wagner thrust his stocky body up out of the chair. He strode away with his fingers curled in his palms, leaving a stir of troubled anger where he had sat.

Kernehan said, "Excuse me, Sheriff," and followed Wagner into the bar.

"Go 'way. You give me bad dreams," Max Wagner said.

Kernehan followed him into the office, where Agnes Wagner and two men, clerks, sat behind desks, busy with accounts.

"You're looking well, Aggie," Kernehan said.

"Well, I'd rather be fat than in the Follies. What's eating Max? What's eating you, Max?"

Max Wagner wheeled and came up under Kernehan's chin with his blunt index finger cocked. "Looka here, Kerny," he said, biting into his words with hard, small teeth. "You're not in your own back yard down here. You might be hell on wheels on Broadway but down here your badge is just something you carry around in your pocket for sentimental reasons. You leave the girl alone."

"Max, control yourself, Popsy," Agnes said.

"Control myself! I see him and I'm upset. He gives me stomach trouble!" Max banged out another door.

Kernehan said, "Where's he going now?"

"The games are that way," Agnes Wagner said. She looked gravely at Kernehan. "We're doing awfully well here, Kerny. We'll be out of the red in two or three years. You wouldn't chuck a wrench in things, would you? I don't hold the New York raid against you. It was your job and you did it."

Kernehan nodded, his smile meager. "Seen Eddie Moran around, Aggie?"

Her eyes snapped. "No, damn it! No! What's the matter with you? Can't you let her alone? Do you have to use that cheap authority of yours to hound her wherever she goes? Get out! Get out of this office! This is not a public room. It's private. Get out!"

Kernehan gave her plump shoulder a pat, said, "That's all right, Aggie; there's nothing to worry about."

RAFAEL knocked, then entered Margaret Petersen's dressing room, nodded to her where she lay resting on a settee, and went to lean by the window.

"You do not feel well tonight, señorita?"

"I'm just resting."

"While we were dancing, you were distracted. I refer to that."

"I'm tired, that's all. I'm tired. Go away, Rafael. Go away, will you?"

Rafael sat down, crossed his arms, and stared morosely at the floor. "You saw someone," he said reflectively. "You are troubled."

She wished he would go away and knew he wouldn't. He was so young, barely twenty, yet he had all the gravity and dignity of a matured man. His ambition was tremendous. She knew when her dancing displeased him.

She had been a better dancer, really, when the team was Moran and Petersen. Being in love with Eddie Moran, she had danced lovingly with him, and that meant all the difference in the world. That was why, she knew, she was not a good dancer. Love has nothing to do with dancing. She hated dancing because once it had been part of her love, both inextricably linked; and now there was only the dancing.

Her lip curled. "Wasn't the applause big enough?"

Hurt, he stood up. He dropped his eyes. "Yes, you are ill tonight. *Si, si,* you are ill. I should not have disturbed you." He glided to the door, opened it.

"Rafael, I'm sorry. I'm a heel, Rafael." Her voice broke and she put her hand to her throat, as if to control it. "I'm just a dumb, ungrateful Swede; that's what I am."

He left the door open and crossed to where she sat. Bending over, he took hold of her hand, stroked the back of it affectionately. "You close your eyes, you rest, you feel better, señorita. We dance again in half an hour. I will call you. Sleep. Try *very hard to sleep.*"

She felt ashamed and hid her face against his shoulder and held grimly to his hand. "You're a grand kid, Rafael!"

"Real Spanish, too?" Eddie Moran said.

Rafael straightened, wheeled toward the doorway.

"I've heard about you," Moran said. "Rafael and Margarita. Nice going. Shall I come back later, Countess?"

Rafael said soberly, "I do not like your talk."

"Who cares?"

"Go away, Rafael, please," Margaret Petersen said.

Rafael went out, his sandals slapping the floor angrily.

"I had a hunch," Margaret Petersen said, her eyes fixed blankly on Moran's face, "that there'd be trouble tonight. I wonder why the doorman let you in."

"I came in the back way, Countess. Swell kitchen. You look wonderful, kid."

He sat down beside her and put his arm around her. She stood up, drawn in, her hands clenched. He tossed his hat aside and lay back on the settee. His lips boxed his strong white teeth in a handsome, brazen grin. His light blue eyes were hilarious. He possessed the cold virility of a diamond.

Unrelenting, white-faced, she stared down at him. "What do you want?" she said.

"Relax, relax. What am I, a plague?"

"That's not the word I was thinking of, but it will do. What do you want?"

"A penthouse on Park Avenue. Lunch at the Colony and a big greeting at Morocco. A note in Lucius Beebe's column. A million bucks."

"A dope."

"I can lay my hands on a hundred grand right now, Countess. What do you get here—ten bucks a night?"

"And meals."

"Marvelous!" He bounced nimbly to his feet and applauded.

Her legs, her whole body, felt dead. The corners of her mouth were miserable.

"How about running up to Palm Beach after your show, Margie? Did you know I own a piece of a dog track? There was a time when I thought dogs were something you danced with. Did you ever see a million bucks, Margie?"

"No. And you never will. Beat it. Every time I think of how I loved a rat, I go cold all over. I get pins and needles. I'm not your kind. I never was, and that was why loving you hurt so much. You're *cheap, mister.* With a *million* bucks, you'd still be cheap. Beat it."

"SOME going, baby." His smile was twisted, not nice to look at. "It's good I can take it."

"You can't take anything. Try taking Kernehan sometime—"

A white look struck down across his face and he gripped her arm. "Listen," he muttered, "have you seen Kernehan?"

"Take your hand off."

"Don't give me that, sister. That's what I'm here for. Kernehan. I got a tip he was south. I want to know. I—"

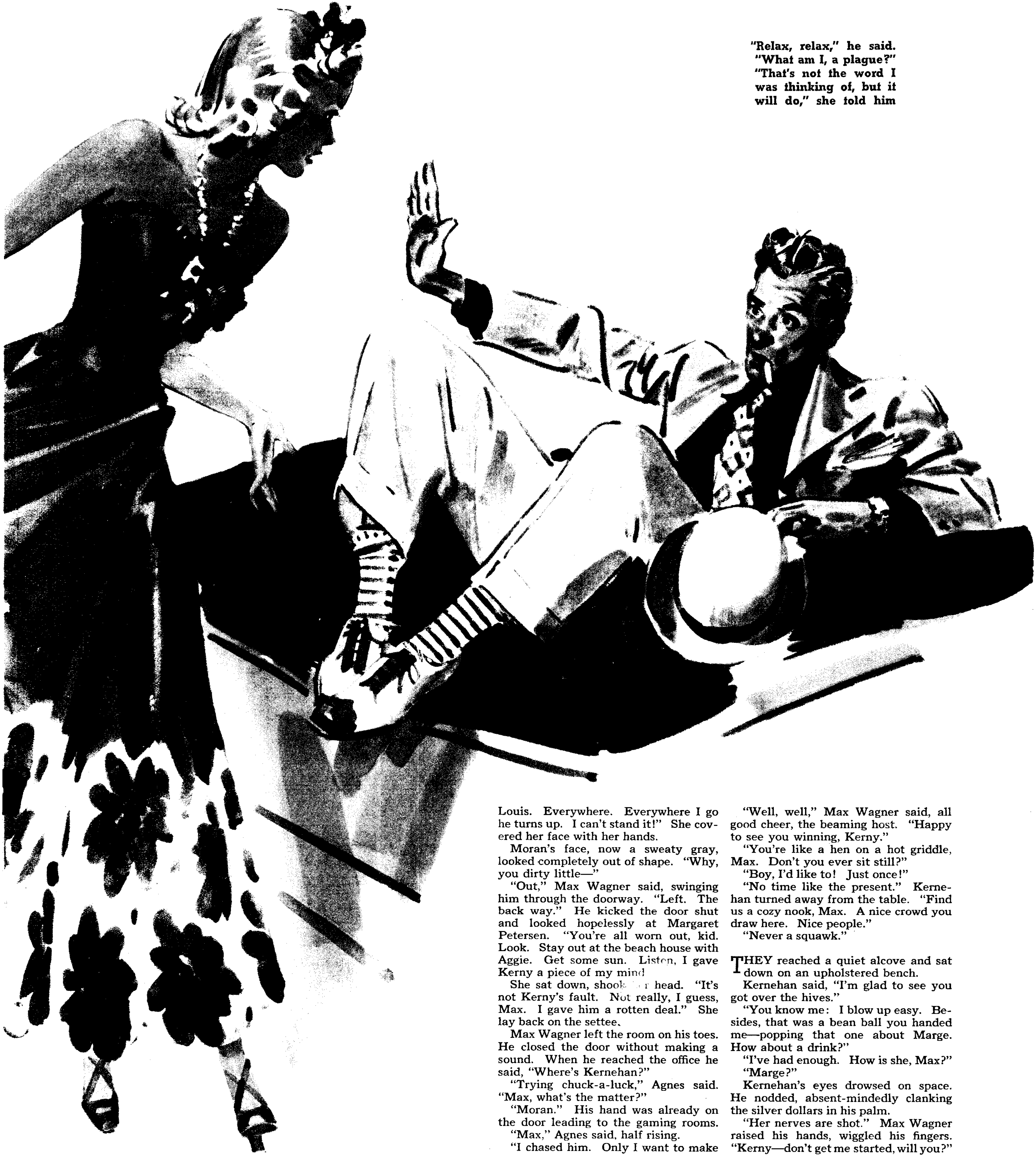
The door banged open and Max Wagner said, "I thought I told you a week ago to stay the hell away from this place. What do I have to do, throw you out on your kisser?"

"All right, all right; keep your hair on. What is this, a branch of the Union League Club?"

Max Wagner took a fistful of Moran's tie and shirt. "Kernehan's out watching the dancing, my friend. I don't want anything to happen here."

Moran was not listening to him. Moran was looking at Margaret Petersen with his blue-white eyes. "Why didn't you tell me he was out there?" His voice shook.

"I thought maybe if he got you my trouble would be over. I'm sick. I'm all in. He turns up in Chicago. He turns up in Detroit. He turns up in St.



**"Relax, relax," he said. "What am I, a plague?" "That's not the word I was thinking of, but it will do," she told him**

Louis. Everywhere. Everywhere I go he turns up. I can't stand it!" She covered her face with her hands.

Moran's face, now a sweaty gray, looked completely out of shape. "Why, you dirty little—"

"Out," Max Wagner said, swinging him through the doorway. "Left. The back way." He kicked the door shut and looked hopelessly at Margaret Petersen. "You're all worn out, kid. Look. Stay out at the beach house with Aggie. Get some sun. Listen, I gave Kerny a piece of my mind

She sat down, shook her head. "It's not Kerny's fault. Not really, I guess, Max. I gave him a rotten deal." She lay back on the settee.

Max Wagner left the room on his toes. He closed the door without making a sound. When he reached the office he said, "Where's Kernehan?"

"Trying chuck-a-luck," Agnes said. "Max, what's the matter?"

"Moran." His hand was already on the door leading to the gaming rooms.

"Max," Agnes said, half rising.

"I chased him. Only I want to make sure Kernehan won't take it into his head to stroll in the moonlight."

Kernehan was watching the big wheel spin on the wall. He was clanking silver dollars in his hand.

"Well, well," Max Wagner said, all good cheer, the beaming host. "Happy to see you winning, Kerny."

"You're like a hen on a hot griddle, Max. Don't you ever sit still?"

"Boy, I'd like to! Just once!"

"No time like the present." Kernehan turned away from the table. "Find us a cozy nook, Max. A nice crowd you draw here. Nice people."

"Never a squawk."

THEY reached a quiet alcove and sat down on an upholstered bench.

Kernehan said, "I'm glad to see you got over the hives."

"You know me: I blow up easy. Besides, that was a bean ball you handed me—popping that one about Marge. How about a drink?"

"I've had enough. How is she, Max?"

"Marge?"

Kernehan's eyes drowsed on space. He nodded, absent-mindedly clanking the silver dollars in his palm.

"Her nerves are shot." Max Wagner raised his hands, wiggled his fingers. "Kerny—don't get me started, will you?"

"You know what happened, don't you?"

"I don't know anything. All I know is about a guy named Kernehan hounding

*(Continued on page 46)*

NO! NO! No! No! No! NO

# No Mothers Wanted

### By Frank Condon

**Mr. Zanuck's gate is closed to dogs and mothers bringing children. Shirley Temple's successor has been chosen, so keep the children home**

VERY few persons are aware of his changed business habits, but the fact is Mr. Zanuck is now working nights. I mean Mr. D. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox, the motion-picture head man. He once worked daytimes, like anybody, and played polo Sunday afternoons, but now he works nights at the large, white studio and he doesn't play polo any more or any games, as he has little heart for sports. And he looks drawn and resentful.

The reason he changed habits quite suddenly is a simple one. . . . Just recently, Miss Shirley Temple was paid off, let go and dismissed from service and, as they say in the lingo of the business, she checked off the lot. She is now going to school. . . . Her last check from the studio was for $300,000, which will keep her in slates and sponges until further notice.

Her departure left the studio without any baby or child actress. It created an infantile void, with no little childish feet pattering down the runways, and almost in one grand and concerted gesture the mothers moved in, the mothers with adorable and gifted children of tender age and children neither gifted nor adorable, but only a trifle damp about the nose. They came from all over the land, near by and afar, each mother leading a small youngling by the hand. Each child was the new Shirley Temple and each mother stood ready to sign a contract on the spot and take a small down payment from the studio cashier.

On the day the news was published that Shirley was leaving the studio, the first mothers appeared, and their numbers have increased steadily until now they darken the horizon, they surround the studio, they saunter up and down roads, alleys and by-passes and they are slowly driving the studio cops off the beam of sanity. . . . Cops hardest hit are those sturdy lads in the little glass booths in reception rooms, who cannot escape, shoot or do anything.

### They Won't Accept Jane

That is why Mr. Zanuck has abandoned his daylight working hours and one of the larger banks has offered to lend him its armored truck if the situation becomes worse. Doting mammas and curly-haired darlings have deserted their customary haunts and now, if the Central Casting Bureau happens to get a call for a baby actor, it rushes a car up to the Fox Studios and snags a passing mother and child off the picket line.

What the eager parents refuse to believe is that they are wasting their time hanging about the studio gates, trying to break through, because the studio already has selected its successor to Shirley Temple. Her name is Jane Withers. She works on the lot, has been there for six years and has made twenty-three pictures and is fourteen years old, but just the same Jane is the successor to Shirley and the Fox people are not fooling around with strange babies. The onrushing mothers decline to accept Jane Withers. They claim she is too old to be an infant prodigy, whereupon they resume their desperate efforts and the studio adds another cop.

All the young candidates for the Temple job and check apparently can do four things. They can smile nicely, shake their curls, dance and sing in a childish treble. That is why studio cops are gradually going daffy, especially those cops in the glass booths who issue passes to the legitimate public. These officers are not permitted to leave their booths, as they must be there to click doors open, so they must stand by while dimpled darlings sneak into the reception rooms and display their talents, with or without music.

They come in behind fat men and dance, jig, sing and shake their curls at the glowering cop on duty, thinking he can hire them, but he cannot. All he can do is sit there and sweat. Many of these youthful ones are accompanied by their proud mothers, who egg their offspring on to renewed jigging.

### It Isn't Funny Any More

The young prodigies even bring along a band, composed of children playing on homemade jew's-harps, zithers, ukeleles, guitars, piccolos, flutes, willow whistles, barrel staves and cymbals, and there is usually some trouble throwing them out. I spoke to one of the guardian officers and he said: "It used to be a little funny at first, but not any more."

When Mr. Zanuck traveled recently from New York to Los Angeles by air, he thought he heard a phonograph on the plane. He did not. It was a small child with bright yellow curls, singing to him in the aisle, with her mother no doubt peeking anxiously from the ladies' room. The child was silenced over Nashville.

*(Continued on page 44)*

**The studios don't need a successor to Shirley Temple, a fact difficult to impress on hordes of fond mammas**

DOOLITTLE

# Parting Shot

## By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A SHORT SHORT STORY
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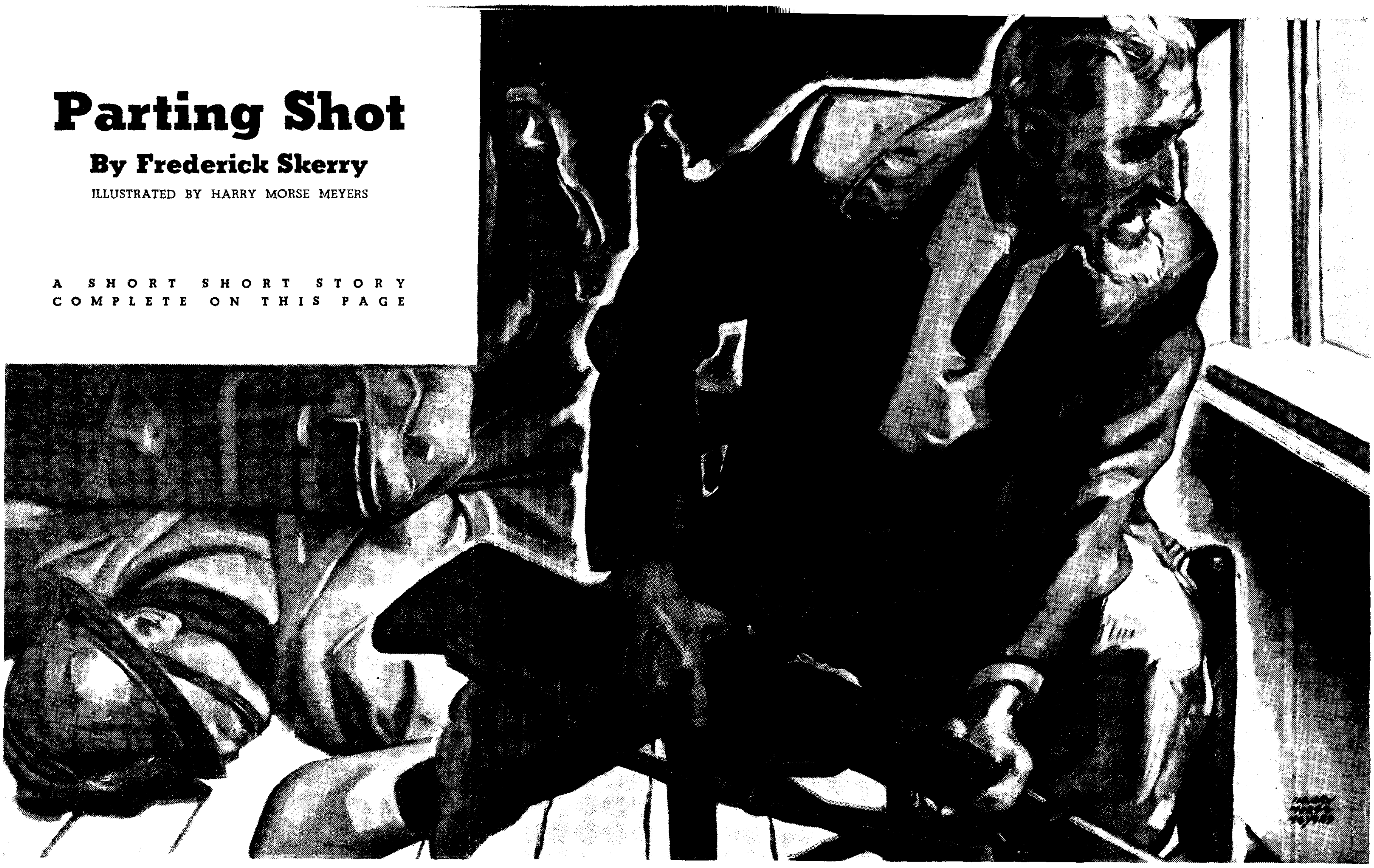


**A fierce bitterness filled him. Wincing with the effort, he picked up the rifle behind him**

WELL back from a window but with a wide angle of vision, Jean Mathieu sat in his bedroom over the tobacco shop, his gaze slanted upon the inn doorway at the opposite corner where square joined highroad. He was having one of his bad times when even going below to the shop was too much for him, but now unwonted excitement made him less sensible of his weakness.

Most of the past night he had sat there watching half an army rushing through the village; ambulances with wounded; tanks and guns and trucks roaring past and, finally, the infantry plodding wearily, still in a sort of order. Long before, with the first news of the army's falling back, the ten score villagers had hurriedly evacuated their homes. He had watched their going sadly. Again! When it was thought. . . .

The village was as a place dead. A few stragglers, an occasional fleeting car full of officers only accentuated the emptiness. He had been forgotten—though, he thought, somebody may have looked into the shop and, seeing no sign of him, concluded he had been taken by others. He was not cast down by the oversight. His neighbors, with their families and themselves to think about, could scarcely be expected to remember him—only one of the old familiar army of disabled. Not a family in the village but had one or more vacant places to stir the memory. He was taking a longer time to die, that was all. Only half a man, white before his time, dragging hopelessly to his end. . . . What matter?

But even had they thought of him he would not have gone with them. He had a reserved seat for a show that he knew well from his experience as an actor in an earlier one. Besides, he had a special reason for remaining. He was not the only man left in the village. For Monsieur Hohe had stayed by his inn. Once in a while he stood in his doorway and watched a long column pass.

Hohe—a mystery these three years, since that day he appeared, a stranger, to take over the inn from old Labarre. Perhaps the strangeness of seeing a man so young content with keeping an inn—Hohe was no more than in his early thirties—was noticeable because they had become accustomed to an old innkeeper. Somehow, it seemed a business for an older man than for one young and active. But that was Hohe's affair. Still, a man appears out of nowhere and takes his place in a small village. . . . Well, people wonder, which is natural.

But Monsieur Hohe offered little information. Oh, to be sure, vague references — travels — voyages — shadowy family affairs—which told nothing. He was as secretive as one freshly released from prison. It was all very puzzling, this reticence of his, in a community where garrulity was as much a part of life as breathing.

Most puzzling was his seeming indifference to the activities of the old enemy; countries gobbled up with appetite insatiable and in overweening confidence. With everybody speaking his mind about these things, Hohe went about his work saying nothing but with a patient look on his face, as if he were forced to listen to children's prattle.

THEN that evening after Denmark had been quietly appropriated: "Well, of course," Giraud said, like an oracle, over the babble in the bar, "Denmark is one thing, but we are another. We are ready for them."

And hadn't he, Jean Mathieu, said to Hohe, "And what do *you* think, Monsieur Hohe?" Flatly, like that.

Then Hohe, busily wiping the zinc of the bar, shrugged his rather stooped shoulders without looking up. "It is good to be ready," he said. Which was ambiguous, to say the least.

And when they left the inn were any of them concerned about Monsieur Hohe? Not one. They listened abstractedly to his doubts of Hohe, blind to the mysteriousness of the man. "And what," Giraud said, "would a spy be doing in a small, unimportant village?"

What indeed? What use to argue with them? The village was small, to be sure. But unimportant—that was something else. Wasn't it on a main highroad to the frontier? And wasn't the road a direct one to a place that was important, a confluence of roads that led to towns and cities and military posts? And didn't they know that these subjugations of peoples had been made easy by the treachery of foreigners within their borders?

But he, himself, was far from satisfied with Monsieur Hohe. Hohe! How many times had he repeated the name to himself? Hohe—Hohe . . . Hohe—nlohe . . . Hohe-nzollern. . . . Maybe it was his imagination. And yet . . . yet . . .

Without losing sight of the inn door Mathieu saw a company or two, in loose formation, come running into the square, deploying to take posts in houses. A rear guard. . . . His shop door crashed . . . feet stumbled on the stairs. . . . He looked around for an instant as his bedroom door flew open, and a soldier staggered in. Scarcely more than a boy, he thought, as his gaze returned to the inn doorway. Just such a boy as he had been. From the corner of one eye he saw the boy swaying on his feet—heard the gasped, "Pardon, Monsieur!"

He kept his gaze on the inn. "You are wounded?" he said over his shoulder.

"Yes, Monsieur—somewhere inside."

"Ah! Well, my son, take it easy. A wounded man is privileged. . . ."

The sharp racket of motorcycles grew louder. A burst of shots echoed through the square as a troop of machines appeared. Three of the leaders tumbled off and sprawled in the road, their machines wobbling crazily, then tipping on their sides and skidding in half circles to a stop. More machines appeared, and from behind them came the roar of heavy trucks.

Mathieu turned his head quickly as the boy behind him sank heavily to the floor, his rifle and its strap bumping and clattering.

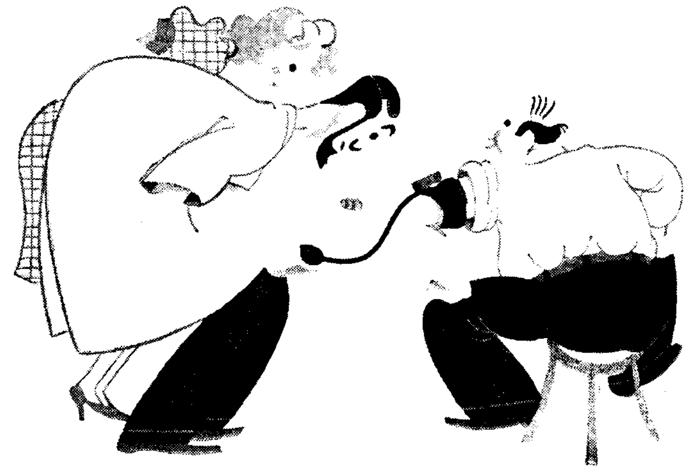
Soldiers from trucks began to rush houses from which shots were coming. They would find them empty; the rear guard would be scurrying from the back gardens to the fields. Scattered shots—a burst or two from automatic rifles—and the throbbing of engines had the air to itself.

AN OFFICER climbed down from a truck, newly arrived. Mathieu straightened in his chair as the innkeeper came out and stood stiffly before his door—not the rather stoop-shouldered Hohe now, but straight, like a soldier, his arm outstretched obliquely in that hated salute. Hah! Monsieur Hohe! The man who had lived as one of them! Mathieu's curiosity was satisfied—shockingly, for all his doubts of Hohe. A fierce bitterness filled him.

Wincing with the effort, he picked up the rifle behind him—tried the bolt. When he rested the muzzle on the window sill and took sight the innkeeper was handing a long, folded paper to the officer. Gently, Mathieu squeezed the trigger—and Monsieur Hohe pitched forward, his second salute half finished.

"Perfect!" sighed Mathieu. "But too late—much too late!"

With the rifle in his hands, he twisted about to look at the motionless figure on the floor. If he put the gun back they would blame the boy for the shot. But the boy would not have sighted on Hohe; he would have aimed at a man in uniform. Heavy feet pounded the stairs. And Jean Mathieu sat waiting —the rifle across his knees.



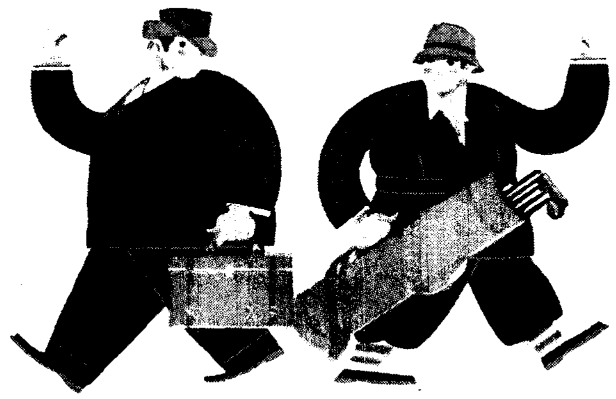
If your doctor finds your blood pressure up he is going to ask a great many questions concerning the way you live

# Don't Worry About It

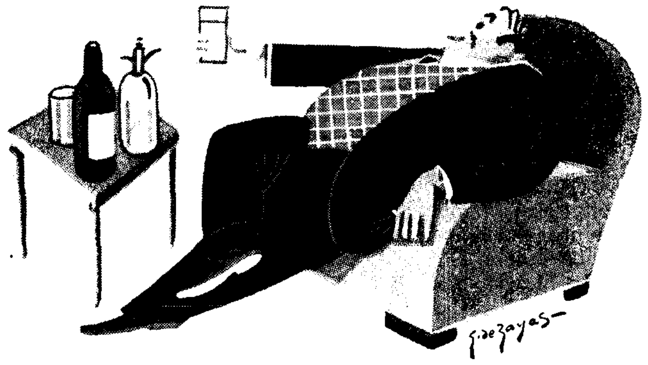
## By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

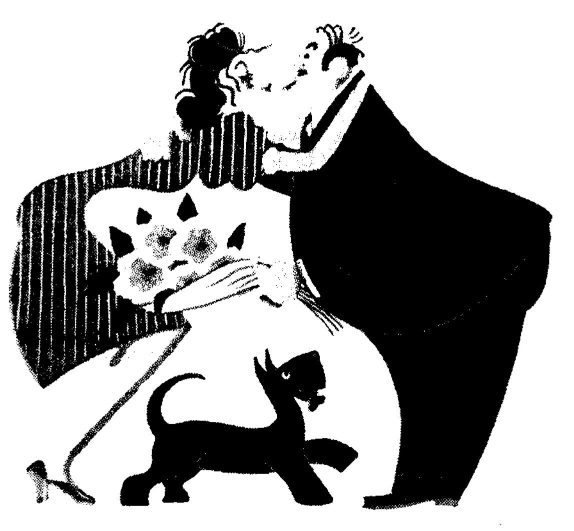
**High blood pressure is nothing to get steamed up about—in fact that's just what you shouldn't do. Relax and let research delve into its causes, which still remain somewhat mysterious**



Essential hypertension needn't interfere with your normal routine—you'll probably keep right on working and playing



You'll probably be told that there isn't any real reason for not continuing to enjoy life—in a quiet sort of way



Staying on good terms with the little woman is one way to help keep your blood pressure within reasonable bounds

THERE is a certain room in a certain hospital in Boston where a group of earnest students has been gathering weekly the last couple of years to go to school. There are lectures and exercises and recitations. There are examinations—stiff examinations, too. But the only requirement for the entrance into this class is high blood pressure. It's remarkable how quickly these earnest, mostly middle-aged students progress.

The lectures, you see, are on high blood pressure and the psychic origin of many of its symptoms. The exercises, which the students practice at home as well as in class, are relaxing exercises. The recitations are by the senior members of the class to show the junior members how much it is possible to improve. And when examination time comes . . . well, some of the students simply feel a great deal better, but in two thirds of those who attended the class more than three times, the blood pressure had actually fallen remarkably. This is quite possibly the only blood-pressure class in existence but it is typical of the way this common ailment—very common, one out of every four people over fifty has it, which means at least your mother- or your father-in-law—is being treated by enlightened doctors today. The modern idea seems to be that whatever the physiological cause, which we'll get around to in a minute, the most usual precipitating cause is *worry*, the one serious aggravating factor, once you have the ailment, is *worry*, and the logical way to treat it, therefore, is to teach you not to *worry*. So if you go to a good, forward-looking doctor today, complaining of headaches, dizzy spells, nosebleeds and what not, and he discovers that what you have is essential hypertension (recognize your old friend under that title?) the chances are before you're through you'll wonder if you haven't dropped accidentally into the office of a psychiatrist.

"Hm," he may say casually as he unwinds that gray cloth from around your arm, "blood pressure's up a little." He'll probably look in your eyes then with a little black instrument called an ophthalmoscope and, in case he goes mysterious, I'll tell you that that's because the back of your eyes is conveniently enough the one place a doctor can actually see your smaller arteries in action. He can actually see whether they're diseased or just acting up. Then he'll probably send you to his laboratory for a number of kidney and other tests. And, "Hm," he may say again, if all the tests prove negative, "wouldn't hurt you to lose a little weight, we'll have to see to that, but organically you're sound as a nut. Just that little increase in blood pressure—no cause for it."

He may tell you to lay off meat and salt and tobacco and liquor, and perhaps stop working for a while, and give up your golf. But before long he'll know all about just how seriously you take things and what things you take too seriously, whether your wife loves you and vice versa, and whether you've been stewing for some time over that raise the boss hasn't given you. Then he'll probably tell you to go back to your office and your golf and your before-dinner cocktail and enjoy life in a quiet way, losing weight if you have to lose it, because that's important for general health as well as for high blood pressure, and though you pay him regular visits after that he may very possibly not be too much concerned with your blood pressure.

The idea, you see, is that many people with high blood pressure are ill because of the way they feel—witness the fact that a man with a slightly high blood pressure can feel so much sicker than a man with very high blood pressure—and if you can manage to give them confidence and make them lead a tranquil life most of thei symptoms, if not their high blood pressure itself will vanish.

Of course this form of treatment is in a way an admission of defeat. If doctors knew any specific remedy for high blood pressure, like liver for pernicious anemia or insulin for diabetes, they wouldn't waste their time over anything as vague as mental suggestion. The point is they don't in most cases.

The immediate cause of high blood pressure in many cases, however, is a nervous contraction, a spasmodic stiffening of the walls of you smaller arteries, all the thousands and thousands of little arteries that carry the blood from the big arteries to the infinitesimal capillaries in the remotest parts of your body. It isn't that your heart beats faster or harder, or that you suddenly have too much blood running around inside of you. Doctors thought this, years ago which was often why they bled their patients Logical, too—high blood pressure, let out some blood and relieve the pressure, just like letting air out of a tire, only it didn't bring permanent relief because that wasn't the trouble.

### It's Just a Matter of Degree

The extra pressure, they've found, comes not from too much blood, but from too little space for it to flow around in, as if fluid were running through a soft rubber hose and you suddenly clamped something hard around the hose, not shutting it off, just keeping it from yielding or expanding. Now this doesn't mean, as it might sound, that high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries are the same thing, or that hardening of the arteries is necessarily the cause of high blood pressure. As a matter of fact it's just the other way around in some cases. After your arterioles and arteries have been having these spasms long enough and often enough they may stay contracted all the time and become thickened and hard.

Of course high blood pressure is just a matter of degree and extent. Nobody's blood pressure is constant for many minutes at a time. If we've been lying down, it rises when we sit up, and rises still more when we stand up. It rises a lot when we eat our dinner and then drops again when we drop off to sleep. And as for our emotions, such expressions as, "Go away, woman, you raise my blood pressure," and "Break the news gently, his blood pressure can't stand it," are almost clichés, and sound clichés at that, because any even moderately intense emotion gives your blood pressure a slight kick in passing. Also coughing, sneezing or straining in any way produce definite temporary increases.

Just what makes normal blood pressure react so easily to inner and outer behavior is something doctors have had quite a time deciding. A change in the rate of your heart has something to do with it, but more important still is your sympathetic nervous system, which controls the action of most of the involuntary muscles—those that go right on working whether you like it or not—from those in your stomach to those in your arterioles. So if you're

*(Continued on page 42)*

# Occupation: Widow

## By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

*The Story Thus Far;*

PAUL LESSER and Rolf Blaerchen, owners of a Berlin night club, employ a singer, Carola Dirling, and a comedian, Karl Dietrich. Lesser marries Carola, and a short time later he is killed in a mysterious automobile "accident."

Suspecting that Blaerchen, a Nazi, has been somehow involved in her husband's murder, Carola leaves Berlin; and Dietrich, guilty of poking fun at the Nazis, is sent to a concentration camp. Three years pass. Dietrich, released from the camp, returns to Berlin, where he joins a group of anti-Nazi conspirators—Franz Ranke, Hans Klauss, Schebeler and others. His bitterest enemy is Rolf Blaerchen, who has become a power in the Foreign Office. His dearest friend is Carola, who, hoping to learn the truth concerning her husband's death, has come back to the German capital and become a Foreign Office spy—reporting to Blaerchen.

Loathing Blaerchen (who makes incessant advances to her) and shocked by his ruthlessness, Carola finally tells him bluntly that she will work for him no longer. After which, she begins rehearsing a singing role that Franz Wagner, owner of "Sans Souci," a well-known night spot, gives her.

But Blaerchen keeps a sharp eye on her; and presently he guesses the truth: Karl Dietrich (whom Wagner has employed as a messenger and general factotum) and Paul Lesser's widow are in love. Infuriated, he forces Carola to accompany him to his home, where—after ordering her to drop Dietrich—he tells her that he loves her.

Carola listens patiently. Then, when he begins to make violent advances, she says: "*Is this why you killed Paul?*" The question comes as a terrific shock to the Nazi. And, watching his face intently, Carola feels sure that he is guilty of her husband's murder.

A few hours later, Carola learns that Dietrich has been arrested. She implores Blaerchen to have him released. Then comes a surprise: Blaerchen says that he will release Dietrich if she will accept an invitation from Herr Praut, an important Nazi official. Carola agrees.

Dietrich, freed, meets Carola and they discuss the situation. They wonder if they can leave Germany, escape from Blaerchen. "If," Carola says, "we can get out, no matter how dangerous, I'll go anywhere with you, Karl!"

### VII

KARL called Klauss from an outside telephone. A half-hour later they met near the Kaiser Wilhelm Museum.

"We can go in and keep warm," Klauss said pleasantly. "If we should not happen to be discussing the exhibits, who will know?" He smiled. "Tell me about your arrest."

"Later," Karl said hurriedly, as they entered the museum. "First, is there a way that people can get out of this country?"

"You and Fräulein Dirling?"

Karl nodded.

"There is one way," Klauss said slowly, "by fishing boat out of Stettin."

For the first time in a long while Karl smiled. "I was sure you would know of a way." But he saw no answering smile on Klauss' face. "Is it very dangerous?"

"I know of five men who tried it last month."

"And?"

"Two got through!"

With his face expressionless, Karl considered that. That was an escape that was as dangerous as the trap.

"I wish I could be more encouraging," Klauss said.

"What can we do?" Karl's deep voice cracked. "Blaerchen insists that as the price for her freedom and mine she throw herself at Herr Praut."

"Praut?" Klauss was interested at once. "Why should Blaerchen do anything for him?"

"I don't know," Karl said.

They sat on a bench in one of the exhibit halls. Except for a guard the place was empty. "If we did know, we could understand Blaerchen better." He seemed eager to help. "Tell me all you have heard about Blaerchen."

Karl thought for a moment, then recalled what Mainescu had said about Blaerchen's enemies, what Maria had said about his habits, what Froscetti had said, and the gossip that Schebeler had reported, about Praut's promotion and about the fight. "That sums it up," he said.

KLAUSS nodded and they moved to a group of statuary. They stood near it, as if examining it. "Since Blaerchen has been interested in Carola he wouldn't be handing her over to Praut without expecting something in return."

"Possibly. What could he expect?"

"Revenge, of course, but I think that's a luxury that Blaerchen could not afford unless there was a profit in it." Klauss smiled ever so slightly. "The most obvious thing is money." When Karl objected, Klauss continued: "Why not? After all, Blaerchen is only following a notable and exemplary precedent. Certainly." Klauss lowered his voice. "I think Blaerchen is avaricious enough to do anything for money. Particularly now, when he did not get a promotion! He must be bitter about that!"

"Possibly," Karl agreed. "I'm afraid that doesn't help us. Carola insists that she keep that engagement with Praut."

"She may not have to," Klauss said paternally, as they moved to another group of statuary. "There might be some way to use money to trap the impregnable Herr Blaerchen so that you and Carola need not fear him any more."

Karl shook his head. "I have no experience setting traps for villains."

Klauss smiled. "After fifteen years in the theater? I thought that that was the essence of the drama, from Hamlet to the Three Penny Opera." Then he was suddenly serious. "Dangerous as it might be, I would have you do anything rather than attempt the journey across the Baltic."

For a half-hour after they had left the museum Karl walked the street, not sure where to go or what to do. Blaerchen might very well be baited into some trap by money, but on this cold February morning Karl could think of no trap. Then he remembered that he was more than two hours late for work. He could make some excuse to Wagner.

But he did not expect to find Wagner carrying on like a madman. "Come here, come here—where have you been?" Wagner roared.

It seemed like an exaggerated reaction to two hours' lateness.

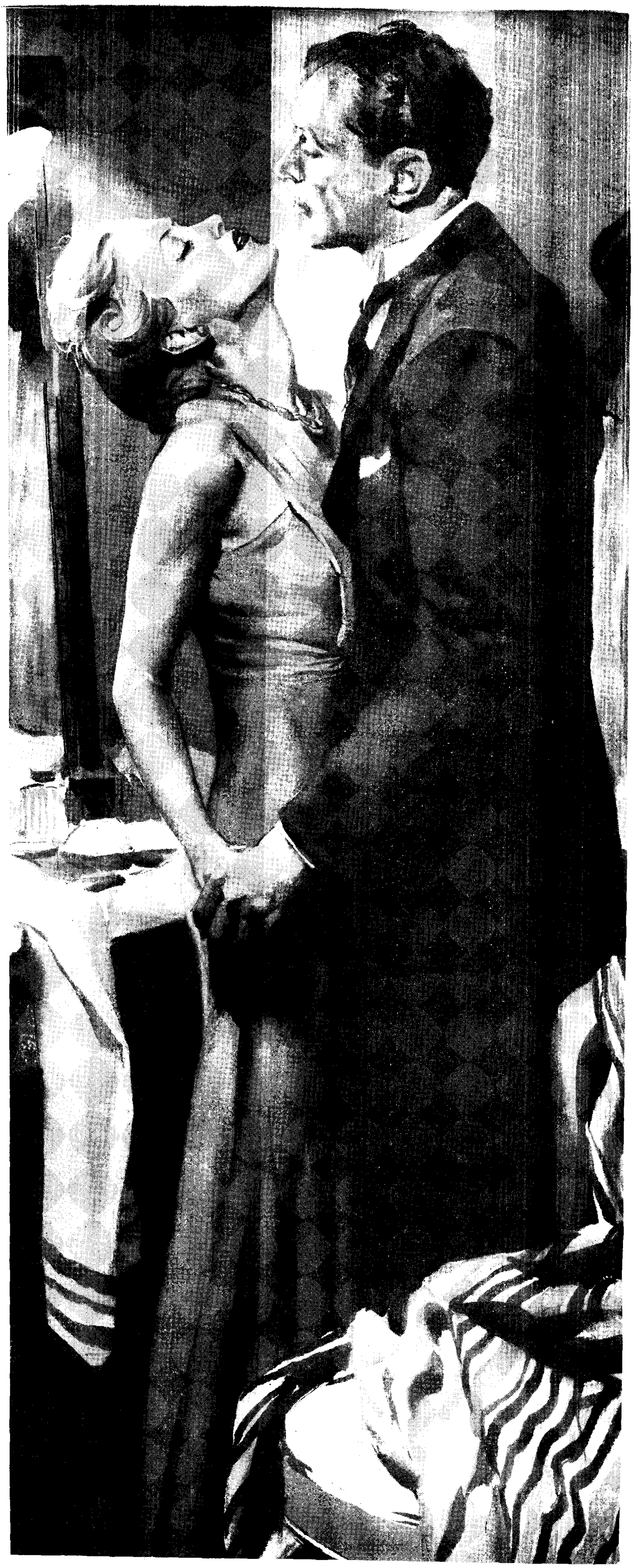
"I'm sorry I'm late—!"

"Late? I don't care when you come in. But Carola!"

"What's the matter?" Karl's voice was taut.

"She called me and said she'd changed her mind. She isn't going to open." He stared at Karl and saw something in his face. "Come in!" He led Karl into the office and slammed the door. "Carola ought to be more thoughtful. I have a bad heart. To call up and say in cold

*(Continued on page 50)*



**"You're beautiful!" Karl exclaimed. He kissed her. "You look as if time had stood still"**

# The Big Dough-Re-Mi

Continued from page 10

bunch is phenomenal, I tell you." The agent paused impressively. "And you can get 'em cheap. You can get 'em for what the singer alone is worth."

"A singer too, heh?" Freem said casually.

"Blues," said Fess passionately. "And you couldn't find another pair of pipes like hers even on Broadway. Her husband directs, they use a lot of their own tunes you couldn't hear anywhere else, and altogether it's a very original setup. You know, the intimate tone—like it's a privilege to hear 'em. Just right for a club. It'll go big, Mr. Freem. It'll pack 'em in."

Eventually they got around to price. "Fourteen hundred," Fess said. "After all, there's ten of 'em, and you know a leader always gets at least as much as the rest of the band put together."

"Seven," Freem countered promptly. "After all, I had bands workin' for me before." His final word was, "Nine hundred—if I like 'em."

"If this isn't a dopey racket!" May said. "We insult him, we practically throw him out, and two days later he comes back with a job for us."

Fess had just left the rehearsal hall with Freem. Freem had liked it. Frank was expected at the agent's office that afternoon to sign up.

"I don't like the idea of working for that guy but we're in no position to be choosey," he said.

"Good thing we don't have to see much of him," said May. "That snaky grin of his is a killer."

"All he has to do is hand it over Saddy nights, reg'lar," said Steve, the trumpeter.

FRANK wanted May to come along to the agent's office but she begged off. "It's your band, Frank. Besides, I'm afraid I might louse up the deal. He might look at me, that way he's got, and I might make a crack that'd keep us rehearsing for another couple of months. Just read it slow, Pops, in blues time."

Frank read the contract slowly but that made the terms seem no less brutal: exclusive management of the band for a year, fat percentages of any outside engagements Fess might get for them, six hundred and fifty dollars a week—when they worked.

"I'll think it over, Mr. Fess."

"No time for that. Freem has six other bands he can put in there and he wants your yes or no today. He opens in a few nights, you know."

Frank thought of the boys. They'd had only meager pickings the last few months and some of them had families dependent upon them. He told Fess he'd make a phone call and then give his decision.

"Six-fifty; tie-up for a year; no play no pay," he summed it up for May over the telephone.

"I guess it's only a rumor that a leader is supposed to get half," May said. "You can't give the boys less than sixty, and then there's music to buy and . . . that vulture! Well—the boys must eat, though. But insist on half pay for no play, at least."

Fess howled when Frank told him about the guarantee he wanted, so Frank started to leave. Fess saw he meant it and called him back. Three hundred a week, if engagements ran out —for no more than two weeks—was the best he would offer. Frank found haggling very distasteful. He signed. . . .

Pickett leaned over Wetterau's desk, coaxing, persuading: "But Emil, it's five years now that you've been saying swing is on the way out. The fact that you don't like it hot, personally, is losing us business. Look at Goodman, the Dorseys . . ."

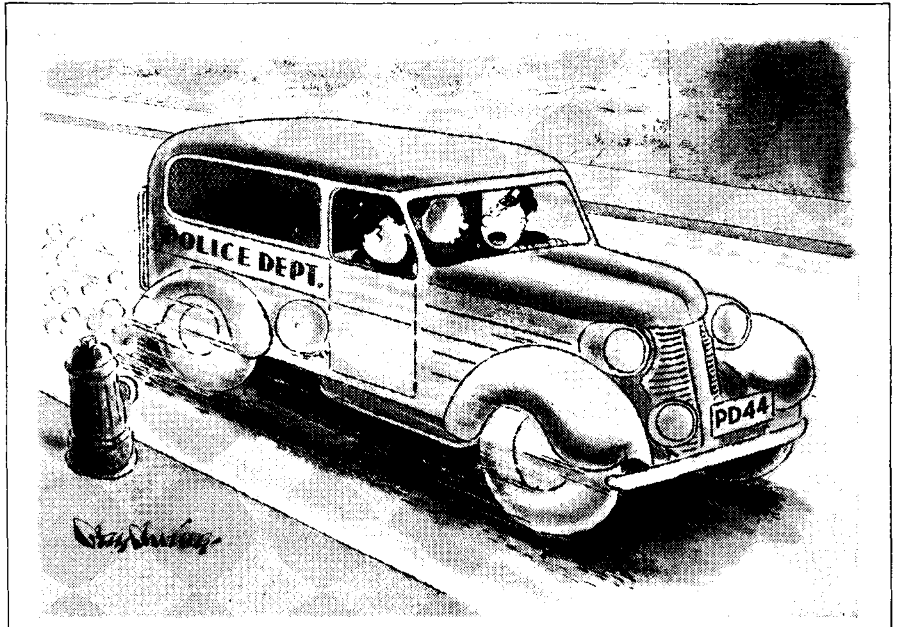
"Look at Montfort, Kemp, Lombardo, Fields, Heidt, Reisman, Kyser, Noble, Nelson, Hallett, Clinton," Wetterau rattled off.

"I know, Emil. But this band of Leedy's is exceptional in its class, and if we don't grab them somebody else will. I found out they're in a cheap spot and if we hurry maybe we can still get them."

Wetterau at last yielded. "All right, get 'em. But strictly hot bands are too unpredictable for me. Wow or flop, Arthur, Leedy'll be your own private headache."

THE Inner Door Club was more than half filled and that was good going for a new place with an unknown band, only ten days after opening night. They were playing a lively stomp tune when Pickett sat down at a table near the platform. He listened with pleasure and excitement. He had made no mistake.

Frank stood with his tenor sax in front of the band, sending them from one brilliant chorus into another. One realized that the boys were working hard but having a good time at it and that made watching them enjoyable. There was no clowning, no straining for effect. The show was all in the music itself.



"Say! Who's drivin' this thing, you or me?" JAY IRVING

The half-hour session ended with *Blue But Happy Blues*. There were a few instrumental solos before May sang. She didn't grapple with a microphone. ("Take that thing away. I don't need it and it only makes me nervous," she'd said the first night they'd been there.) There was only a sudden hush as the boys turned their heads toward her, ready to follow the accompanying figure she set for them on the piano before she began singing, and that subtly called everybody's attention to her. She looked up from the keyboard toward the people at the tables and began, simply, to wail it out, easily filling the place with her big contralto:

*"I'm blue but happy, blue but happy,*
*happy cos I'm used to bein' blue;*
*Sad but I like it, sad but I like it, like*
*it cos there's nothin' else to do.*
*So send me down, blues, send me down,*
*blues, send me just as deep as you*
*please. . . ."*

Then the boys abandoned the score and, with Frank showing the way on his clarinet, jammed two choruses. It was collective improvisation by ten artists, smooth and inspired, with a minimum of exhibitionism. It was music.

May's voice had come as a complete surprise to Pickett, and with the effect of what had followed—one of Steve's trumpet passages kept ringing in his head—it took a little while for him to recall just why he was there. He sent a note by waiter and shortly Frank and May came curiously to his table.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, after introductions had been made.

"Thanks."

"To come right to the point: National wants you under their banner."

May and Frank exchanged glances of unhappy surprise.

"Gee, Mr. Pickett, we'd like it, but . . ."

"Add three men to make it a full band, then a tour for a break-in, and then a big spot in town. Say fifteen hundred to start. Later, well, anything may happen. With radio and recording and theater appearances—" Pickett smiled promisingly.

Frank groaned. "We're trying to tell you we're here through an office—tied up for a year."

"Oh—too bad!" Pickett's face fell. But then he took heart again; he just had to have this band. "But maybe we can buy your contract. I'd help you up to a thousand dollars, which you could pay back out of future earnings. But you'd have to handle it yourself. Chances are your agent would want a million if he knew we were interested."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Pickett. We'll try," Frank said.

"A FULL band, darling!" May whispered as they walked slowly back to the platform.

"Five brass, four reeds and the rhythm we've got—what we could say with that!" Frank mumbled, dazed.

"But we're 'way ahead of ourselves," May said soberly, thinking of Fess.

Frank was flabbergasted when Fess asked five thousand dollars for the contract. "That's what it's worth to me," the agent said coolly. " 'Specially if National Music or somebody like that is after you."

Shrewd rat, Frank thought as he left the office, and they were bound hopelessly to him for a year. But now that that was settled he couldn't brood too much over it. The band was working where it could be heard to advantage and he craved recognition more than money. He would go on with the boys, developing new ideas, further exploiting their potentialities. That was what he lived for.

Pickett said he was sorry, but a year wasn't forever and after that, maybe . . .

When Frank told May about it she thought: "Five years fighting for a break and when it's handed to us we only get our hands slapped for reaching for it. Another whole year!" But to Frank she said, "Well, the boys are happy, making a name—and who wants to go back on the road, anyway? Not me, thanks. I just had some."

So they returned to making music and lost themselves in it.

AT THE end of the month Fess pried two hundred dollars more per week out of Freem who, in his caution, which he now regretted, had insisted on a month-to-month arrangement. He had to pay because the band was almost filling the club, nightly, now, and it was well worth it to him. Fess said nothing about the increase to Frank. As for Freem, he had assumed that the band was getting its share, or something near it, and, besides, proprietors did not by custom poke into what went on between agents and the help. But because of the nightly contact between Freem and the band it would have been strange if it had not eventually come out that they were being treated shabbily.

One evening between dances May was filling in at the piano, humming while Frank, at her side, dreamed up the melody on his sax and Steve leaned on the side of the piano, listening. Mr. Freem slipped up onto the bandstand and sat down near them, looking smugly around at the well-filled tables.

"This is the stuff they love," he whispered to May. "Makes them feel they're at a sort of private party."

"Things look pretty good, don't they, Mr. Freem?" May said.

"Yeah, pretty good, but it ain't all gravy. Not that I'm complaining. Only don't forget the band alone costs me eleven hundred a week."

Quickly May found a cadence for her improvisation. Her abrupt stop and Steve's low whistle made Frank look up from his horn.

"Eleven hundred—and we're getting only six and a half!" May said.

"The cheap low-down!" Frank muttered unhappily.

Freem smiled crookedly and shook his head. "I guessed he was looking out for himself—but that's around forty per cent he's cuttin' you! Well, too bad I can't interfere." He shrugged his shoulders, got up and left.

"What a fancy rookin' Fess is givin' us!" Steve observed. Then he went into the band room to tell the boys about it.

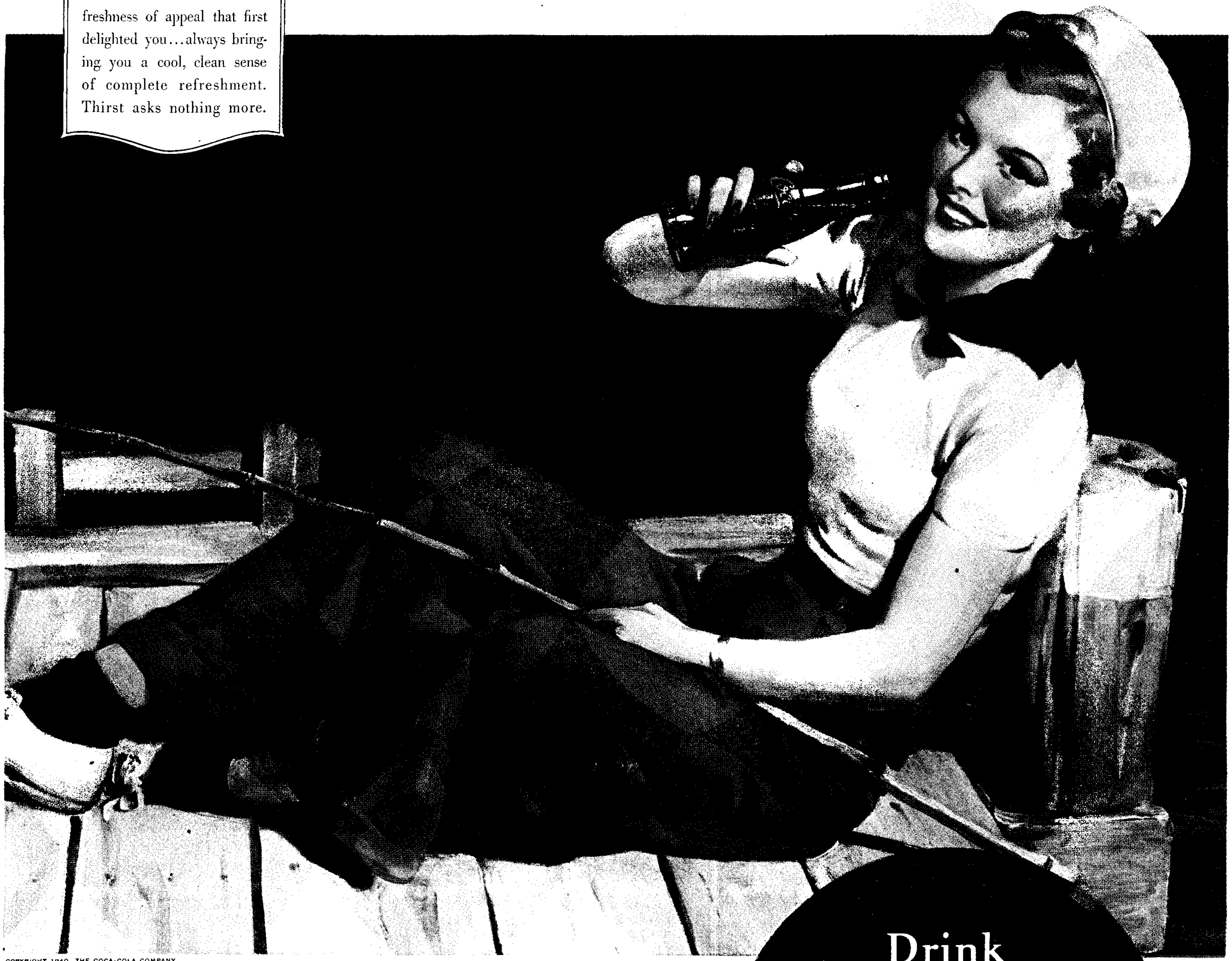
"We've got to do something, Pops," May said grimly. "We've got to get clear of that vulture."

"Now, now, Honey — don't make yourself sick over it," Frank begged. "It's tough, all right, but we can't help it. . . . Gee, don't look at me like that —as if I was something that belonged in a cage."

"It isn't fair to the boys, Frank."

"But what can we do, kid, what can we *do?*" Avoiding her eyes, Frank picked up a copy of a weekly musical publication, which he had bought before coming to work but had not yet had time to study.

"Whee—look at this!" He thrust the



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# "HEY, TONY, THE CAR RUNS LIKE A DREAM!"

## A SERVICE MAN REVEALS WHY MANY CARS LACK PEP . . .

**"SHE POKES ALONG LIKE AN OLD COW,"** I told the service man. "No pep, always the last car to get away at every traffic light! It's certainly not any fun driving a car in *that* condition."

**"THERE'S THE TROUBLE, LADY,"** he said, holding up a spark plug. "See? Electrode's gone. That's why the engine misses and has no power. I recommend a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs."

**PLENTY OF PICKUP AND POWER NOW!** What a difference those Auto-Lite Spark Plugs made in the way my car runs! That service man did me a real favor when he recommended Auto-Lites.

# Secret of surging power for lazy, spark-weary motors found in amazing mystery spark

MOTORISTS everywhere are amazed when they replace old, power-wasting spark plugs with sensational new Auto-Lites. Sluggish, pepless cars suddenly gain flashing pickup and power, and deliver more miles per gallon.

The reason? This new kind of spark plug fires with less electrical effort—produces an amazing Mystery Spark that transforms gasoline into smooth, lively POWER.

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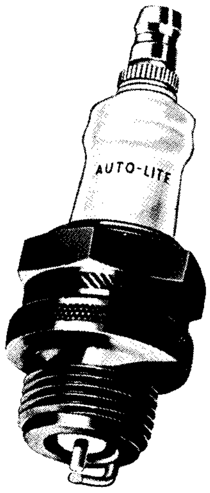
Out of 28 years' experience in automotive electrical engineering comes this new spark plug, as the final link in the ignition system.



**Ignition Engineered by Ignition Engineers**

## *Change to* AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

magazine at May, pointing out the column called the Jam Shelf:

"New on Night Club Row and the last word in hot music"—May read—"are Frank and May Leedy and their band, riffing out a unique and very personal kind of jive. This gang is a most welcome addition to the select group playing uncompromised swing—and we don't mean noise. It took them a long time getting set, as it always does with their kind of offering, but we hope that now they're in a decent spot they'll speedily win the recognition they deserve."

There followed a listing of the band's personnel, explaining what each of the stars did to make the music sound so good.

"A whole column, Frank. Boy that's swell," May said in a distant-sounding voice.

"It pays for everything. Wait'll the guys see it—it'll cheer them up after the sour news we just got." Frank took the magazine and hurried into the band room.

May remained behind at the piano, but her mind was not on the music. This time Frank's softness about money matters had really tried her patience.

The next night was Saturday night and there was an even bigger than usual after-theater crowd at the Inner Door swooning in their seats while the band went through one of its out-of-the-world sessions. Suddenly, in the middle of a fast tune, the piano went a bit off the beat, making the whole rhythm section waver.

Frank quickly swung around, facing the band with his sax, and blasted the band back into time.

OVER the initial shock, he fronted again, climbing into the nervous, compelling voice of the upper register of the sax and carried the band with him for another full chorus. To that lead the boys could play only their best. But as soon as Frank relaxed, in the very next tune, Tubby scrambled a drum interlude, Vido's pick seemed to get tangled among the whanging strings, and right after that Windy muffed a riff and Steve went to pieces with him. Frantically Frank looked to the two reed men to help him pull the band out, and Alec—Alec the infallible—went bad, actually squeaked on his alto.

Frank hung up his horn and retreated into the anteroom to hide. He hadn't trusted himself to say a word, afraid he might scream; he hadn't trusted himself to look at the customers. Puffing furiously at a cigarette, he turned his rage inward upon himself. He was a hell of a crank to blow up like that. The boys were only human; every band had an off-night now and then.

But later it got worse. It didn't seem possible but it got much worse. Around two in the morning. Frank could no longer contain himself and called the band backstage.

"If a guy hits a clinker once, well—so he hit a clinker. But for the whole outfit to go lousy!"

May chewed her lip. None of the boys could look Frank in the eye.

"Me," Tubby said. "I got a bum wrist." He rubbed his wrist. "I don't know how, but I must've strained it—a tendon or something—and it hurts terrible."

Frank turned in disgust to Windy. "And why should you stink all of a sudden?"

"Dunno, Frank—I'm doin' my best," Windy rumbled.

"How about you, Alec?"

"My reed went back on me," Alec said weakly.

Frank flared up:

"Now none of that off-time jive! All the fussing you do with reeds . . . !" Frank turned finally to May. "You got a bum fin too?"

"Maybe we're getting stale—or something," May lamely replied.

FREEM bellowed into the phone: "I tell you, Fess, the customers are laughing—the wrong way. If you don't believe it come down and hear it yourself. Three nights in a row! And I'm giving notice starting tonight. They'll have to get good again, fast, if you expect me to keep 'em. Don't forget that satisfactory-performance clause." . . .

"Just give me a little time," Frank told Fess. "A gang like mine just has to straighten out. They're too good not to."

The agent was baffled and exasperated. "Well, the way Freem feels about it, you got only a coupla days. And you can't blame him."

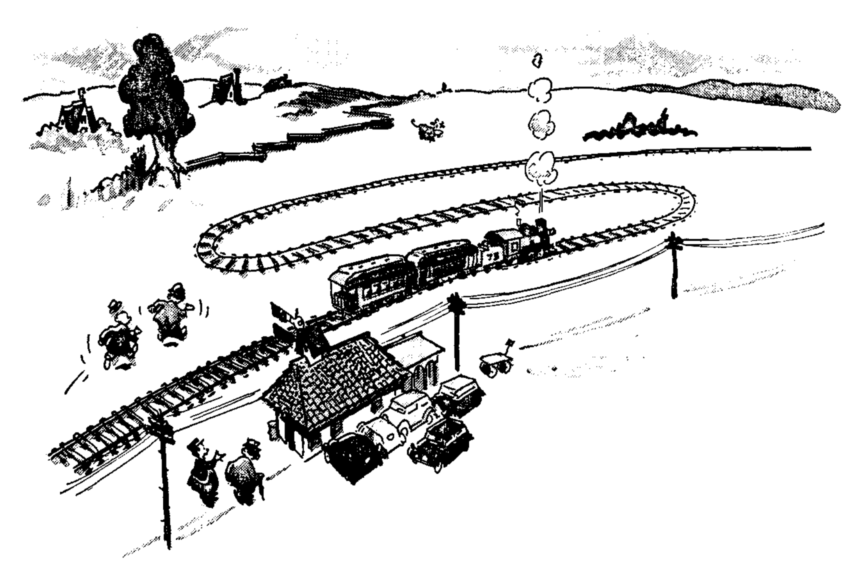
That night after work Frank said to May, "Maybe I better give up. Maybe I just better walk out."

"Now, when we really need you most?" May said.

"If I only knew why—why!" Frank looked at her queerly. "Think they're hitting the jug too hard? Naw—it couldn't be that. I could tell in a minute. Maybe—maybe it's because they know we're getting such a raw deal from Fess."

"Well, it might be that. You can't expect them to be gay about it," May said slowly. It wrung her insides to look at him. He was pale and a bleak, hopeless expression had come into his eyes.

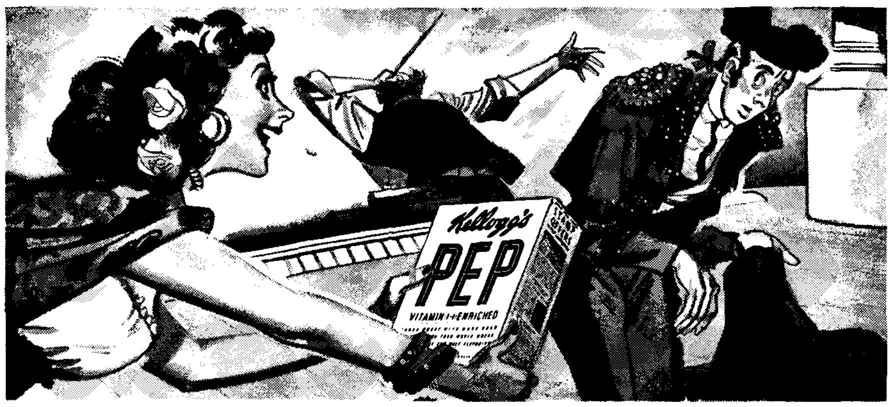
"But they're such fine musicians," Frank said. "We've been rooked before and they never took it like this. Gee!—I never would've thought they



"That's for people who miss the train" REAMER KELLER

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

**Opera Director:** A tenor you are—maybe. But a *toreador*—pfui! Where is the "oomph," the *pep appeal?*



**Carmen:** Did somebody mention PEP? I've just discovered it, too! Isn't it the most *delicious* cereal you ever tasted? And, besides, it's extra rich in two of the *most important vitamins.* Come on, toreador, let's have a snack.

Kellogg's
PEP

**Carmen:** You know, we have to get all our vitamins for pep. And this perfectly grand cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP is extra rich in the two that are most lacking in every-day diets—vitamins $B_1$ and D.

**Toreador:** Whoa, there! You can save the details. PEP *tastes* like a million dollars.

Kellogg's
PEP

**Toreador:** Ah, Carmen! Now that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the greatest bull-fighter that ever trod the boards.

**Carmen:** Take your time, toreador. It doesn't all happen at once!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

"How a kind word ruin my beezness"

**1. Everyone takes the siesta** in the heat of the day, except I, poor Juan. While all are asleep, the shops are closed. Except my shop, where I sell pottery to the American tourists for ten times what it costs in America.

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

**2. An American senorita** comes one afternoon to buy the pottery. "How is it that you do not take the *siesta?*" she asked, speaking that strange language which I have heard called Highschool Spanish. "Ah, *senorita,*" I sighed, "I cannot sleep!"

**3. "It is the coffee!"** I explained. "I love the coffee. I cannot resist it. But when I drink it with the lunch, then all afternoon I am wide awake!" She nodded. "It is good business to be open when other shops are closed!"

**4. "I would give all** the beezness for a good *siesta!*" I cried. "Then you should drink Sanka Coffee," she said. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!" "It is an American trick!" I scoffed. "How can it be *good* coffee?"

**5. "It's wonderful! A blend of finest** Central and South American coffees!" she replied. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!' "

**6. So in gratitude** I charge her only *five* times what the pottery is worth. Later, I try Sanka Coffee. Delicious. And I *sleep* each day during the afternoon. My pottery beezness, he is ruin but *ah, amigo . . .* how I enjoy the *siesta!*

SANKA COFFEE

*REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE*

**Makes delicious iced coffee**

Use Sanka Coffee when you make iced coffee this summer. It's delightfully cooling and refreshing . . . and it lets you sleep!

could sound so bad even if they tried."

"Whatever it is, Pops, you've got to hold on—you've just got to," May said.

The band was thrown out of the club at the end of the week.

Frank got the wishful notion that being fired would bring the boys around and he clung to it desperately. "One more chance," he begged Fess. "I swear they'll be good."

"What else can I do?" Fess said bitterly. "It'll cost me three hundred bucks if I don't get you something before another week goes."

A few days later he had the proprietor of a suburban dance hall at the rehearsal room to hear Leedy's band.

It stank.

"Sorry," the man said, and went away.

Having almost swallowed the chewed stump of his cigar, Fess also left.

The boys squirmed in their seats, saying nothing. Frank stared at them, distraught, then slowly down at the clarinet he still held in his hands, and, with sudden, insane rage, flung it up against the wall. It made a queer clattering sound, with tinkles, as broken keys spattered on the floor.

Then came another strange sound, out of Steve.

"P-p-pa-hah!" He exploded into laughter. With that to send them, the other boys let go, too. They roared, they stamped their feet, they pounded each other on the back. Only May didn't laugh. She jumped up from the piano, faced Frank worriedly and put her hands on his arms.

"It was all my fault, Pops—I talked them into it. But we had to do it, don't you see? Fess—I think maybe we're *rid of him!*"

"Huh?" Frank looked stupidly at her and around at the boys. "Oh—I get it. A special extra-funny rib on me, one that it took five years to build up. Guess I ought to laugh, too." He gave a short, tragic laugh. "Five years—for this. Here it is—the clincher." He took out of his pocket a copy of the musical magazine, dropped it on the piano, yanked himself free of May and fled. She dashed after him but when she reached the hallway he was out of sight.

SHE turned slowly back to the boys. They weren't laughing any more. Steve showed her the "Jam Shelf" column:

"Seems we were a little hasty with our congratulations in the last issue. Frank Leedy's phenomenal jammers have suddenly gone bad, but terrible, overnight. As we went to press the news came that they were bounced out of the Inner Door, and we hate to have to say they earned it. Though it seems unaccountable, such things have happened before."

May didn't wait to hear any more, but got her hat and rushed out into a taxicab.

On the way a series of frightful possibilities whirled through her mind. Maybe Frank wouldn't be at home when she got there.

Maybe. . . .

The cab, caught in the late-afternoon traffic crush, inched painfully down Seventh Avenue. In an agony of impatience she jumped out, tossed the hackman a coin and ran the rest of the way to the hotel.

"Frankie, darling!" she cried from the doorway, and stopped short. He was bent over a valise on the bed. She went near him.

"I'm so terribly sorry, Frank. I almost gave it away, more than once, but it was too late . . ."

"Let me alone."

"You have to listen. Pickett was in on it too and . . ."

"I don't want to hear about it."

"But it was the only way, Frankie. I was so sure it would work."

Stubbornly, but very slowly, he continued packing.

She had stopped talking. He stole a glance at her. She was sitting at the telephone, legs crossed, hands on hips, lips drawn, watching him grimly. He wished she would say something; he had left himself nothing to say.

HE COULDN'T stall any longer. Slowly he closed the valise and fumbled with the straps. He got his coat and hat, picked up the valise and started for the door. "Well, s'long, May." She didn't stir, didn't make a sound. He would have had to go if not for the sudden jangle of the telephone. May grabbed it. He dropped his valise and in fascination watched her face lose its tenseness, heard her gleeful giggle.

"Wow! Now please tell it to Frank."

She went over to him, took him by the ear, led him to the phone and pushed him down into the chair.

"Fess just left me," Pickett said. "Thought maybe I didn't know you were supposed to be washed up and that he could still get a price for the contract. A bargain at two grand, he called it. I laughed him down to five hundred—had to give him something for it. Smart girl, your wife. Right now it looks like a twenty-six-week tour. Easy hops, good spots. Drop in tomorrow and we'll talk about it."

"Gee, Mr. Pickett—I don't know what to say," Frank stammered. "Except thanks—and we'll give you the best we've got."

He put down the telephone and turned in his seat to stare surlily out of the window.

"It's swell, May, and all that," he mumbled grumpily, "but it was dirty-mean not to put me wise. If you only knew what I went through! It was hell; it was slow death by torture."

She grasped him by the hair, then, and turned his face up.

"You know you wouldn't have stood for it. Admit it!" She shook him. "Admit it!"

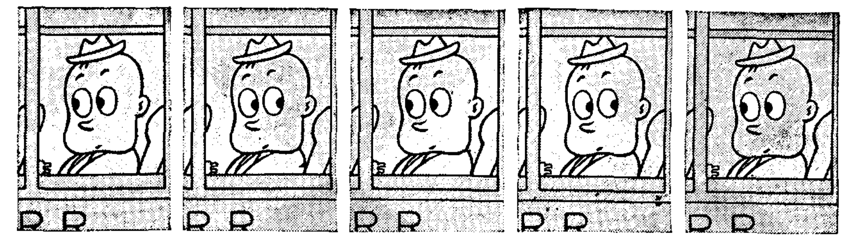
"Owoo—all right, Honey, all right. But let go." He looked sheepishly at her. "Yeah—I guess it was the only way, kid."

He grinned.

"I'd've packed you and the band in the first night if I'd been hep. I've got to admit it."

She laughed and kissed him.

"Think of it, Pops—back on the road again!" May began singing, making it up as she went along, dancing about before him. "New faces—new places—always on the go—truckin' on down the old jive trail!"



**Telegraph Poles**

CROCKETT JOHNSON

# DIRTY PLUGS

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## Clean Plugs put SNAP *and* PEP *into your car's performance*

More than 70,000 Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Stations stand ready to clean and regap your plugs. Get this service every 4,000 miles —and drive a better performing, faster starting, gas-economizing car.

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*the biggest nickel's worth you ever got*

**SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO**

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## THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

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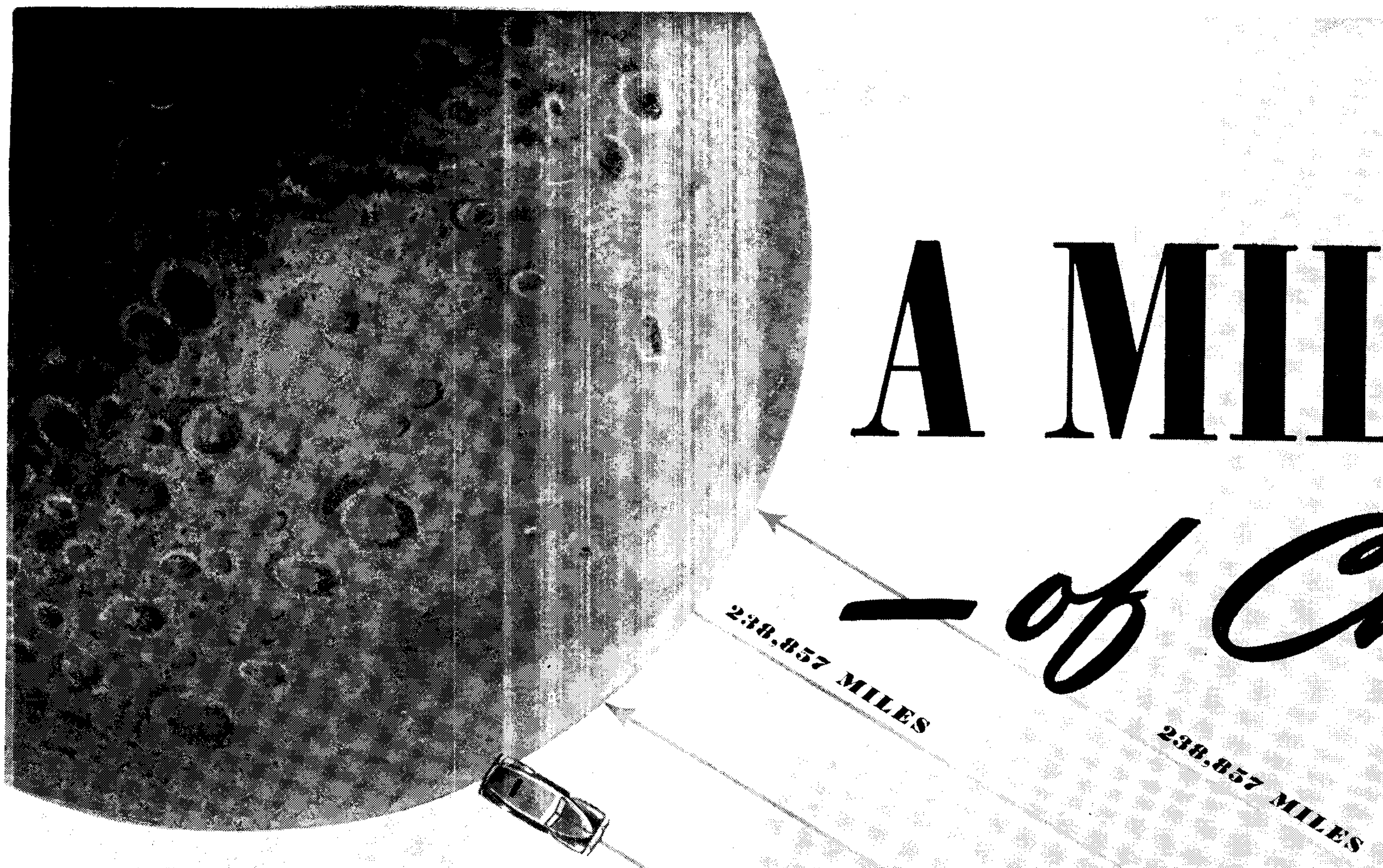
***Get a Set—and Get the difference***

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION · *General Motors Corporation*
FLINT, MICHIGAN

# A MILLION — of Chrysler



## The test cars of a famous rubber company reveal amazing superiorities of Chrysler cars!

IMAGINE driving your car 20 hours every day . . . piling up 1,000 miles a day at almost "wide-open" speeds . . . *and doing it every day for years!*

That's exactly what a prominent tire and rubber company has been doing with its Chrysler test cars since 1934.

Driving in two shifts daily, these cars have piled up a yearly average mileage of more than *the distance from the earth to the moon* . . . with a meticulous record kept of every detail of performance . . . every penny of cost. Probably no individual motorist in the world has so complete a record of cars performing in such strenuous service!

Look at the records and marvel! Not only at the amazing performance and economy of these Chryslers, but at the steady betterment of these figures! Note the astonishing increase in gasoline and oil mileage . . . and then reflect that each Chrysler has been bigger and more powerful than the one which preceded it. See how average speeds have increased and every cost lowered!

### A MILLION MILES OF OPERATING RESULTS

| GASOLINE | |
|---|---|
| 1934 Average per gallon | 15.2 miles |
| 1935 " " " | 15.7 miles |
| 1936 " " " | 16.2 miles |
| 1938 " " " | 16.3 miles |
| 1939 " " " | 16.7 miles |

| OIL | |
|---|---|
| 1934 Average per gallon | 620 miles |
| 1935 " " " | 700 miles |
| 1936 " " " | 1,016 miles |
| 1938 " " " | 1,262 miles |
| 1939 " " " | 1,652 miles |

| SPEED | |
|---|---|
| 1934 Average per hour | 43.2 miles |
| 1935 " " " | 48.4 miles |
| 1936 " " " | 51.3 miles |
| 1938 " " " | 51.5 miles |
| 1939 " " " | 52.3 miles |

| REPAIRS | |
|---|---|
| 1934 Average Cost | 66/100 cents per mile |
| 1935 " " | 51/100 cents per mile |
| 1936 " " | 33/100 cents per mile |
| 1938 " " | 29/100 cents per mile |
| 1939 " " | 27/100 cents per mile |

Claims are easy to make, but facts speak with the greatest authority of all. Whatever motor car you own or plan to buy, these facts and figures suggest the satisfaction you, too, can expect from a Chrysler!

## *Be Modern* — BUY

# MILES OF PROOF

## *Stamina and Economy!*

### *Averaging more miles than the distance to the moon for 5 successive years!*

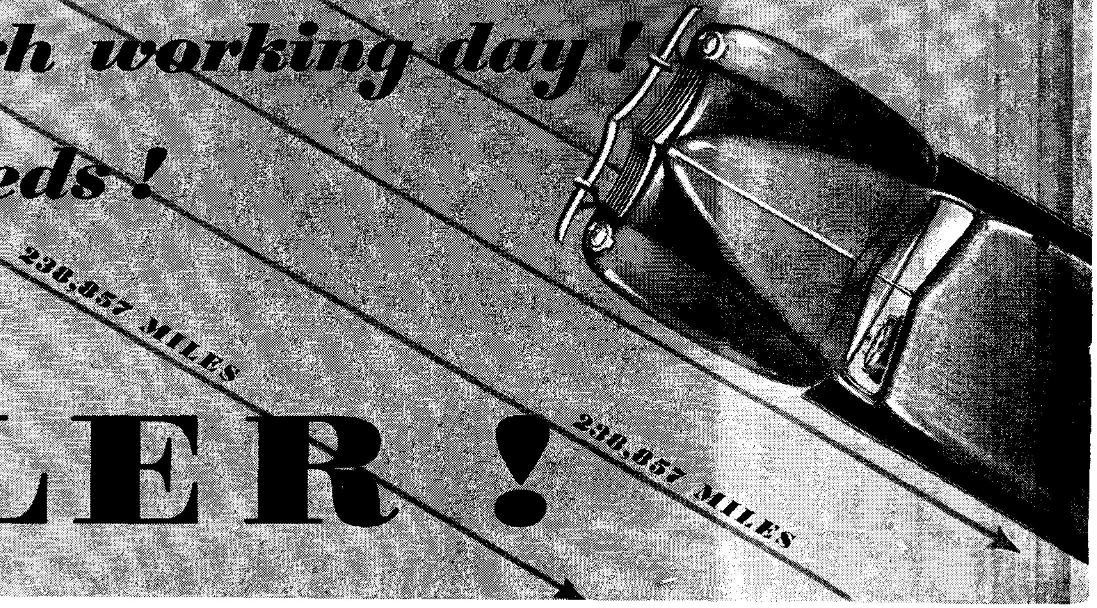
The Chrysler test cars of a famous rubber company travel 1,000 miles each working day. Two shifts . . . 20 hours a day . . . every day of the year except Sundays and holidays . . . imagine driving a car like that! Approximately ten times around the world each year . . . the distance from the earth to the moon! Where else could you find proof of stamina that even compares with this one? You've heard it said . . . "You get the good things first from Chrysler!" Here is the amazing proof of just how much these good things can mean to you as a motorist!

**YEARLY RECORDS**

| | Miles run | Time in service | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **1934 CHRYSLER** | **256,787** | **(14 MO.)** | **JULY 1934** | **SEPTEMBER 1935** |
| **1935 CHRYSLER** | **242,782** | **(12 MO.)** | **AUGUST 1935** | **AUGUST 1936** |
| **1936 CHRYSLER** | **212,331** | **(12 MO.)** | **AUGUST 1936** | **AUGUST 1937** |
| **1938 CHRYSLER** | **225,310** | **(11 MO.)** | **SEPTEMBER 1937** | **AUGUST 1938** |
| **1939 CHRYSLER** | **273,098** | **(12 MO.)** | **NOVEMBER 1938** | **NOVEMBER 1939** |
| **TOTAL** | **1,210,308 miles** | | | |

★A 1940 Chrysler Royal went into service January 16, 1940. Figures are now being established which will give an accurate, long-haul comparison with its predecessors. All facts quoted here are taken from records supplied to Chrysler by this well-known tire manufacturer. The figures are available for examination in Chrysler's files.

- ★ ***Averaging 20 hours a day!***
- ★ ***1000 miles each working day!***
- ★ ***At terrific speeds!***



# CHRYSLER!

# The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 12

to these local anesthetics. Adrenalin idiosyncrasy is well known. In combination with procaine, toxic effects have followed quite small doses. But the doctor or dentist who employed the drug does not usually carry his concern as far as killing himself!"

"Yes, but you're talking of cases where the employment of the anesthetic was normal. In that case no particular blame attaches to the surgeon concerned. It is the idiosyncrasy of the patient that has caused death. But in this case it's pretty clear that there was a definite overdose. They haven't got the exact amount yet—these quantitive analyses seem to take a month of Sundays—but it was definitely more than the normal dose. That means that Morley must have made a mistake."

"Even then," said Poirot, "it *was* a mistake. It would not be a criminal matter."

"No, but it wouldn't do him any good in his profession. In fact, it would pretty well ruin him. Nobody's going to go to a dentist who's likely to shoot lethal doses of poison into you because he happens to be absent-minded."

"It was a curious thing to do, I admit."

"These things happen—they happen to doctors—they happen to chemists. . . . Careful and reliable for years, and then—one moment's inattention—and the mischief's done and the poor devils are in for it. Morley was a sensitive man. In the case of a doctor, there's usually a chemist or a dispenser to share the blame—or to shoulder it alone. In this case Morley was solely responsible."

POIROT demurred.

"Would he not have left some message behind him? Saying what he had done? And that he could not face the consequences? Something of that kind? Just a word for his sister?"

"No, as I see it, he suddenly realized what had happened and just lost his nerve and took the quickest way out.

"I know you, old boy. Once you've got your teeth into a case of murder, you like it to *be* a case of murder! I admit I'm responsible for setting you on the track this time. Well, I made a mistake. I admit it freely."

"I still think, you know, that there might be another explanation."

"Plenty of other explanations, I dare say. I've thought of them—but they're all too fantastic. Let's say that Amberiotis shot Morley, went home, was filled with remorse and committed suicide, using some stuff he'd pinched from Morley's surgery. If you think *that's* likely. *I* think it's damned *un*likely. We've got a record of Amberiotis at the Yard, and as a matter of fact he's been under observation here. He started as a little hotelkeeper in Greece, then he mixed himself up in politics. He's done espionage work in Germany and in France—and made very pretty little sums of money. It's just possible he was up to something of that kind now—but we haven't got anything on him so far. He wasn't getting rich quick enough that way, and he's believed to have done a spot or two of blackmail. Not a nice man, our Mr. Amberiotis.

"He was out in India last year and is believed to have bled one of the native princes rather freely. The difficult thing has been ever to prove anything against him. Slippery as an eel! He might have been blackmailing Morley over something or other. Morley, having a golden opportunity, plugs an overdose of adrenalin and procaine into him, hoping that the verdict will be an unfortunate accident—adrenalin idiosyncrasy—something of that sort. Then, after the man's gone away Morley gets a fit of remorse and does himself in.

"That's possible, of course, but I can't somehow see Morley as a deliberate murderer. No, I'm pretty sure it was what I first said—a genuine mistake, made on a morning when he was overworked. We'll have to leave it at that, Poirot."

"I see," said Poirot, with a sigh. "I see . . ."

Japp said kindly, "I know what you feel, old boy. But you can't have a nice juicy murder *every* time! So long. All I can say by way of apology is the old phrase: 'Sorry you have been troubled!' "

He hung up.

HERCULE POIROT sat at his handsome modern desk. He liked modern furniture. Its squareness and solidity were more agreeable to him than the soft contours of antique models.

In front of him was a square sheet of paper with neat headings and comments. Against some of them were query marks.

**"John, what else should I have put in besides the rum?"**

CHARLES PEARSON

First came:

*Amberiotis. Espionage.* In England for that purpose?

A German agent?

Was in India last year. During period of riots and unrest. Could be a *Communist* agent. Russia?

There was a space, and then the next heading:

*Frank Carter?* Morley thought him unsatisfactory. Was discharged from his employment recently. Why?

After that came a name with merely a question mark:

*Howard Raikes?*

Next came this sentence: *"But that's absurd!"*

Hercule Poirot's head was poised interrogatively. Outside the window a bird was carrying a twig to build its nest. Hercule Poirot looked rather like a bird as he sat there with his egg-shaped head cocked on one side.

He made another entry a little farther down.

*Mr. Barnes?*

He paused and then wrote:

*Morley's office?* Mark on carpet. Possibilities.

He considered that last entry for some time.

Then he got up, called for his hat and stick and went out.

Three quarters of an hour later Hercule Poirot came out of the underground station at Ealing Broadway and five minutes after that he had reached his destination—No. 88, Castlegardens Road.

It was a small, semidetached house, and the neatness of the front garden drew an admiring nod from Hercule Poirot.

"Admirably symmetrical," he murmured to himself.

Mr. Barnes was at home and Poirot was shown into a small, precise dining room and here presently Mr. Barnes came to him.

Mr. Barnes was a small man with twinkling eyes and a nearly bald head. He peeped over the top of his glasses at his visitor while in his left hand he twirled the card that Poirot had given the maid.

He said in a small, prim, almost falsetto voice: "Well, well, M. Poirot? I am honored, I am sure."

"You must excuse my calling upon you in this informal manner," said Poirot punctiliously.

"Much the best way," said Mr. Barnes. "And the time is admirable, too. A quarter to seven—very sound time at this period of the year for catching anyone at home." He waved his hand. "Sit down, M. Poirot. I've no doubt we've got a good deal to talk about. 58, Queen Charlotte Street, I suppose?"

POIROT said, "You suppose rightly—but why should you suppose anything of the kind?"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Barnes, "I've been retired from the Home Office for some time now—but I've not gone *quite* rusty yet. If there's any hush-hush business, it's far better not to use the police. Draws attention to it all!"

"I will ask yet another question. Why should you suppose this is a hush-hush business?" Poirot asked.

"Isn't it?" asked the other. "Well, if it isn't, in my opinion it ought to be." He leaned forward and tapped with his pince-nez on the arm of the chair. "In Secret Service work it's never the little fry you want—it's the big bugs at the top—but to get them you've got to be careful not to alarm the little fry."

"It seems to me, Mr. Barnes, that you know more than I do," said Hercule Poirot.

"Don't know anything at all," replied the other, "just put two and two together."

"One of those two being?"

"Amberiotis," said Mr. Barnes promptly. "You forget I sat opposite to him in the waiting room for a minute or two. *He* didn't know *me*. I was always an insignificant chap. Not a bad thing sometimes. But I knew *him* all right—and I could guess what he was up to over here."

"Which was?"

MR. BARNES twinkled more than ever. "There's a war on!"

"Spying, you mean?"

"Possibly—but not necessarily. It needn't be so crude as that. In any case, Amberiotis wouldn't do his 'spying' as you call it, himself. He might be a kind of clearing station—receive information and pass it on in due course. But it's a wider field than that. An enemy agent is often a very decent fellow—a patriot. But there are others. There's a kind of international vulture. It's immaterial to him who his employers are. His pay is all that concerns him. It's his job to be where there's any dirty work afoot. Wartime is a grand opportunity for that. It's a time when the most stable and sound of concerns may be undermined."

Poirot said, "I comprehend you."

"I thought you would. For some time now there have been forces at work, trying to undermine the solidity of our British democratic constitution—oh! long before the war. But they didn't have much luck. To upset England—really upset it—you've got to play hell with its finance. And you can't play hell with its finance when you've got men like Alistair Blunt at the helm."

Mr. Barnes paused and then went on:

"Blunt is the kind of man who in private life would always pay his bills and live within his income—whether he'd got two pence a year or several million makes no difference. He is that type of fellow. And he just simply thinks that there's no reason why a *country* shouldn't do the same! No costly experiments. No frenzied expenditure on possible Utopias. That's why"—he paused—"that's why certain people made up their minds that Blunt must go."

"Ah," said Poirot.

Mr. Barnes nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I know what I'm talking about. Quite nice people, some of 'em. Long-haired, earnest-eyed, and full of ideals of a better world. Others not so nice, rather nasty in fact. Furtive little rats with beards and foreign accents. And another lot again of the Big Bully type. But they all got the same idea: Blunt Must Go!"

He tilted his chair gently back and forward again.

*"They're out after Blunt all right.* That I *know.* And it's my opinion that yesterday morning *they nearly got him.* I may be wrong—but it's been tried before. The method, I mean."

He paused and then quietly, circumspectly, he mentioned three names. An unusually able Chancellor of the Exchequer, a progressive and farsighted manufacturer, and a hopeful young politician who had captured the public fancy. The first had died on the operating table, the second had succumbed to an obscure disease which had been recognized too late, the third had been run down by a car and killed.

"It's very easy," said Mr. Barnes. "The anesthetist muffed the giving of

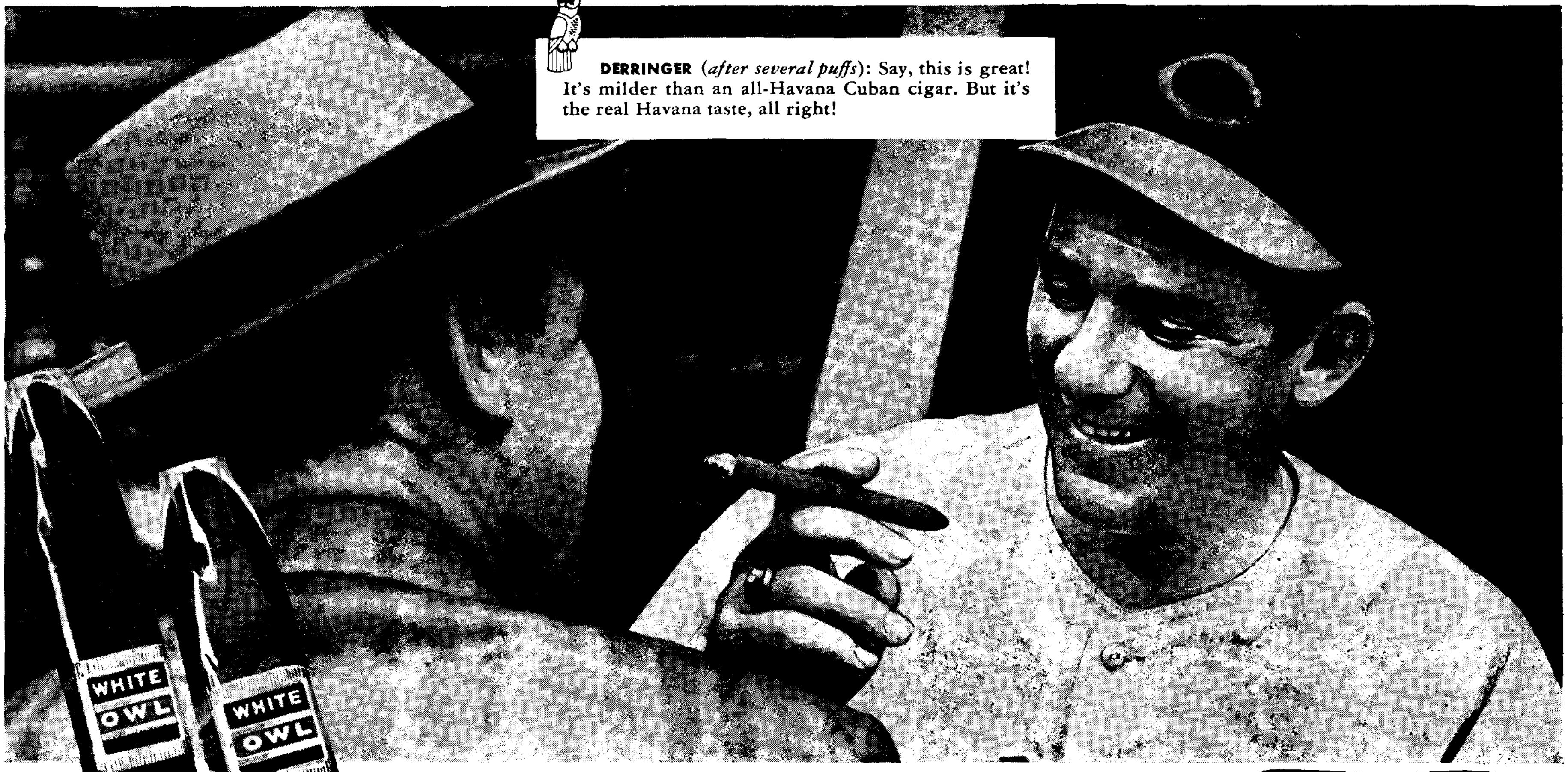
## BACK FROM HAVANA

**OWL:** Paul, you look great! You must have had a fine vacation in Havana.
**DERRINGER:** Sure did! If all the team feels like I do, we ought to win the pennant again.

**OWL:** Everybody in baseball knows you enjoy good cigars, Paul. Did you try any of those Havana cigars in Cuba?
**DERRINGER:** You bet—smoked 'em all the time!

**OWL:** Then you can speak with authority. Try this *new* White Owl and tell me if it has the real Havana flavor.

# PAUL DERRINGER *finds real Havana flavor in* NEW WHITE OWL



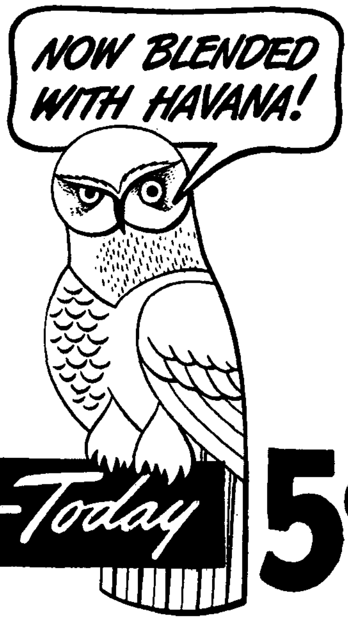
**DERRINGER** (*after several puffs*): Say, this is great! It's milder than an all-Havana Cuban cigar. But it's the real Havana taste, all right!

WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

PAUL DERRINGER, star pitcher of the National League, looked in fine condition when we interviewed him shortly after the 1940 season got under way. He had recently returned from a vacation in Havana and seemed all set to break his last year's record of pitching 25 winning games.

Paul had sampled many kinds of Havana cigars in Cuba, and we asked his opinion of the *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl. He gave it a thorough test . . . said there was no doubt about its authentic Havana flavor.

You'll enjoy its rich, mellow Havana taste, too. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the amazing popularity of the *new* White Owl. ***Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year?***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**Try a NEW WHITE OWL** *—Today* **5¢**

New White Owls are made in America—see how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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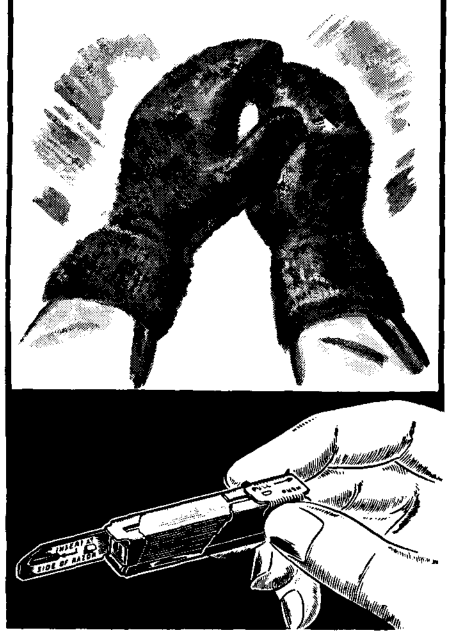
You can change these Blades WITH MITTENS ON



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Bridgeport, Connecticut
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the anesthetic—well, that does happen. In the second case the symptoms were puzzling. The doctor was just a well-meaning g.p., couldn't be expected to recognize them. In the third case, anxious mother was driving car in a hurry to get to her sick child. Sob stuff—the jury acquitted her of blame!"

He paused.

"All quite natural. And soon forgotten. But I'll just tell you *where those three people are now.* The anesthetist is set up on his own with a first-class research laboratory—no expense spared. That g.p. has retired from practice. He's got a yacht, and a nice little place on the Broads. The mother is giving all her children a first-class education."

He nodded his head slowly.

"In every profession and walk of life there is *someone* who is vulnerable to temptation. The trouble in our case was that Morley *wasn't!*"

"You think it was like that?" said Hercule Poirot.

"I do. *Morley wouldn't do the job.* He knew too much, though, so they had to put him out."

"*They?*" asked Poirot.

"When I say *they*—I mean the organization that's behind all this. Only one person actually did the job, of course."

"Which person?"

"Well, I could make a guess," said Mr. Barnes, "but it's only a guess and I might be wrong."

Poirot said quietly, "Reilly?"

"Of course! He's the obvious person. I think that probably they never asked Morley to do the job *himself.* What he *was* to do was to turn Blunt over to his partner at the last minute. Sudden illness, something of that sort. Reilly would have done the actual business—and there would have been another regrettable accident—death of a famous banker—unhappy young dentist in court in such a state of dither and misery that he would have been let down lightly. He'd have given up dentistry afterward—and settled down somewhere on a nice income of several thousands a year."

MR. BARNES looked across at Poirot. "Don't think I'm romancing," he said. "These things happen."

"Yes, yes, I know they happen."

Mr. Barnes went on: "I read a lot of these spy yarns. Fantastic, some of them. But curiously enough *they're not any more fantastic than the real thing.*"

Poirot said, "In your theory, *where does Amberiotis come in?*"

"I'm not quite sure. I *think* he was meant to take the rap. He's played a double game more than once and I dare say he was framed. That's only an idea, mind."

Hercule Poirot said quietly:

"Granting that your ideas are correct—*what will happen next?*"

Mr. Barnes rubbed his nose.

"They'll try to get him again," he said. "Oh, yes. They'll have another try. Blunt has got people looking after him, I dare say. They'll have to be extra careful. It won't be a man hiding in a bush with a pistol. Nothing so crude as that. You tell 'em to look out for the respectable people—the relations, the old servants, the chemist's assistant who makes up a medicine, the wine merchant who sells him his port. Getting Alistair Blunt out of the way is worth a great deal, and it's wonderful what people will do for—say, a nice little income of four thousand a year!"

Poirot was silent a moment, then he said: "I have had Reilly in mind from the first."

"I.R.A.?"

"Not that so much but there was a mark, you see, on the carpet, as though the body had been dragged along it. But if Morley was shot by a patient he would be shot in the surgery and there would be no need to move the body. That is why, from the first, I suspected that he had been shot, not in the surgery, but in his office—next door. That would mean that it was not a patient who shot him, but some member of his own household."

"Neat," said Mr. Barnes appreciatively.

Hercule Poirot got up and held out a hand.

"Thank you," he said. "You have helped me a great deal."

ON HIS way home, Poirot called in at the Glengowrie Court Hotel.

As a result of that visit he rang up Japp very early the following morning.

"*Bon jour, mon ami.* The inquest is today, is it not?"

"It is. Are you going to attend?"

"I do not think so."

"It won't really be worth your while, I expect."

"Are you calling Miss Sainsbury Seale as a witness?"

"The lovely Mabelle—why can't she just spell it plain Mabel. These women get my goat! No, I'm not calling her. There's no need."

"You have heard nothing from her?"

Hercule Poirot said:

"I wondered, that was all. Perhaps it may interest you to learn that Miss Sainsbury Seale walked out of the Glengowrie Court Hotel just before dinner the night before last—and did not come back."

"*What?* She's run away?"

"That is a possible explanation."

"But why should she? She's quite all right, you know. Perfectly genuine and aboveboard. I cabled to Calcutta about her—that was before I knew the reason for Amberiotis' death, otherwise I shouldn't have bothered—and I got the reply last night. Everything okay. She's been known there for years, and her whole account of herself is true—except that she's slurred over her marriage a bit. Married a Hindu student and then found he'd got a few attachments already. So she resumed her maiden name and took to good works.

"She's hand and glove with the missionaries—teaches elocution, and helps in amateur dramatic shows. In fact, what I call a terrible woman—but definitely above suspicion of being mixed up in a murder. And *now* you say she's walked out on us! I can't understand it." He paused a minute and then went on doubtfully: "Perhaps she just got fed up with that hotel? I could have easily."

"Her luggage is still there. She took nothing with her."

WINDING ROAD
CARLING

Japp swore.

"When did she go?"

"About a quarter to seven."

"What about the hotel people?"

"They're very upset. Manageress looked quite distraught."

"Why didn't they report to the police?"

"Because, *mon cher,* supposing that a lady does happen to stay out for a night (however unlikely it may seem from her appearance) she will be justifiably annoyed by finding on her return that the police have been called in. Mrs. Harrison, the manageress in question, called up various hospitals in case there had been an accident in the blackout. She was considering notifying the police when I called. My appearance seemed to her like an answer to prayer. I charged myself with everything, and explained that I would enlist the help of a very discreet police officer."

"The discreet police officer being yours truly, I suppose?"

"You suppose rightly."

"All right. I'll meet you at the Glengowrie Court Hotel after the inquest."

JAPP grumbled as they were waiting for the manageress.

"What does the woman want to disappear for?"

"It is curious, you admit?"

They had no time for more.

Mrs. Harrison, proprietor of the Glengowrie Court, was with them.

Mrs. Harrison was voluble and almost tearful. She was so worried about Miss Sainsbury Seale. What *could* have happened to her? Rapidly she went over every possibility of disaster.

She paused at last for breath, murmuring:

"Such a nice type of woman—and she seemed so happy and comfortable here."

She took them, at Japp's request, up to the chaste bedroom occupied by the missing lady. Everything was neat and orderly. Clothes hung in the wardrobe, nightclothes were folded ready on the bed, in a corner were Miss Sainsbury Seale's two modest suitcases. A row of shoes stood under the dressing table—some serviceable Oxfords, two pairs of rather meretricious glacé fancy shoes with court heels and ornamented with bows of leather, some plain black satin evening shoes, practically new, and a pair of moccasins. Poirot noted that the evening shoes were a size smaller than the day ones—a fact that might be put down to corns or to vanity. He wondered whether Miss Sainsbury Seale had found time to sew the second buckle on her shoe before she went out. He hoped so. Slovenliness in dress always annoyed him.

Japp was busy looking through some letters in a drawer of the dressing table. Hercule Poirot gingerly pulled open a drawer of the chest of drawers. It was full of underclothing. He shut it again modestly, murmuring that Miss Sainsbury Seale seemed to believe in wearing wool next the skin, and opened another drawer which contained stockings.

"Got anything, Poirot?" Japp asked.

Poirot said sadly, as he dangled a pair: "Ten inch, cheap shiny silk, price probably 2/11."

Japp said, "You're not valuing for probate, old boy. Two letters here from India, one or two receipts from charitable organizations, no bills. Most estimable character, our Miss Sainsbury Seale."

"But very little taste in dress," said Poirot sadly.

"Probably thought dress worldly." Japp was noting down an address from an old letter dated two months back.

"These people may know something about her," he said. "Address up Hampstead way. Sound as though they were fairly intimate."

There was nothing more to be gleaned

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

*Actual color photo [illegible] Dewey Huffines chants "Sold American" [illegible] and Luckies get another lot of ripe, golden leaf!*

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**BALLANTINE'S**

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at the Glengowrie Court Hotel except the negative fact that Miss Sainsbury Seale had not seemed excited or worried in any way when she went out, and it would appear that she had definitely intended to return since on passing her friend Mrs. Bolitho in the hall, she had called out:

"After dinner I will show you that pattern for a Balaclava helmet I was telling you about."

Moreover, it was the custom at the Glengowrie Court to give notice in the dining room if you intended to be out for a meal. Miss Sainsbury Seale had not done so. Therefore, it seemed clear that she had intended returning for dinner which was served from seven-thirty to eight-thirty.

BUT she had not returned. She had walked out into the Cromwell Road and disappeared.

Japp and Poirot called at the address in West Hampstead which had headed the letter found.

It was a pleasant house and the Adamses were pleasant people with a large family. They had lived in India for many years and spoke warmly of Miss Sainsbury Seale. But they could not help.

They had not seen her lately, not for a month, not in fact, since they came back from their Easter holidays. She had been staying then at a hotel near Russell Square. Mrs. Adams gave Poirot the address of it and also the address of some other Anglo-Indian friends of Miss Sainsbury Seale's who lived in Streatham.

But the two men drew a blank in both places. Miss Sainsbury Seale had stayed at the hotel in question, but they remembered very little about her and nothing that could be of any help. She was a nice, quiet lady and had lived abroad. The people in Streatham were no help either. They had not seen Miss Sainsbury Seale since February.

There remained the possibility of an accident, but that possibility was dispelled too. No hospital had admitted any casualty answering to the description given.

Miss Sainsbury Seale had disappeared into space.

On the following morning, Poirot went to the Holborn Palace Hotel and asked for Mr. Howard Raikes.

By this time it would hardly have surprised him to hear that Mr. Howard Raikes, too, had stepped out one evening and had never returned.

Mr. Howard Raikes, however, was still at the Holborn Palace and was said to be breakfasting.

THE apparition of Hercule Poirot at the breakfast table seemed to give Mr. Raikes doubtful pleasure.

Though not looking so murderous as in Poirot's disordered recollection of him, his scowl was still formidable—he stared at his uninvited guest and said ungraciously:

"What the hell?"

"You permit?"

Hercule Poirot drew a chair from another table.

Mr. Raikes said:

"Don't mind me! Sit down and make yourself at home!"

Poirot smilingly availed himself of the permission.

Mr. Raikes said ungraciously:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Do you remember me at all, Mr. Raikes?"

"Never set eyes on you in my life."

"There you are wrong. You sat in the same room with me for at least five minutes not more than three days ago."

"I can't remember everyone I meet at some God-damned party or other."

"It was not a party," said Poirot. "It was a dentist's waiting room."

Some swift emotion flashed into the young man's eyes and died again at once. His manner changed. It was no longer impatient and casual. It became suddenly wary. He looked across at Poirot and said:

"Well?"

Poirot studied him carefully before replying. He felt, quite positively, that this was indeed a dangerous young man. A lean, hungry face, an aggressive jaw, the eyes of a fanatic. It was a face though, that women might find attractive. He was untidily, even shabbily dressed, and he ate with a careless voraciousness that was, so the man watching him thought, significant.

Poirot summed him up to himself.

"It is a wolf with ideas . . ."

Raikes said harshly:

"What the hell do you mean—coming here like this?"

"My visit is disagreeable to you?"

"I don't even know who you are."

"I apologize."

Dexterously Poirot whipped out his card case. He extracted a card and passed it across the table.

Again that emotion that he could not quite define showed upon Mr. Raikes' lean face. It was not fear—it was more aggressive than fear. After it, quite unquestionably, came anger.

He tossed the card back.

"So that's who you are, is it? I've heard of you."

"Most people have," said Hercule Poirot modestly.

"You're a private dick, aren't you? The expensive kind. The kind people hire when money is no object—when it's worth paying anything in order to save their miserable skins!"

"If you do not drink your coffee," said Hercule Poirot, "it will get cold."

HE SPOKE kindly and with authority. Raikes stared at him.

"Say, just what kind of an insect are you?"

"The coffee in this country is very bad anyway—" said Poirot.

"I'll say it is," agreed Mr. Raikes with fervor.

"But if you allow it to get cold it is practically undrinkable."

The young man leaned forward.

"What are you getting at? What's the big idea in coming round here?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"I wanted to—see you."

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Raikes skeptically.

His eyes narrowed.

"If it's money you're after, you've come to the wrong man! The people I'm in with can't afford to *buy* what they want. Better go back to the man who pays you your salary."

Poirot said, sighing:

"Nobody has paid me anything—yet."

"You're telling me," said Mr. Raikes.

"It is the truth," said Hercule Poirot. "I am wasting a good deal of valuable time for no recompense whatsoever. Simply, shall we say, to assuage my curiosity."

"And I suppose," said Mr. Raikes, "you were just assuaging your curiosity at that darned dentist's the other day."

Poirot shook his head. He said:

"You seem to overlook the most ordinary reason for being in a dentist's waiting room—which is that one is waiting to have one's teeth attended to."

"So that's what you were doing?" Mr. Raikes' tone expressed contemptuous unbelief. "Waiting to have your teeth seen to?"

"Certainly."

"You'll excuse me if I say I don't believe it."

"May I ask then, Mr. Raikes, what *you* were doing there?"

*(To be continued next week)*

## The Man Who Wanted War

Continued from page 11

ancestors. If he'd just stop trying to be his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather." And then she burst into tears, which was most unlike Louisa. "If he'd just grow up," she said. "I don't care if he doesn't set the world on fire. If he'd only stop being a stuffed shirt, and grow up. A man can't be just beautiful, and not grow up."

When the big crash came in twenty-nine, I hoped that might jolt them together. But it didn't. Freddy neither went to smash, nor took to drink, nor committed suicide, nor did any of the things which were done then. He just didn't realize anything had happened. He just got more and more confused, and talked more and more about Harvard, and about the late World War, when everyone else was talking about sharing wealth, and priming pumps, and relief, and what in hell they were going to do if they lost their jobs. Freddy's father died of rage, and Freddy began to drift to leeward.

Mentally, he drifted back, to Hoboken—to the time when life was rosy. If I heard once about the "British Expeditionary Force," I heard it fifty times. I thought that not only Louisa would go mad, but that we all should. Even the children began to clash with him, for they were growing up, and he was not. When Louisa finally left him, she was a wreck, and Freddy looked like a man who had been knocked off the deck, and comes up dazed.

SO THAT was why I used to sit, and listen to reunions, and the Yale game back in 1917, and what damn' fools the Germans were ever to have gone into Belgium at all. It got to be pretty terrible. I don't know how long I could have endured it, if a crop of new wars hadn't come.

In spite of the awfulness, they were a godsend to Freddy Winsted. It was no longer hard to find someone to talk to. He fought on every front, right in the big east window of the club. It became a sort of staff headquarters. He became a new, different and younger man with squarer shoulders, and some of the folds gone from his stomach. He became one of the best club warriors ever known.

But it wasn't until that day I saw him in the bar holding the newspaper, with those black headlines saying England was at war, that his eyes really began to flame. From then on he became an oracle, a seer.

I didn't see him for a week, I guess. What with the Athenia's being sunk and all, I was feeling pretty low. I suppose I wanted someone to talk to. "Well, it's come," I said to him.

"Bound to! Bound to!" he told me, cheerfully. "You can drive the British only just so far. Great people. They'll get this mess cleaned up now. Ought to have been done before. I've seen it coming. Don't see why anyone's surprised. We've got to clean these damn' Nazis off the earth. Ought to have been done before. We'll do it now." He rubbed his hands together.

"We?" I said. "What do you mean, we?"

"We got to stand behind the English. Blood brothers, sort of. Only sporting thing to do. Can't let 'em down. Can't let other chaps fight your battles. We helped 'em out in 'seventeen. We'll help 'em out again. I'm rarin' to go."

I looked at him. He was a big man, and pretty fat, with soft skin underneath his eyes. "I guess you'll have to wait a while, Freddy," I said, "before you go. We aren't going to get into it just yet. At least I hope not. We haven't forgotten 1914 yet."

He looked at me, and laughed. I'd not heard him laugh for years. It sounded like an echo of his boyish laughter.

"You got another think coming," he said. "We'll get in all right. Sooner than you think. But I can't wait for that. I'm going to join up now." He laughed again, and rubbed his hands.

"Join up what?" I said.

"The British army."

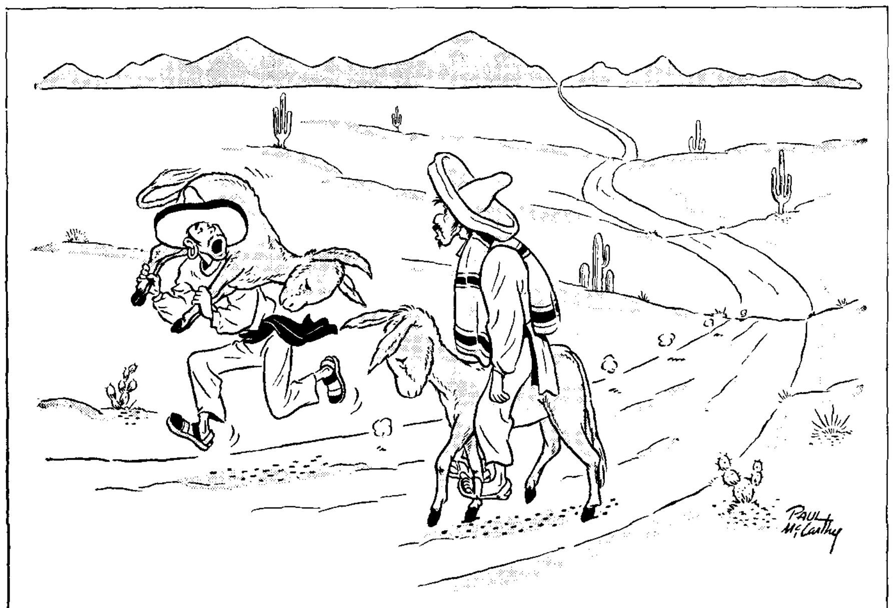
"Are you serious?" I said.

"Serious! Serious! I'm sailing Thursday. The Lancastria. Got my passport, and everything."

There were a lot of things I could have said. Perhaps I should have said them. Perhaps it would have been better if I had. But he looked so happy I couldn't say them then. I sat and looked at him, and then I saw he had something on his mind. He began fiddling with his hands, and he got very red, and coughed two or three times. He stuttered and stumbled over what he said. I thought he'd never get it out. He said, "Ah—oh—I say. Would you—would you mind just mentioning this to—ah—Louisa?"

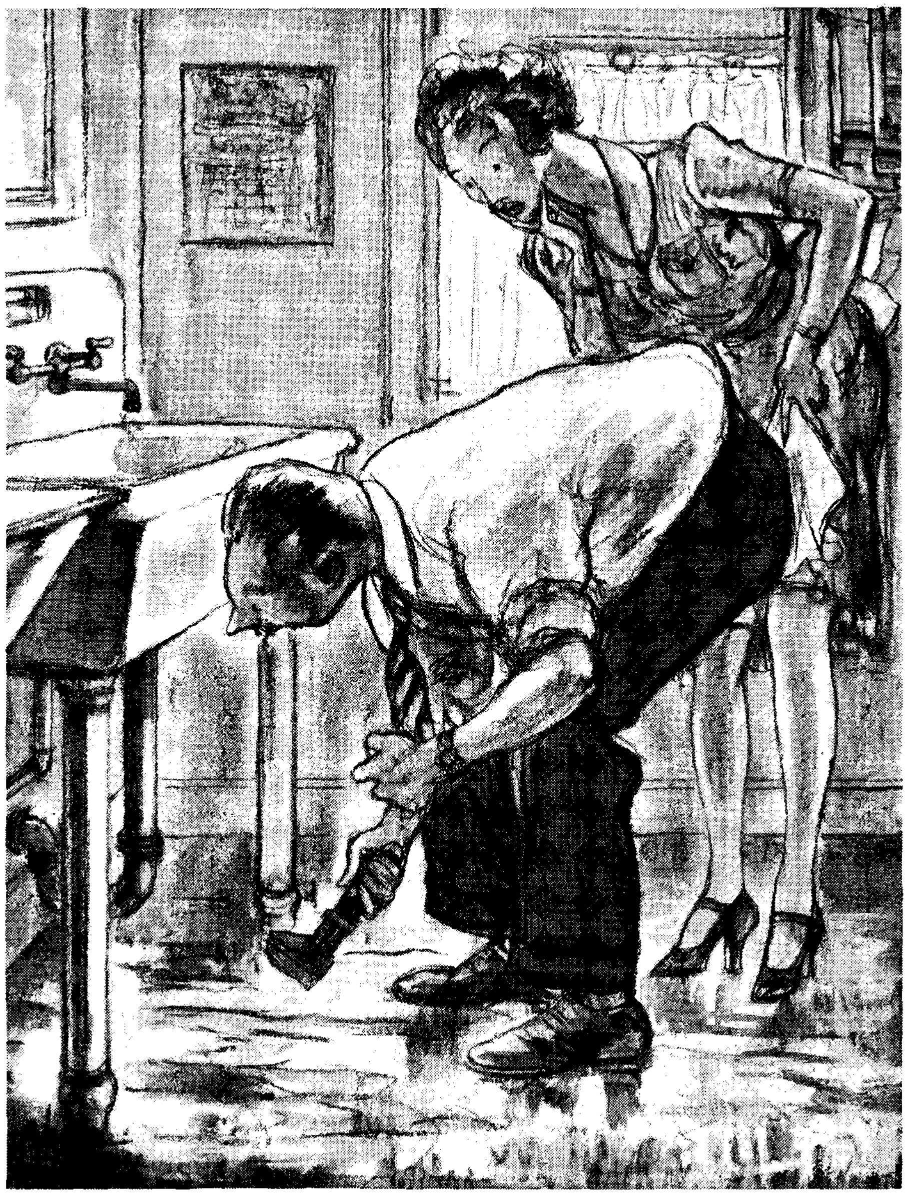
I said, of course, I'd be delighted to tell Louisa, and I was sure she would be pleased.

He beamed at that, but I saw he



"I have to get to town before the bank closes." PAUL MC CARTHY

You may worry about the plumbing



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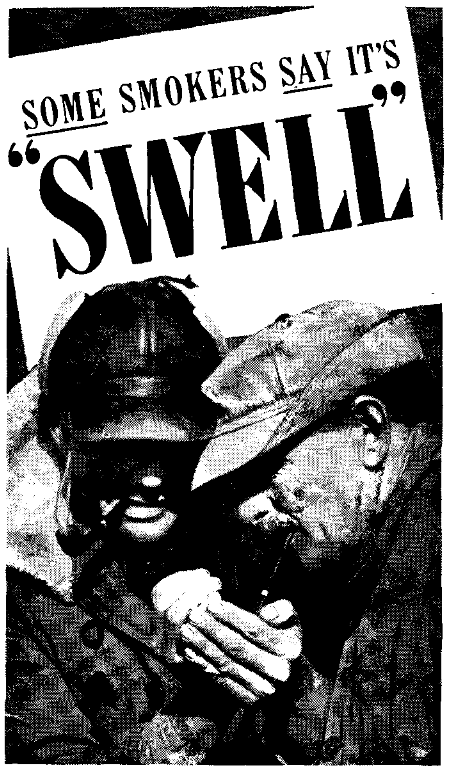

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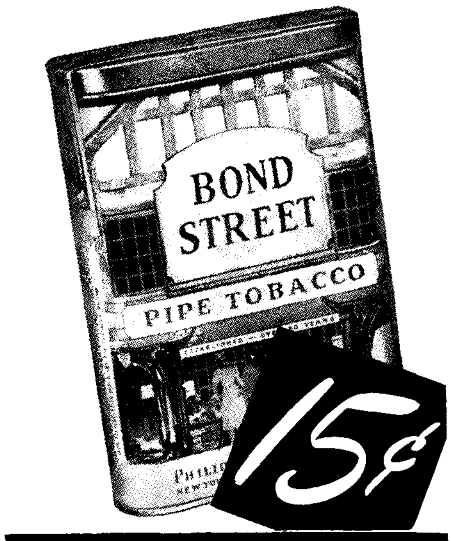

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hadn't finished. He began floundering again. I thought he never would get at it. "You might," he said. "You might—"

"Might what?" I said. "Go ahead!"

"Oh," he mumbled. "I just thought. Perhaps—maybe—you'd suggest—you might just suggest sort of—that she might hold off on this divorce business. Just for a while, you know. Just till—"

And, suddenly, I saw what he was driving at. Why he wanted to go to war. If he could only come back a hero, as he had before. He was crazy about her still.

If he could only do something big, heroic, he might get her back.

"Okay, Freddy," I said. "I understand. I'm sure I can get her to wait till you come back."

He wrung my hand so hard it made my eyes smart. . . .

Everyone clubbed together to give him a swell time before he went away. The sporting side of the thing appealed to everyone. Men gathered around, and thumped him on the back, and looked at him a bit enviously. The years sloughed off, and he was right back in college, and I've never seen a man more happy.

We gave him a big dinner the night before he sailed, and everybody got stewed, and said a lot of things that weren't meant. And yet there was a good deal of affection in it all. There was something kind, and simple, and naïve about him. A lot of men surprised me when we went down to the pier to see him off. There was a big crowd, really. And his children were there looking at him with surprise, but proudly.

He stood up very straight, and laughed, and said goodby to everyone. And, all the while, I could see him looking anxiously beyond the crowd, hoping Louisa would be there.

He kept waving as the tugs grunted and nosed the ship out into the stream. He stood beside the rail and waved, as the band of dirty water widened. Watching him gave you a queer feeling that he was fading back into his past to join his youth.

I MUST confess, I forgot about him, after that. There'd been no news of any shake-up in the English army after he landed, and no one had heard a word from him. When the neutrality law was changed there was some talk about what he'd do, but he'd gone clean out of my mind until one day in December, Louisa called me up. She sounded anxious.

"Freddy's back," she said. "He's in the hospital. Dr. Briggs just called me up. He says Freddy told him not to, but he thinks I ought to know. I can't get it straight. Briggs says it's not really serious. Some sort of infection. He wouldn't tell me much. There's something about it that sounds queer. I think I ought to go and see him."

She wanted me to go with her, so I went. We found him quite alone, propped up in bed, in a small room full of antiseptic smells. Running around his head, and down over one eye, a bandage looked absurdly like a turban knocked askew. As a heavy man always does in bed, he looked deflated. The effect was not heroic. On the bed before him were stacks of papers, blue and green and yellow, which looked like official blanks of some sort. He kept picking at them, as we talked.

None of us knew what to say. Louisa murmured something about his head but he only seemed embarrassed.

"Well, well, Freddy," I said. "Glad to see you back."

"Yes," he said. "I'm back."

"Well, well, that's fine," I told him. "How are things on the other side? What's the matter with your head?"

He stared at us in silence.

"How's the war going?" I asked.

"I never should have gone," he muttered. "I didn't understand."

I had no idea what he meant. "Well, it's good to see you again," I repeated. "Sorry you got hurt. Anyway, you tried to help."

He gave one of the bitterest laughs I ever heard. "Yes," he said. "I told them we were right behind them. I told them how I'd been with them before and been wounded. I said I didn't expect one of the crack regiments. That I'd come over to fight right in the trenches. They were very polite, of course. The English always have good manners."

"What do you mean?" I said. "I don't understand."

"Neither did I," he answered. "I just didn't understand at all." He was staring out of the window at the rain. "It's these damn' machines," he muttered. "They kept asking me what I knew about airplane engines, and American mass-production methods, and about assembling tractors. They made me pretty sore, at first. I told them I wasn't out for any soft berth in a factory."

"What did they say to that?" I asked him.

He tried to laugh again. "It wasn't what they said. They were very nice about it. They told me it was very sporting of me to come over. It wasn't what they said. It was just the way they looked. They had the darnedest way of looking at you. As though you were something prehistoric." He lay fingering the papers.

"It's a cockeyed war," he burst out. "I didn't understand. It's all machines, and charts, and graphs. Before, you had the bagpipes, and the bands, and Tipperary, and all the flags waving. But, now, it's just the clank, clank, clank of the machines." He put his hand up to his head.

"What happened to your head?" I asked. "How did you get hurt?"

"London's like the catacombs," he muttered. "It's not the same place it was in 'eighteen. You've no idea how dark it is. I ran into an electric sign that wasn't lit. Go ahead, laugh!" he muttered. "I don't blame you."

We just stood there, and I didn't feel like laughing. I felt that he had banged into a lot more than an electric sign.

"It's fierce seeing the young men going off," he said, at last. "Going off to fight machines. There's nothing sporting about that. They haven't got a chance. This war's like that. I didn't understand. It's not against the Nazis. It's men against machines."

His voice slid off. It didn't sound like Freddy Winsted's voice. It had something in it that made you catch your breath—something strained and tense. It was the voice of a man who'd seen things you hadn't seen, and knew things you didn't know.

"I don't want to talk," he said. "There isn't time for talk. The machines won't wait. All the glorious speeches in the world won't stop them. They just come clanging on." His face was all twisted up. "We've got to stop this talk! Don't you understand? Can't people over here be made to understand what sort of war this is? They say there's a gas that makes men helpless and impotent. Do you want to know what it is? It's the babel of stupid men, and pressure groups, and politicians! That's what makes nations impotent! It's more deadly than the deadliest gas! Unless we can stop it, and go to work, and sweat, and do without, we're done for! Not just England! We ourselves! The world!"

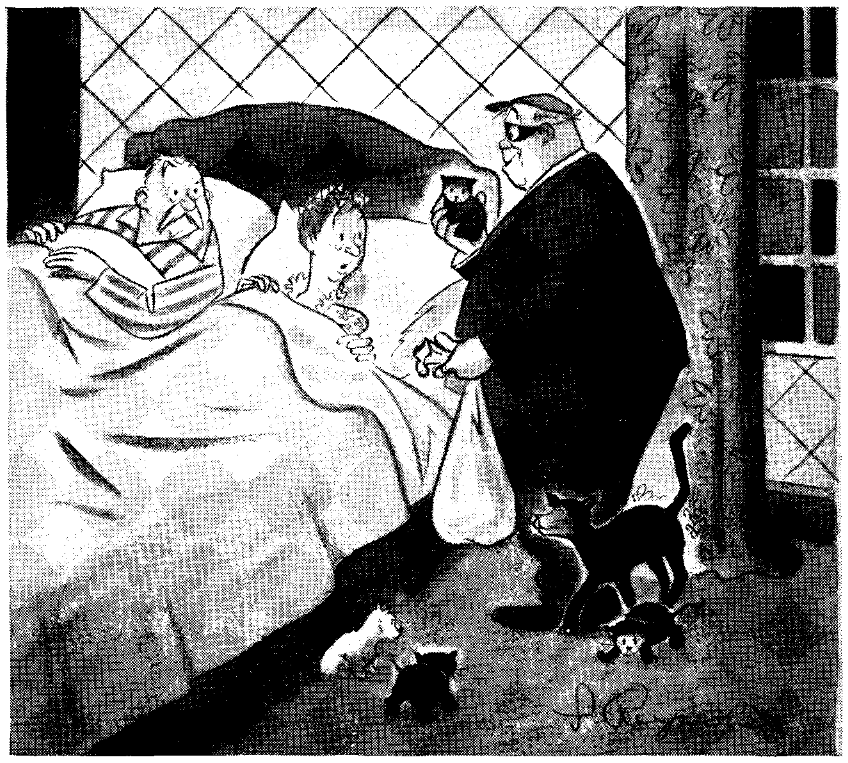
HIS voice made you forget that he was Freddy Winsted. This was a big, grown man we didn't know. Louisa was looking at him as I had never seen her look at him before. There was nothing detached about her eyes. They were wide and wet and shining.

He was fumbling with the papers, desperately. "I've got a job," he told us. "I've got to help. I've got to do something. I can't ever sit around again and talk. It's fierce being laid up like this. I've got to get going. It's not much of a job. Just getting things shipped quicker. All these things." He waved toward the green and yellow lists.

One slid off the bed and, gently, Louisa picked it up and put it down before him. Her eyes never left Freddy's face. "I'd like to help," she said. "I think I can."

Slowly, he looked at her and pointed to his head. "I ran into a sign," he said. "Why don't you laugh? I was a joke. A big fat joke. You see, I thought—I thought, perhaps—if I could only do something big—"

"You have," she said, softly. And then, being Louisa, she did things quickly which made the room no place for me.



**"Could I have one, please, lady?"** LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Aren't you glad
I remembered about
"33 to 1"?

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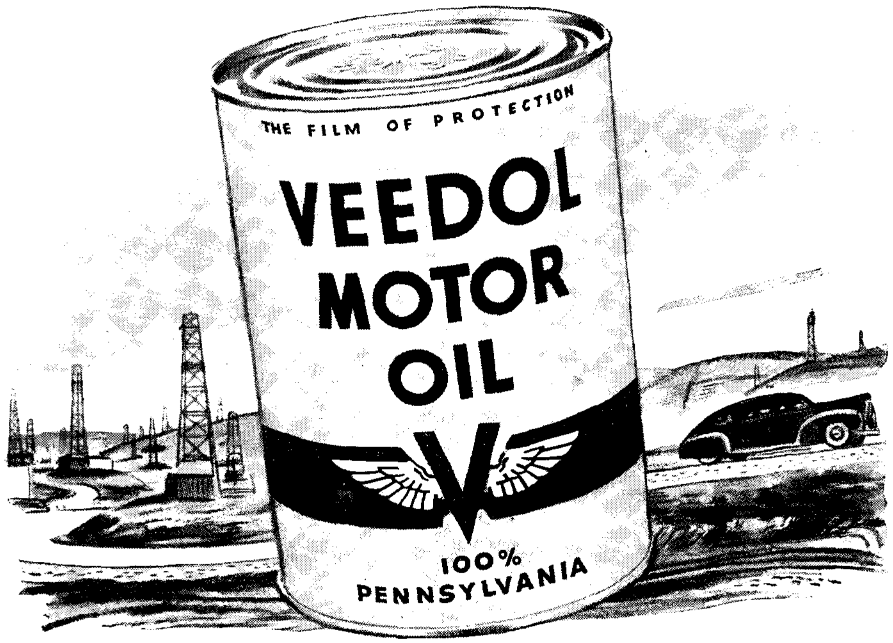

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## More Than Base Hits

Continued from page 13

a second, he looks over his right shoulder, toward Heath on second base. Then he faces the plate. He gets the sign from Dickey. He seems to be winding up. Suddenly he turns and fires the ball into the wide-open space at second. Is the man mad? But no—wait—like a bullet Frankie Crosetti streaks toward second, back of the astonished Heath, nabs the ball and puts it on one more Indian who bites the dust.

The Frankie-and-Johnny play is not Yankee magic. No—inside baseball. Here, in detail, is how it works:

After getting the signal from Dickey, Murphy took his customary pitching position with arms resting against his chest. He then glanced over his right shoulder at Crosetti and Heath. Instantly Frankie flashed him the pick-off sign. Murphy then faced Dickey and in this new position began a silent count. "One, two . . ."—Frankie began to glide to his left—"three . . ." and Johnny whirled and fired the ball into space as Frankie hurtled into an exact spot at the right of second base. The Yanks win another, for we then walked Keltner intentionally, an infield out advanced the runners and young Schilling struck out.

Here's another late-inning game saver, a typical Joe McCarthy brain teaser: It's the eighth inning and we're leading 4-3. Buddy Rosar, a slow runner, is on third, with fleet George Selkirk on first. No one is out. And here's Joe Gordon up. A possible additional run looms large at this late moment. Joe works the count to three and two.

Stop here and let's pretend you're down on the bench with Joe DiMaggio and Charlie Keller and Lefty Gomez and the boys. Ask yourself this question: "Should I start Selkirk running on the next pitch or make him play close to the bag to await developments?" Doesn't sound like a very important decision, does it? Well, I have seen many managers start the runner—and few get away with it. Not Joe McCarthy.

### Common-Sense Baseball

If you analyze the possibilities, you will see that Joe's decision to hold the swift Selkirk on first is not a fool play, but the surest possible method of adding that one run needed to rivet down a victory. Suppose Selkirk runs on the pitch. If Gordon misses for a strike-out, George will probably be doubled at second, out stealing. Then only a base hit can score Rosar, for he is not fast enough to score on the front end of a double steal. Suppose Gordon lines to an infielder. Selkirk would again be doubled, and again only a base hit would score Buddy. If Gordon pops up, once again the possibility of a double play arises, with Rosar again marooned on third.

Now let's look at the other side of the picture, with Selkirk still holding the bag. If Gordon strikes out, lines or pops out, Selkirk is saved, only one is out, and we can still score Rosar without the aid of a hard-to-get base hit—by means of a long fly, bunt or ground ball hit in such a manner that a double play is impossible. Clearly the percentage is all in McCarthy's favor, and this is the sort of thing that adds up to ten or twelve games a season.

Speaking of long hitting, and the Yanks have never been bashful in that respect; it wins a great many games. But did you ever ask yourself how we manage to pile up miraculous records against pitchers who stand at the head of their profession?

Take Tommy Bridges—cool, cagey Tommy. Tommy won 150 games and lost 102 since he began pitching in the majors. His record against us until this season is nine won, twenty-three lost.

But it isn't black magic. It's the result of a genuinely deep study of pitching styles by the Yanks as a team and by our coaches, Art Fletcher and Earl Combs. Lazzeri tipped us off on Bridges. Back in '35, Mickey Cochrane's Tigers were champions and Tommy was a 20-game winner. But we beat Tommy so often that Black Mike stopped pitching him against us.

In those days Mervyn Shea, a catcher on the White Sox, was a close friend of Lazzeri's. One day Shea told Tony that Bridges had two distinct styles of delivery with men on bases. American League rules require a pitcher to stop his motion after the preliminary stretch and before making the throw. Shea discovered that Bridges sometimes raised his arms high over his head, sometimes only partly. He noticed when Tommy made the full stretch he threw a curve; when he made the half stretch, a fast ball.

### A Cinch for Tony

Tony passed the information on to us. All that remained was for Bridges to face us with men on bases. One day in Detroit, Lazzeri came to bat with Gehrig on third and Dickey on first. As Tommy took his half stretch, a whisper ran the length of our dugout: "Fast ball!" It went for a strike; Tony didn't like it. Again the stretch of arms, this time at full length—and again the voices of the Yanks: "It's a curve!" We edged forward, for Lazzeri, a fine curve-ball hitter, was getting the pitch he wanted. He banged a triple against the left-field scoreboard. Out of the Tiger dugout came Mickey Cochrane to send Tommy to the showers. Bridges dejectedly shook his head as he quit the mound, as if saying to himself: "That was the best curve I ever threw and it wound up a triple to the scoreboard!"

Tommy had his revenge. Last season Merv Shea was signed by the Tigers as a coach. His first official act was to correct Tommy's motion. The next time we faced the Tigers, Tommy pitched. We watched in vain for the tell-tale clue of the half stretch. Detroit won, 3 to 0. Bridges has been tough for us ever since.

Our chief sign sleuth is Earl Combs. Down in Florida this spring, we met the Giants in an exhibition at their Winter Haven camp. Earl coached at first during the early innings of that game. Twenty feet away a rookie Giant by the name of Roy Joiner was warming up. Roy is a lefty with a collection of sliders, screwballs and a nippy curve.

Earl performed a nearly incredible feat when he hustled over to our bench in the fourth inning and said: "I've got him! When Joiner gets in there keep your eyes open! And he proceeded to tell us how to detect every different style of ball Joiner throws. Earl had him, all right, for we got seven hits and six runs in one and one third innings—which gives you an idea how inside stuff pays off at bat.

Another bit of Yankee trickery which adds units to the won column in the league standings is that famous fake bunt of Babe Dahlgren's, which was good for at least two games in '39. I recall the ninth inning of a game with Cleveland. We were one run behind at the time. Selkirk, speedy on the bases, was on first when the Babe, who is an adept bunter, purposely faked and missed a bunt on the first strike only to smash a double past Ken Keltner, the Indian's third-sacker, on the next pitch.

Joe McCarthy allows us full latitude in plays of this sort. Our private name for it is "reversing the bunt" and it's good for that extra game or two each season.

And speaking of drives past the third baseman, they're right in my territory. As part of the Yankee scheme of doing little things right in order to win a lot of games, I learned first how to defend myself at the so-called "hot corner." In these seven seasons, I have studied opposing batters not only on the field but also in the record book.

My job is mainly to stop balls hit within the area between the foul line at my right and Frankie Crosetti's overlapping shortstop area. Against all but the most powerful drives our defense should be ironclad. Infielders are guided *by the batter's left- or right-handed* position at the plate. But my chief concern is always where a batter usually hits and how he runs. Earl Averill and Charlie Gehringer of Detroit, Hal Trosky of the Indians and Ted Williams of the Red Sox are all lefties who pull their hits into right field, sluggers who either try for a long drive or drill liners between second and first. To stop them, the entire infield moves to the left, narrowing the space between second and first; the third baseman plays at least fifteen to twenty feet toward short and from ten to fifteen feet back of the bag, just in case these big boys pole an outside pitch into left field.

### What Third Basemen Think About

But dangerous as these home-run drivers may be, speedy left-hand hitters are worse. They can spray the ball all over the lot. They can drive, bunt, top, bound a ball or scoot a grass-cutter anywhere within fair territory. Stars at this style of play are Roy Weatherly of Cleveland, Buddy Lewis of Washington, McCoskey of the Tigers, Finney and Cramer of the Red Sox.

Before our pitcher has two strikes on these triple-threat batters, I must stand close to the grass so that I can come in quickly for a bunt, yet far enough back to handle a hard drive. After the second strike, the tension eases, for they can't bunt, but such late-swinging, fast lefties as McCoskey, Finney and Cramer are the toughest problems I face, for that trio may or may not drive to left and all are crack bunters.

When the big, powerful right-handers like Hank Greenberg, Rudy York, Jimmy Foxx or Harland Clift are up, third is no place for anyone with slow reflexes. I move fifteen feet back of the base for Hank, Rudy or Jimmy. Clift is a special study all by himself. He hits for distance and also bunts. Even more dangerous is the fastest man in baseball today, George Washington Case of the Senators. I can't waste a second fielding a Case bunt. When he gets on, he's always ready to steal. If he reaches second, it's a critical moment, especially if versatile Buddy Lewis is at bat. Lewis bunts too, and I must be prepared to handle the ball on the grass, as well as to cover every inch from the base line to the foul line, not to mention stopping a hard drive into the outfield. On the other hand, if I move too far in, Case will certainly steal third. What should I do?

If you analyze this situation carefully you'll advise me to defy Case and his speed. If Lewis bunts, he must place the ball so neatly that I can't handle it. Odds are against such a hit. If he bunts poorly he's out. He may hit a foul. He may pop up. I still am in a good posi*tion to stop a drive. And I am ready to* tag Case out if he steals.

Perhaps the most complex play—and the one that requires accurate handling—is the cutoff, when runners are scurrying around the bases and the outfielder has retrieved the ball and is hurling it in the general direction of a base. On cutoff plays, with a man on first and a hit steaming off an opponent's bat, Crosetti lines up with the ball and third, taking a position about twenty feet in front of me. He never cuts off the throw from Charlie Keller unless it is impossible to get the runner approaching third. Hits into left with a man on second bring me into line with the plate.

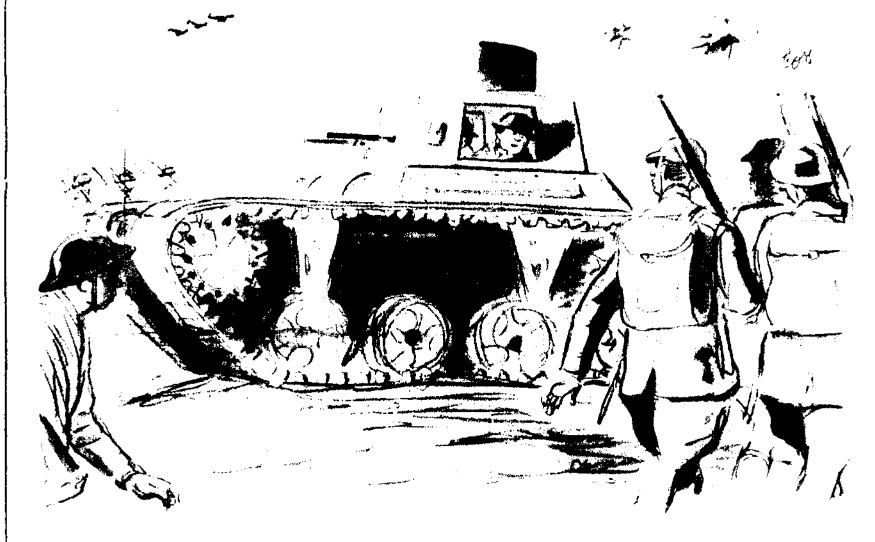
Remember Babe Dahlgren's double in the opening game of last fall's series with the Reds? In the fifth inning Cincinnati was leading 1-0. Babe hit to left with Joe Gordon on first. Joe sprinted all the way home when Berger threw from left field to second instead of to third. It took the combination of Gordon's speed and Fletcher's cunning to tie the score and make a goat out of Berger. Art, coaching at third, turned a normal throw-in (which should have been a cutoff) into a horrible error, for Gordon beat the relay to the plate when Fletcher daringly waved him home. One more Yankee win, on a little detail.

Well, as I said before, that's my story. It's the little things that count. But I'm afraid not all of the Yanks agree with me. Remember that third game of the last world series, out in Crosley Field, in Cincinnati? We scored five runs, four on homers—two by Keller, one by DiMaggio, one by Dickey. The fifth run was scored by Professor Rolfe. I singled, the fifth hit of the game by the Yankees. Keller's homer drove me in.

When I reported to the clubhouse after the game, some wag, probably Lefty Gomez, had posted a notice:

"*Attention Red Rolfe:* Singles forbidden on this club. Report for batting practice, 10 A.M. tomorrow."

But it was not signed by Joe McCarthy.



"We're taking her back for the thousand-mile checkup!" A. ROSS

WHY, HAL! YOU'RE SO HOT AND EXCITED, YOU'RE PERSPIRING MORE THAN THE PLAYERS!
THAT NIGHT
I DON'T CARE IF I AM UNREASONABLE! I'M GOING HOME WITH THE SMITHS!
BUT, SALLY– WHAT ARE WE QUARRELING ABOUT?
POOR HAL! ATTRACTIVE AT A DISTANCE, BUT A WASHOUT AT A DANCE
I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM, TOO. BUT 'B.O.' IS INEXCUSABLE
HAL ASKS HIS BEST FRIEND
BUT NED, I BATHE FREQUENTLY
I KNOW, HAL– BUT YOU SHOULD USE THE RIGHT SOAP– ONE WITH A SPECIAL DEODORIZING INGREDIENT– I MEAN LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY IN MY MORNING BATH SURE STOPS 'B.O.' AND WHAT SWELL, CREAMY LATHER. I'VE NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND REFRESHED!
SALLY, I'M A NEW MAN NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN
SALLY THINKS
HE IS A NEW MAN. BET HE'S USING MY SOAP NOW – LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY

**LIFEBUOY IS ESPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT "B.O."**

EVERY TIME you perspire from heat or exercise, you risk "B.O." Perspiration from nervousness, emotions, or excitement leads to "nervous B.O." too. Be safe! Use Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath. Lifebuoy is the only popular soap especially made to prevent "B.O." It contains an exclusive deodorizing ingredient.

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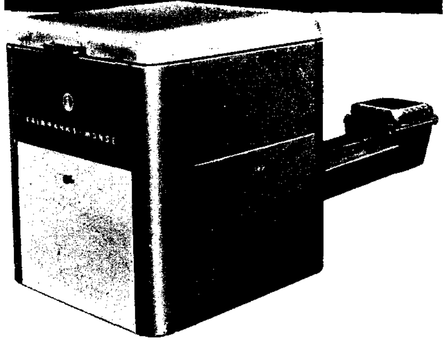

● See this stoker and you will know why people are buying it at a rate which is increasing faster than almost all other stokers. The Fairbanks-Morse Automatic Coal Burner gives clean, steady, healthful, and economical heat from ceiling to floor. It gives it to you with such dependability you almost forget there is such a thing as a heating problem.

And now another new, big feature—STOK-O-LITE! If for any reason an overload condition occurs, and the stoker is prevented from giving you heat, the little red glow-lamp on the thermostat warns you instantly, before the house gets cold. STOK-O-LITE is the biggest feature of the year in stokers. Only Fairbanks-Morse has it.

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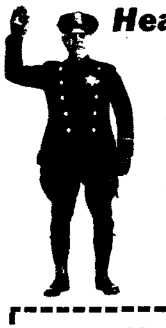

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# Don't Worry About It

Continued from page 22

going upstairs in the dark and hear an unexpected sound on the landing above, unless you're a man of iron your heart will begin to beat faster, which increases the pressure slightly, and then your sympathetic nervous system will send out impulses that will make the muscles of your arterioles contract, and your blood pressure will go whooping up, only to come right down again when you find it was only the cat. Some scientists think this stimulation of the sympathetic nervous system is largely the result of adrenalin released when your body is under tension. Others think it occurs chiefly in the brain. Take your choice.

When a person has what is known as high blood pressure, however, it means that his arterioles are contracting more than they should for longer than they should, or else when they shouldn't be contracting at all. The only trouble is nobody has been able to find out what makes them contract in that unreasonable fashion. Up to about twenty-five years ago scientists thought the kidneys had a good deal to do with it. They didn't know then about essential hypertension. They just knew that people with most types of kidney disease had high blood pressure as well. And that seemed almost enough of a discovery then. After all, they had only been able to read blood pressures at all since the nineties. It looked like a simple case of cause and effect.

### By Trial and Error

But as more and more work was done and more and more elaborate apparatus invented and more and more exact tests devised, they discovered it wasn't so simple after all. People with kidney disease had high blood pressure all right, but so did people with various endocrine disturbances and no kidney disease, and then there were lots and lots of people whose blood pressure was way up in the air and you couldn't find a thing wrong with their kidneys nor with their thyroids or adrenals or pituitary glands. So they finally called this kind of blood pressure essential hypertension, essential in this case meaning of unknown cause, and began looking for other causes.

Some doctors decided that essential hypertension was due to a focus of infection somewhere; in the teeth or tonsils or sinuses or in almost any part of the body, and began yanking things out at a great rate. Others thought maybe it was a result of the wrong kind of food. That was where the no-meat, no-salt, no-alcohol idea came in, but diet didn't seem to make much difference unless the patient happened to need reducing and it could incidentally accomplish that. Others thought that since adrenalin, which is produced by the adrenal glands, was known to raise blood pressure, and since high blood pressure was a symptom of certain glandular diseases, maybe all hypertension was glandular in origin, maybe essential hypertension too, only they couldn't seem to hitch the two up together very well. Still others, and this seemed the most logical conclusion until just recently, decided the whole trouble was with the sympathetic nervous system.

So then the surgeons stepped in. If the medical men can't fix this, they said, rubbing their hands, just watch us. After a good deal of animal experimentation, they began cutting the nerves that controlled certain beds of arteries on the theory that if the smaller arteries didn't get the nerve impulses they wouldn't contract. Several different procedures of this sort grew up, all pretty radical, and all of them, as one doctor remarked, only successful at the hands of the man who evolved that particular method.

So there the matter stood and still stands as far as treatment is concerned, with doctors not knowing what to believe theoretically and going ahead and treating their patients practically with a certain amount of diet, a certain amount of medicine, occasional surgery and a great deal of what the medical world calls suggestion. Meanwhile, an experimental pathologist in Cleveland by the name of Harry Goldblatt, who probably doesn't give a tinker's dam whether people get dizzy spells and headaches or not, has been very busy for the past ten years on what may turn out to be high-blood-pressure history. It seems, thinking of one thing and another, he began wondering if maybe after all the kidneys didn't have something to do with these mysterious rises in blood pressure that had nothing to do with the kidneys.

He took some dogs and monkeys, and made some little silver clamps, and began clamping the arteries that led to the kidneys, just to see. He clamped some only a little, some a lot, some entirely, and he probably felt a trifle smug when he saw where all those clampings were leading to. He certainly should have, because it turned out that if you constricted the arteries leading to a dog's or monkey's kidneys, why, almost right away the animal's blood pressure went up and stayed up until you took the clamps off again. If you constricted those arteries just a little the blood pressure only went up a little. If you constricted them a lot the blood pressure went sky-high. Yet constricting the arteries leading to other organs in the body didn't do a thing, so it wasn't just a mechanical reaction. And you could denervate the kidney (that means cut all the nerves leading to it) before you clamped the artery and the blood pressure still went up. So it couldn't be a reflex nervous reaction either. It certainly looked as if, in spite of all those scientific opinions, the kidney did after all have something to do with this unreasonable contracting of arterioles all over the body, but what?

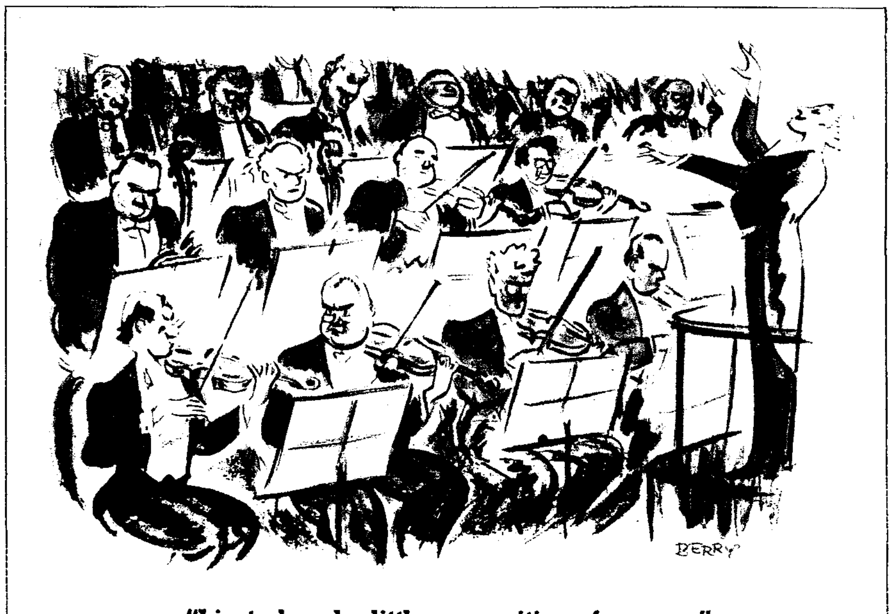
Goldblatt tried constricting the artery leading to the kidney, waiting till the blood pressure went up and then removing the kidney. The blood pressure went right down. That was funny too. He tried constricting the artery leading to the kidney and then clamping the vein that leads away from it. That time the blood pressure didn't go up at all. Funnier still. He did both those little stunts again and again and the same thing happened. It looked as if something was formed in the ischemic (ischemic means to an organ what anemic means to a person) kidney, which, when it got out into the blood made the smaller arteries contract.

### A Medical Mystery

This is sort of like a Western serial, now, continued in our next and all that, because that's as far as they've got. Goldblatt thinks, and many modern doctors are beginning to agree with him, that when people get essential hypertension it is because there is a substance formed in their kidneys—for some reason nobody knows yet, but possibly connected with the kidney blood supply—an undesirable substance that goes into the blood and contracts the walls of the arterioles. They don't know what this substance is yet or whether it acts on the sympathetic nervous system or the adrenals or directly on the arteriolar muscles or how.

In lots of ways it doesn't even seem to make sense so far. Doctors know, for instance, that essential hypertension is almost entirely a disease of western civilization. It is not only very uncommon among the natives of the Orient and the tropics but even uncommon among white men in the Orient and the tropics. They know there isn't any high blood pressure among the African natives but it is commoner and more serious among American Negroes than among American whites. What is it about our particular civilization that makes that strange substance form in the kidneys, if that strange substance is the whole answer? Nobody knows yet, but they will. Watch for the next installment, probably in about five or ten years. Watch the work of one Harry Goldblatt.

Meanwhile, if you have high blood pressure, take your doctor's advice and let Dr. Goldblatt and the rest of the experimental workers do the worrying. Just go along to the office and the golf course and the movies. Drink your evening cocktail and play your evening bridge. Don't work too hard or fight with your wife, but aside from that, there's nothing to keep you from enjoying life as much as ever, for years and years.



"I just played a little composition of my own" MICHAEL BERRY

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DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

# Gordon's Gin

# No Mothers Wanted

Continued from page 20

Jane Withers is now approaching fifteen and has been with the studio since she arrived in Hollywood, making the momentous leap from childhood without losing her value to the films. Not all do. She is the only child marvel the studio possesses, though they no longer regard her as a child and quit taking pictures of her and her three thousand dolls over two years ago. Scenario writers at work on a Jane Withers story are now permitted to hint gently at Romance, and as a young lady she will have the benefit of a far larger story field. All the old photographs have been removed from the files and the idea now is to have her grow up rapidly and quit sliding down stair rails.

The embattled mothers have all this information and know that Shirley has not been replaced, so they continue to strive. Boy, how they strive! They send their children to the same school attended by the Zanuck children, figuring on some sort of accidental contact. When the Zanuck little ones return home to Father Z. after a hard day in school, they often bring him photographs and notes, handed them in the schoolroom by little comrades who desire nothing in the world except Shirley's old job at any reasonable salary.

### It Might Even be Shirley

It used to be in the studio that the stars received the fan mail. Tyrone Power and Alice Faye were champions and their mail was huge, but now Mr. Zanuck is the star and receives more mail than his actors—all mother mail from Hollywood and California and America and foreign countries where the mail is still moving. The telegraph company wore out so many messenger boys, some of them elderly, that they finally installed a teletype in Zanuck's office and now his secretary can sit there and watch the pleas for attention as they roll in.

Shirley leaves the studio with one more picture to come, called Young People, arranged for release this month. Her last two were The Bluebird and The Little Princess, and these were the pictures that seemed to indicate an episode had come to the end of its run. They were coldly received, particularly The Bluebird, and over on Wilshire Boulevard the manager surveyed his empty house and closed up before ten o'clock.

Even if she goes to school a long time and adjures motion pictures and studios, Miss Temple has done pretty nicely by herself and her parents, having at the age of eleven earned some three million dollars.

The Jane Withers picture just finished is The Belle of Avenue A, a drama made from The Brat, and this is her twenty-third for the same management. That makes her a veteran trouper, but even so, the film people are not looking for child marvels and hence the lively chill directed toward those mothers. As Mrs. Temple says, Shirley will now attend school regularly like any little girl and grow up to gentle maidenhood amid scholastic surroundings — unless some magnificent offer comes along, a circumstance that might occur any moment.

If that happens, Shirley will resign from school and return to the sound stage and the hairdresser. It is barely possible that some bright genius of the films may stumble upon a certain type of story and who is there to say that Miss Temple is a permanent schoolgirl? Once upon a time she rang the bell with things like Little Miss Marker and Stand Up and Cheer and the bell is still there. Given the combination of a brand-new story by somebody like Damon Runyon, with Joe Pasternak to make the picture or D. O. Selznick and Shirley on the job, it would be a little like betting against Bimelech at a mile.

Little Miss Marker, it might be noted, was the original Shirley Temple success of any magnitude and first appeared in Collier's as a short story by the redoubtable Runyon. Then came the picture, and when it opened in New York the little Temple girl was so utterly unknown that they refused to hang out her name in lights on the marquee in front of the theater. . . . Instead, they gave the big play to Damon Runyon, author, and often he would walk past the theater and stare up at his name in astonishment.

Then Shirley began to click with the movie fans. . . . The theater promoted her to lights in small letters and slightly reduced Mr. Runyon. As she gathered momentum, her lights enlarged until they spread clear across the canopy and Mr. Runyon dwindled down teenie-weenie and finally there was no Runyon at all—just Shirley. And so the film business stumbled upon another baby gold mine. It proves once more that curly-haired little girls are far more important than top-notch authors.

WEST POINT MEN

—are brave and cultured young gentlemen.
—always tell the truth.
—dance excellently.
—are expert in breaking up an enemy's hollow-square formations.
—and have been left far behind by modern, mechanized war.

WHAT GOOD IS WEST POINT?

An article by
Henry F. Pringle
IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

To hurry back to the blazing mammas and their bright-eyed brats, it is observed in Hollywood that none of the established agents will handle children, have really taken a dislike to children and will not even talk to movie mothers or look at them or let them in. It used to be that gifted children were welcomed, but that condition has changed.

A recent case demonstrates the financial foolishness of steering children into the films and hoping for great rewards. One small and gifted moppet was run through the preparatory mill just lately and was taught everything from toe-dancing to imitating birds. Her fond and funded parents spent five thousand dollars having their baby readied for good jobs in the movies, and in the end her film career consisted of two assignments before cameras. For one of these, she was paid $25 and for the other $15, and it looks as if her career is over.

Mr. Zanuck's only real retreat in these post-Temple days is his own swimming pool, which is surrounded by a wall festooned with zebra hides and trophies of the African chase, and even in its cool depths he expects a mother to loom up any time between one of his hartebeestes and the dik-diks birds, holding her child aloft.

The studio forces have received definite instructions to be cold to mothers and that is why Mrs. Zanuck couldn't get in, the other afternoon at dusk. . . . She had just come from a shopping trip, with little Darylin, age nine, and little Susan Marie, age seven, and it was her casual desire and intention to call on her husband and perhaps take him along home in the car. There was a new man on the gate and all he knew was that the studio had recently formed a strong dislike for mothers bringing children and trying to crash in and see Mr. Zanuck. And do you think it did Mrs. Z any good to say she was Mrs. Z. to a gateman wise in the wiles and cunning schemes of mothers accompanied by children?

Mrs. Zanuck finally took her children and went along home without further comment and the gateman wasn't even reprimanded.

The only child actor now employed in the studio is Johnny Russell, who has frequently labored in pictures with Jane Withers and Shirley Temple. Owing to eager mothers picketing the grounds, they have to smuggle Johnny in to his job, lest he be mobbed. If he can get in, they can get in, the mothers argue.

### Meet the Winner

In the movie career of the real successor, Jane Withers, now in her twenty-third picture, there seems to be a dash of poetic justice or delayed reward. The Withers family came from Atlanta about eight years ago, first Mrs. Ruth Withers and Jane, and later on, Father Withers. They resided in a small two-room apartment on Orange Drive, where Mrs. Withers did the cooking, and there they waited for the lightning to strike.

In time luck came along and Mrs. Withers was overjoyed, for in her own early days, she, too, longed to go on the stage. Circumstances and stern parents prevented this and so one day Walter Withers grew serious and asked Ruth to marry him and she agreed, with one condition.

"If we ever have a little girl," she said, "she must have a chance to go on the stage or in the movies, so what do you say about that?"

Like almost any young man would have done, Walter promised it would be all right with him, so they were married and had a little girl and here she is now at fourteen, almost an old-timer in films and the Withers live in a great house in a rich neighborhood, with servants everywhere. Jane has nine dogs, six cats, two deer, a parrot, three turtles, ten pheasants, three squirrels, three hundred chickens, two lovebirds, a calf, a donkey, two goats and a Chinese silky.

She is now as tall and heavy as Alice Faye and is therefore no Shirley Temple, as the mothers would gladly point out to Zanuck if he would only let them inside the gate. Mrs. Withers is paid a salary for helping Jane do her work properly and Walter Withers runs a wholesale rug business and religiously stays away from the studio. In six years, he has visited it three times, his idea being to let Mrs. Withers manage the star who is going to be Shirley's successor.

Goldilocks SAID:
"all porridge is bad for bears"

Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

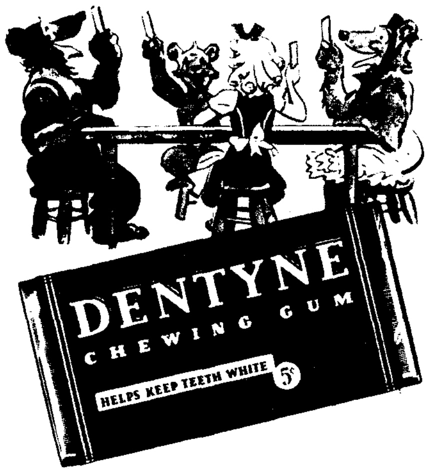
"But *it's* nice porridge," wailed the big bear.

"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and *extra* good."

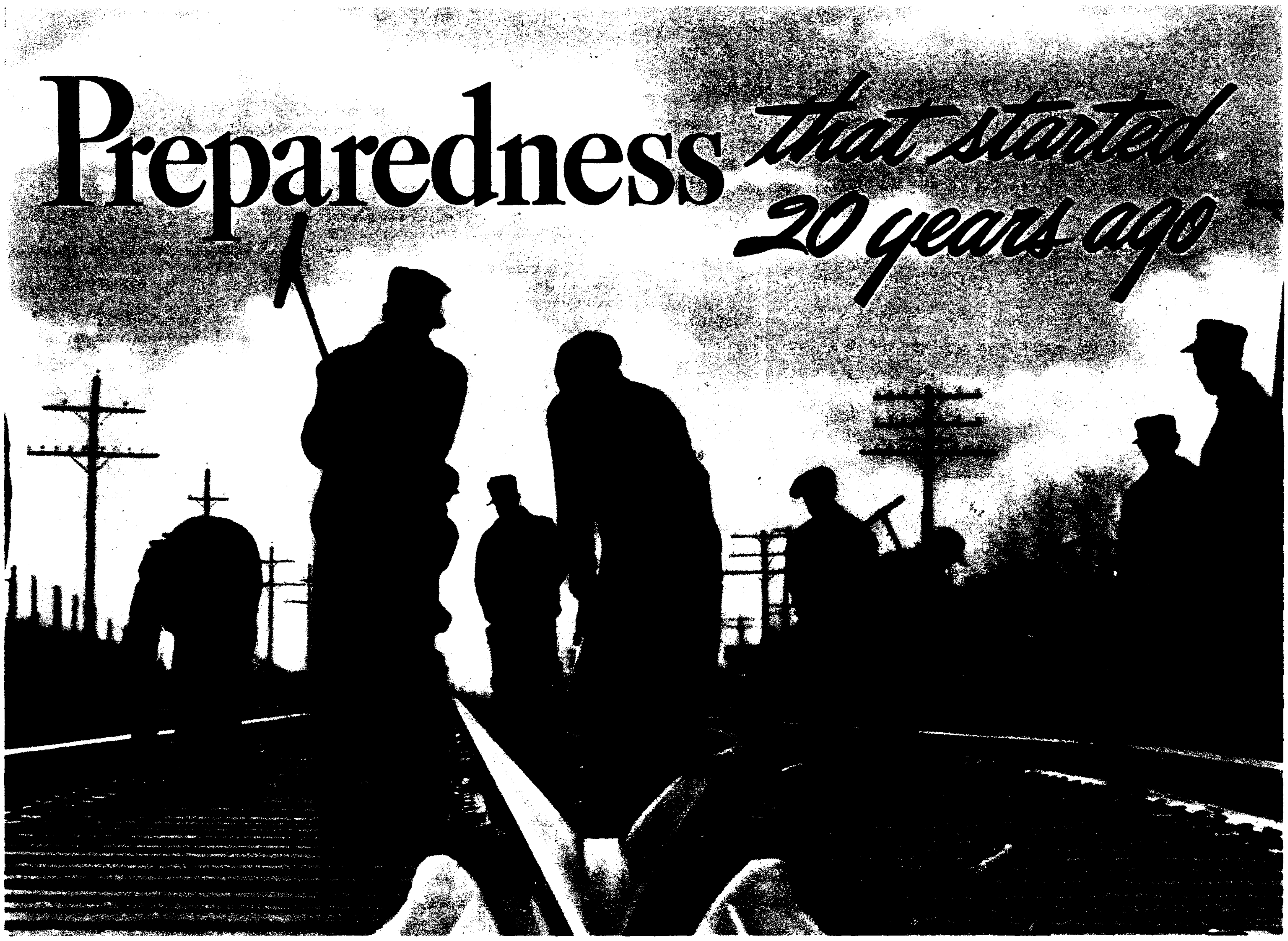
"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

*Moral:* Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a package today.



HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT...MOUTH HEALTHY

# Preparedness *that started 20 years ago*



DURING the first six months of 1940, the volume of freight for export handled through Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States reached a level unequaled since the war years of 1917-18.

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An indication of the ability of the railroads of the United States to take care of any traffic that may develop is shown by the fact that between August and October, 1939, they handled without car shortage or delay the largest increase in business ever recorded in so short a time.

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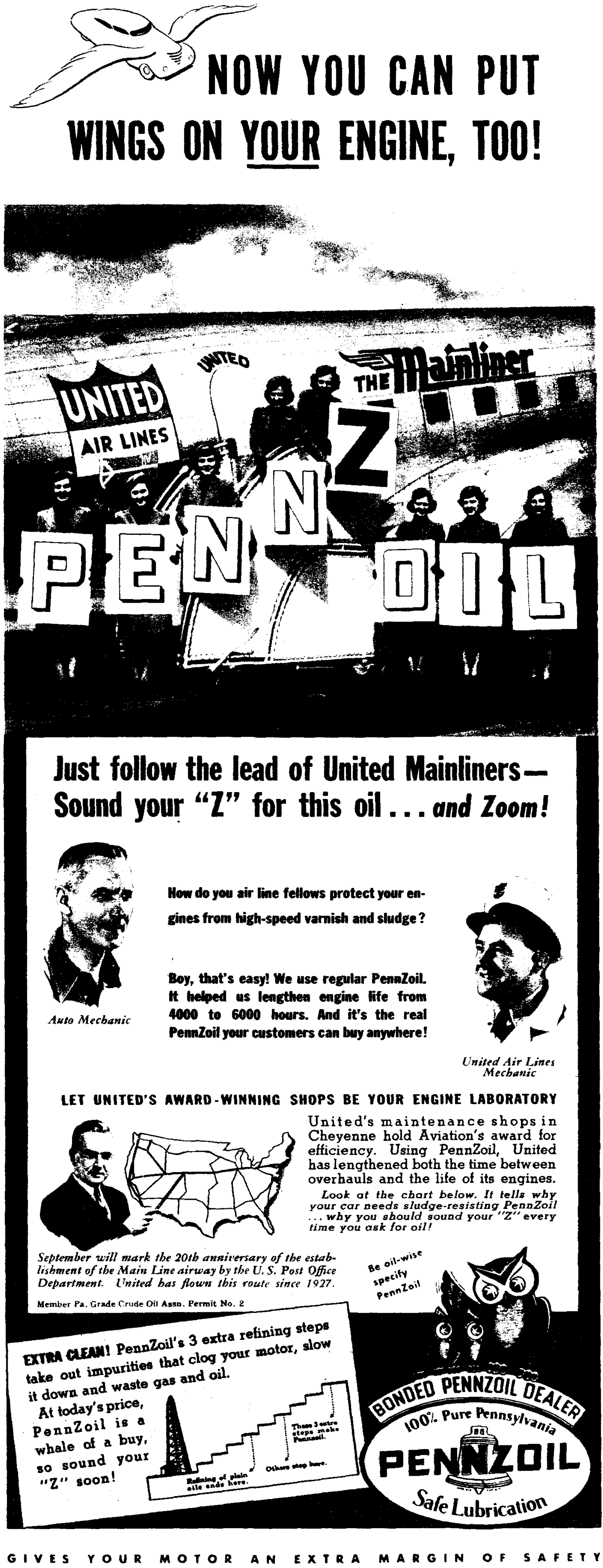

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# A Girl Must Be Sure

Continued from page 19

one of the finest girls anyone ever saw."

Kernehan was daydreaming. "Almost three years to the day. They were dancing at a Broadway place called the Tiger Inn. We were keeping a tail on George Karidian. You know George—we sent him up a year ago. The policy game. He took a shine to her one night and then practically lived at the Tiger Inn. After the show, you'd see her and Moran at Karidian's table. Finally they weren't dancing at all, but you'd see them around town, all the hot spots—the three of them. There were parties at Karidian's penthouse. Well, we picked up enough on Karidian to make a pinch worth while. So I went up to the penthouse one afternoon to get him, and she was there too.

"Whatever I walked in on—well, she was sore at him for something. I said, 'All right, George, we want to see you downtown.' He said, 'For what?' And I said, 'Offhand, I'd say for keeps. Anyhow, five or ten years, I hope.' Well, he went off his nut. You know me, Max; I'm a pretty patient guy. Hell, I wasn't even thinking about my gun. I didn't think George would be fool enough to go after his. But he did and I went after him. Then Moran busted in. I got George's gun away from him, turned on Moran—I didn't know what to expect by that time—and then Marge let go with her foot and kicked the gun right out of my hand. Moran hit me with a bronze book end.

"When I came to, she was the only one there—trying to stop the blood. She was still trying to stop it when the doctor came in. She'd phoned him. George and Moran had breezed." After a moment he added: "I didn't file any charges against her."

"And you've hounded her ever since, hoping to find Moran."

Kernehan sighed. "Something like that. I first caught up with her in Chicago. I took her to dinner. I danced with her in Detroit. One night in St. Louis we drove through Forest Park. We drank good beer in Cincinnati. When I got back east, I went over to Brooklyn and told her folks she was doing well. They're fine people."

"I'll bet there's one thing you don't know."

"There's a lot I don't know."

"Aggie told me this. She told Aggie." They leaned with their heads close together. "Moran was crazy to open a swell café in the East Fifties, for the carriage trade, but he needed the backing and that's what he was hanging around Karidian for. Well, you know how George was nuts about Margie. Well, Moran wanted sure enough to open that café. Well, he wanted Margie to be nice to Karidian. What I mean, nice. You catch?"

"You're practically subtle, Max. Do you think she still loves him?"

"How do I know? How do I know about women?"

"Seen Eddie Moran around, Max?"

Max Wagner stood up. "You better go easy, Kerny. He's toughened up in three years. He's in the dough, which means he's got some tough friends."

He drummed off on his short legs, his coattail flapping.

RAFAEL walked with her across the Blue Pavilion's parking space, their shadows thrown far out, elongated, by the floodlight.

"Hello," Kernehan said. His face beneath the brim of his hat was in deepest shadow.

"Hello," she said flatly.

Rafael took hold of her arm. "It is late. I will take you home direct. You are fatigued. It is necessary that you sleep. Tomorrow is Saturday night."

"You're Rafael?" Kernehan said.

"Rafael Allones."

"I'll take her home, Mr. Allones. Direct."

She said, "Go ahead, Rafael."

Without another word Rafael squeezed into his midget car and drove off.

"I rented one," Kernehan said, and led her to a black coupé.

Saying nothing, she got in.

"I waited," Kernehan said, "till you were finished here tonight."

"Considerate of you."

He drove out beneath the white stucco archway, saying, "You'll have to direct me. I'm a stranger here."

"Go out the boulevard to the canal and turn right."

He drove on in silence, turned right at the canal and kept going into the outskirts of the small coastal city.

"The next street light," she said.

He pulled into the curb and stopped in front of a small, two-storied hotel. One light glowed in the lobby. There were green boxed shrubs out front.

"Nice," he said.

"It's clean."

HE LEANED his elbows on the wheel and stared ahead through the windshield.

He said, "Well . . ." and was lost.

"Well, what? Get it over with. I can stand it. Then let me alone—tomorrow and tomorrow and forever!"

He drummed on the wheel. "I'm all balled up. I come down here pretending I'm looking for Eddie Moran. I'm kidding myself. I came down here, in fact, and this is clean goods, kid—I came down here to see you."

"Don't try to kid me, Kernehan. Why don't you ask me where Eddie Moran is? Go ahead, ask me—ask me!" Her voice cracked.

He said, "Funny; I'm not even thinking about Moran." He shrugged. "Oh, I know he's around here somewhere. Fact is, I'm off duty. Vacation. Hell, I'm not even armed." He got out of the car, walked around it and pulled open the door on the other side. "Go to bed."

She stepped out and walked swiftly into the lobby. He was getting back into the car when she came out again.

"Are you on the level about not being armed?" she said.

"Yes."

"Well, look out. Eddie is."

She went into the hotel.

Kernehan liked the little clapboard shack on the beach. He had rented it, through a real-estate agent, for two weeks. The sheriff, putting in a word, had got him a low rate. It was far up the beach, by itself, and he could go swimming or surf fishing to his heart's content. It was a good place to lie around and think. The big thing in his thoughts had been Moran; to get Moran. Until somewhere along the way Margaret Petersen became the big thing.

He wondered why he never heard Moran come up through the sand but guessed it was because his ears were full of thoughts.

"Good afternoon, mastermind."

Kernehan looked up from a pipe he was reaming. Moran was outlined in the doorway against the late-afternoon sea. He carried a rifle. The sea was dull blue, tumbling and noisy.

"Hello," said Kernehan, and went on reaming his pipe.

"I've just seen Margie," Moran said. His voice was quiet but Moran was not calm. There was great repression in his throat and his words were blurred a little.

"I saw her a couple of nights ago," Kernehan said. He looked at the rifle. "Been hunting?"

"If you call yourself game, yes."

Kernehan sighed and tossed his pipe onto the sofa. "I'd almost forgotten about you, Moran. I've been thinking about pleasant things."

"I understand double talk, so don't talk it. You don't get out of this, pal. For more than two years you've made my life hell. It's got to end. I'm in the dough now and I'm not going to have any copper bust up my parade."

"If you're in the dough, why don't you hire a gunman?"

"It's better this way. Because nobody's going to know."

Kernehan said, "I'd sure like to know how you found this place."

"You weren't at the hotels, so I phoned some real-estate agents. A dope would think of that. There's no use trying to change the subject. What kind of a swimmer are you?"

"Only fair."

"See how good you are. I've watched this place for two days. This time, late afternoon, the beach is always empty. It's empty now. All right, mastermind, start swimming. Out. Straight out. I'll be watching you with the rifle, so don't try to come back in. Out. Way out. If you're washed up somewhere, there'll be no marks on your body. Nothing. Get going."

Kernehan drummed on his knees. "It's a swell idea," he said, "but it won't work. If you're going to do it, you're going to do it right here."

Heavy feet were pounding in the brush up back of the shack. Terrified, Moran's eyes leaped to one side. Kernehan was on him savagely in that instant. No blow; simply the unleashed weight of his body and the fierce momentum of his own terror. It was a collision, head on, and both went down. Kernehan wrenched the rifle away so hard that it flew out of his hands while he was tumbling over Moran's twisting body. Moran bleated. He scrambled to his feet and ran headlong down to the water; and as he ran he tore off his coat, then his shirt.

THE sheriff yelled, "Hey, you!" and fired over his head.

Kernehan was sitting up. He looked dazed. There was a long red mark on his forehead where he had struck it against the butt of the rifle.

Moran was in the water, swimming. He kicked his trousers off.

"Hey! Hey!" the sheriff bawled.

"Hello," said Kernehan.

"Him! Look at him!" the sheriff yelled. "He don't know how rough it is out there! He'll drown!"

"How'd you happen along?" Kernehan asked.

"That girl. The dancer. She phoned Max Wagner. Asked where you were. Max didn't know. He phoned me. He told me to run out quick. I don't know—something the girl told him. . . . Hey!" he shouted to Moran. "Hey, you dope, you! Come back here! Look at the dope. Look at him! Hey! Hey! Hey! . . ."

Kernehan climbed the hotel stairway, found her door and knocked. He waited. After a minute he listened. He was sure he had heard some movement beyond the door. Besides, the hotel clerk had said she was in. He knocked again, a little louder this time, and stared down at the doorknob. Presently he saw the knob move. The slowness with which it moved fascinated him. Then the door opened quickly, quietly, creating a small breeze.

SHE stood rigid, her lips drawn against her teeth, her eyes round and glassy. When she saw him, all the rigidity flowed, swept, out of her body. Blood rushed into her cheeks. A great, long-held breath made a faint, whistling sound as it rushed out between her parted, trembling lips. She leaned against the wall, let her head lie well back, closed her eyes.

"Thank God!" she said. "I thought it might be Eddie."

"That's what I thought you thought."

"I knew you weren't armed. I knew that look in his eyes. I was fool enough to tell him you weren't down here after him at all. I said you didn't even have a gun. I said—it was me you were down here for. I said what you said in Baltimore that night—that you loved me. I said I loved you."

"I always miss things like that."

"I said I was sick and tired of having Rafael superintend my hours of relaxation, my diet. His ambition floored me, I said. It was too big and I couldn't ever really be part of it. I said I didn't want to dance any more. I said I loved you."

"You just said that part a minute ago. Where did it begin?"

She rubbed her head against the wall. "St. Louis a little bit, I guess. Oh, Baltimore, I guess—Baltimore, really. I don't know. Somewhere along the line. I denied it, I guess. I was afraid. I didn't want to be hurt again."

"Me hurt you?"

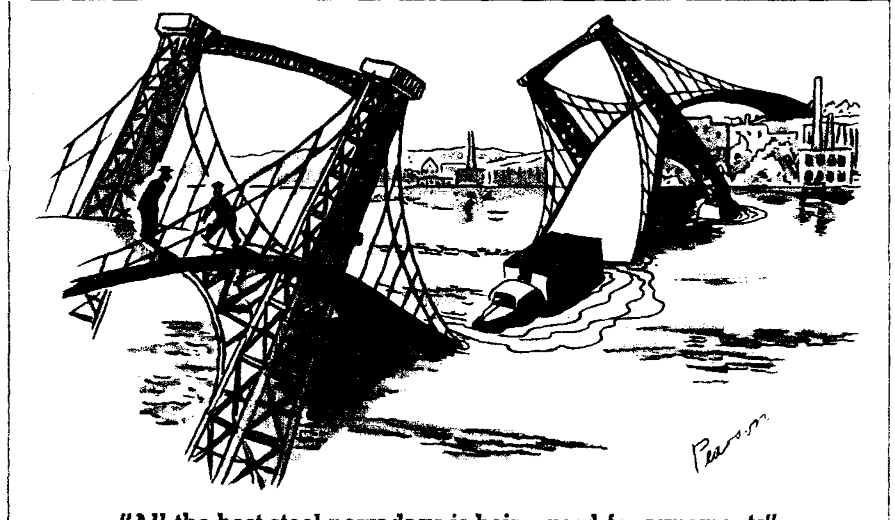
"How did I know? How did I know about anything? What does it matter? What are we standing here talking like this for?"

"I don't know," Kernehan said.

"What are we waiting for? What are we waiting for?"

"I know what I'm waiting for," Kernehan said.

He took her in his arms and he did not have to reach for her lips; she reached for his. He kissed her in a long, timeless silence, putting an end to words.



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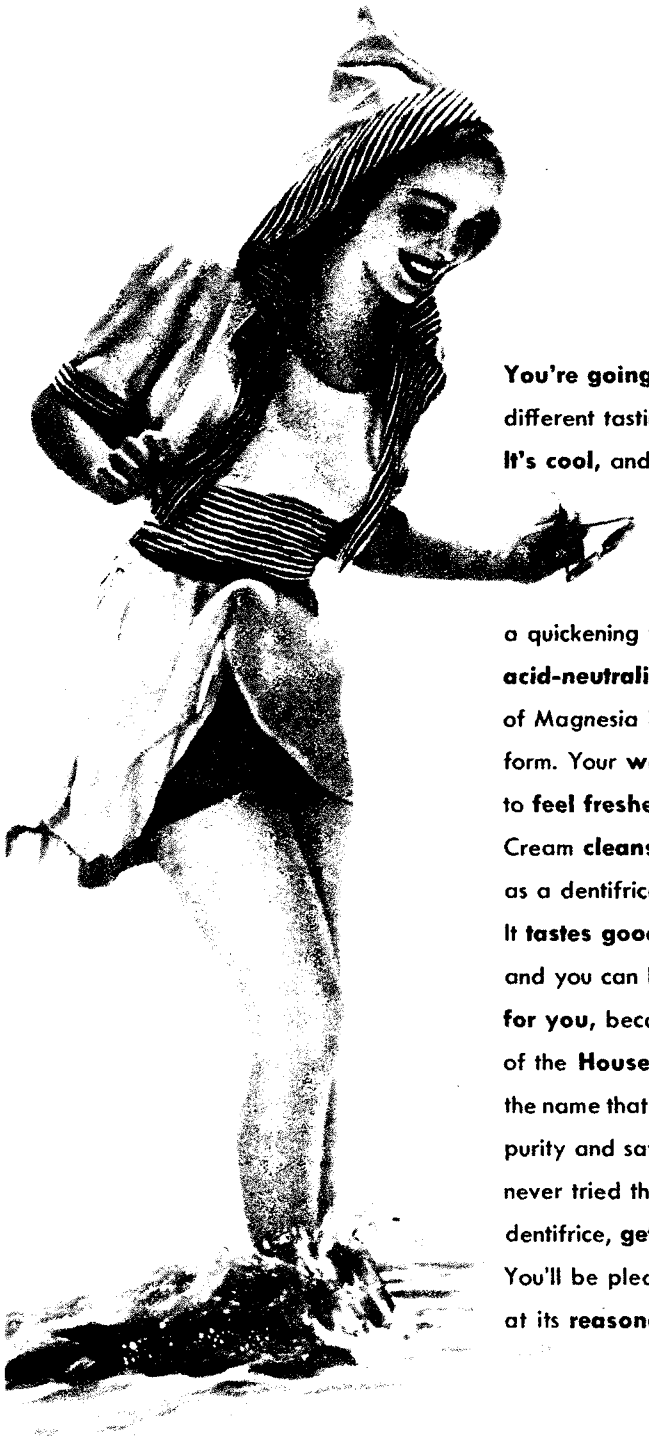

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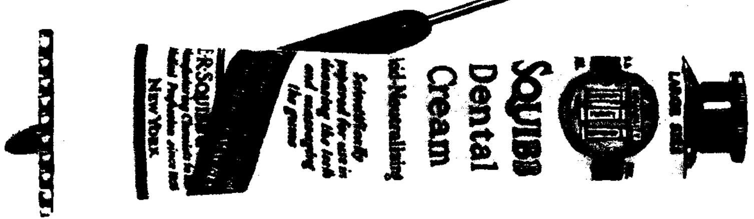

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# The Tune I Know

Continued from page 15

later where I am at, so you can send them to me. And Steve," he says, "I am hoping to see you, so we can work together like we have done it before. Someplace."

"Is it on account of Miss Manners?" I ask Hade.

"Of course," he says.

"I am mighty sorry, Hade," I say. "Where are you heading?"

"I have always wanted to see Nevada," he says.

So we shake hands and Hade goes out to see Nevada.

In the morning he is back.

DARROW comes in about noon and sits down beside of me on my bunk, where I am going over my rope, softening it up. He says, "Steve, I have made up my mind to try to learn to ride."

I am feeling sick.

He says, "Will you take me out this afternoon, alone, and give me some lessons?"

I tell him, "Mr. Darrow, we will go and I will do my best."

So we take a couple good horses out to a little park in the woods back of the ranch. He tries it, but he is as stiff as a clothespin, and rides like one, when he is on the horse. Which is not all the time.

"I give up," he says finally. His lip is trembling.

He sits there slumped over in his saddle. I have got an idea. I say, "All right, it is hopeless, no use trying any more," and I hit his horse a smart cut on the flank and away we go, and Darrow is suddenly riding like a top hand. He is relaxed, he has gave up, and now he is riding.

"Do you think," he says, "I can do it like that this afternoon?"

"I think you can do her," I tell him, "if you'll let every muscle good and loose. Just give up, pretend you can't do her, and say to hell with it, and I think you can do her."

So he goes and tells Miss Manners he is going to ride with her and Hade that afternoon.

So Hade saddles up for Miss Manners, and I saddle up for Darrow. He says he wants me to come along. So I saddle up for myself. When it is time to start, I am afraid. Darrow has got that old look in his eyes, like he is going to do her or die trying, and that is no good.

"Listen," I tell him, "walk up to that horse like the horse was just a corral fence, and you are going to hop up and sit there and smoke yourself a cigarette. Let yourself completely loose."

Well, Miss Manners and Hade are mounted, and standing there watching, and it is time for Darrow to get up. I give him the nod and wink, and he winks back and swings up on his horse like a cowhand.

And what does he do?

He swings too far, and misses the off stirrup with his foot and keeps right on going, over the saddle, and he is flat on his face on the ground on the other side of the horse.

Miss Manners has got her hands over her eyes, she is laughing, and Darrow is sitting there on the ground with a surprised expression. I tell him to try it again.

So he tries her again and it is perfect. We start off, and we have not gone far when we come to an open flat, and Miss Manners yells, "Let's go!" and she is off, and we are off too, all of us going at a gallop.

I am watching Darrow.

"Take it easy!" I yell at him.

No use. He is holding on, he has lost a stirrup, and he looks at me and tries to say something but he can't even talk.

I drop back of him, just to be there.

Miss Manners swings her horse to the left, and we swing with her, and this is the end of Darrow. Off he goes.

He hits the ground and he is rolling over, and I am with him, I go down into the dust, hitting on my left shoulder and taking her on the roll. I end up right beside of Darrow, and our horses are going on. Hade sees what has happened, and he stops Miss Manners. I give him the sign we are not hurt, so they go after our horses.

"Are you all right?" I ask Darrow.

He is sitting there laughing and feeling of his legs. He is laughing hard. He watches Hade and Miss Manners chasing the horses, and he seems to think this is funny. He says finally, "Yes, Steve, I am all right." He stands up. "I am in good enough shape," he says, "to start walking."

And he starts back toward the ranch, limping a little.

I call after him, but he does not answer. He keeps on walking.

Hade and Miss Manners bring back the horses.

Miss Manners looks at Darrow, where he is walking back toward the ranch. She does not go after him.

WELL, here it is payday, and I am sitting on a bench beside of the bunkhouse cleaning my saddle, and Darrow comes along and sits down.

He says, "Steve, I'm going home tomorrow." He has had a couple drinks.

"All of you going?" I ask.

"Just me," he says.

I keep on cleaning my saddle. "Well, all I can say is," I tell him, "I am mighty sorry."

He says, "Well, it's one of those things." He looks very sad. He says, "If only we wouldn't of come out here. It was a mistake. I'm not saying anything to anybody, Steve. I'm just pulling out, without saying anything. I wish you would keep it dark." He feels like talking. He says, "I have known Miss Manners since we were kids. We—" He does not go on.

I am feeling sick. "Is it about Hade, you are leaving?" I ask him.

He nods. He says, "I know how it is about Hade. He didn't mean to do it. Hade is all right. I have not got nothing against him. And nothing against Lucille. It is one of those things where the country and surroundings run away with you. All I hope is that she gets her head back in time. I am saying that in behalf of them both. Especially Hade. Lucille fits in here fine at present, but the summer will end sometime, and she will not fit in here and Hade would not fit in anyplace else. It would be a kind of tragedy, Steve. For Lucille, but especially for Hade."

Darrow is right. I am sorry for Hade. Darrow has put in words what I have got in my head, and what I think Hade has got in his head, too.

"I wish I could think of something," I tell Darrow.

"I wish I could think of something, too," he says, and walks away. I finish cleaning my saddle.

After while I can see Hade and Miss Manners coming in from their ride. They are not talking and laughing, like always. Hade is looking at his horse's ears just sitting there in the saddle. I go into the bunkhouse and take off my boots and start cleaning them. Hade comes in.

He sits down beside of me. "Hade," I say, "how was the ride?"

"All right," he says.

I am cleaning a boot. "It's a good thing," I tell Hade, "Miss Manners has never saw what this place is like in winter."

"Yes," Hade says. He lays back on the bunk. He is looking at the roof. "Steve," he says, "I couldn't help it. I have fell in love with her."

"You better fall out," I tell him, "before you get hurt."

"I have tried," he says, "but it don't do no good."

He lies down on the bunk, face down, his head on his arms.

Fellow comes in and says the ghost is walking down at Kinkaid's office. Hade gets up and goes on down, but I keep on cleaning my boots. I am trying to think, which is always a very hard thing for me, but especially now. When I have got my boots cleaned I put them on and go out for a little walk. I walk over to the corral, and sit on the fence. A fellow can do most of his thinking sitting on a fence looking at the horses. I am sitting there watching a couple of poor old coyote baits that are on pension at the ranch.

I GET off the fence after while and go on down to get my pay. Kinkaid is in his office, and before he gives me my pay I sit down and talk to him a while. We have quite a long conversation, and when we are through I go on back to the bunkhouse.

Hade is laying on his bunk.

"Hade," I tell him, "Kinkaid wants I and you to take a couple horses over to the Triangle T tonight, and bring a couple back tomorrow."

"All right," Hade says. He gets up. "Do we leave now?"

"Right now," I tell him. "Bring along the blankets out of your bedroll; we got to stay there all night."

We take our blankets and saddles out to the corral and put them on the fence and I go in and walk up to the two old coyote baits and lead them back. Hade is not paying no attention, and he throws his saddle on one of the horses. Then he stands back and looks at it.

"Where did this coyote bait come from?" he says.

"We're taking them over there," I tell him.

"We'll never get them there," Hade says. He saddles up and I saddle up and we mount and ride away from the ranch.

We take the trail that goes south out of the ranch, down along the mountains, toward where the Triangle T is at.

"I never been over to this Triangle T." Hade says. "How far is it?"

"It is quite a ways," I tell Hade.

We ride along, and it is mighty pretty this time of day, the sun low the way it is. "This time of day, the sun like this, she sure is pretty out," I mention to Hade.

"She sure is," he says. "Let's stop a minute." He draws up and I draw up and we turn our horses and sit there and look back. We can't see the ranch now, it is behind a rise, but I can see Hade looking for it. He is looking and looking.

"Can't see her from here," he says.

"No," I say.

So we go on, and we go into some woods and stay there a while, on the trail, and when we come out we are in a high saddle in the hills. You can see a long ways, straight ahead. It is a long valley ahead of us, and the bottom is all sagebrush flats.

The trail turns here, curves around toward the Triangle T. We sit there a few minutes to rest the coyote bait; we have been climbing, and we start up again, and Hade follows the trail where it swings around.

"No, Hade," I tell him, "we do not follow the trail no more. We go straight down onto those flats."

Hade looks at me. I pull up beside of Hade, and I look at Hade. "Winters in this country," I tell him, "are not the same as summer."

"No," he says.

"She was beautiful, Hade," I tell him. "Just like this Hedy Lamarr. Her and Darrow, that have known each other since they were kids, will get along wonderful in the East. Better than I or you."

Hade is not saying nothing. He is looking at me.

"Hade," I tell him, "you said the other day you had never saw Nevada."

Hade is sitting up very straight in his saddle. He is not looking at me, now; he is looking back, trying to see back to where the ranch is at, and Miss Manners.

Then he looks at me again, and he says, "No, Steve, I have never saw Nevada in my life. This will be the first time."

He gives his horse a dig in the ribs, and we move off of the trail and start down toward the long valley that is ahead of us.

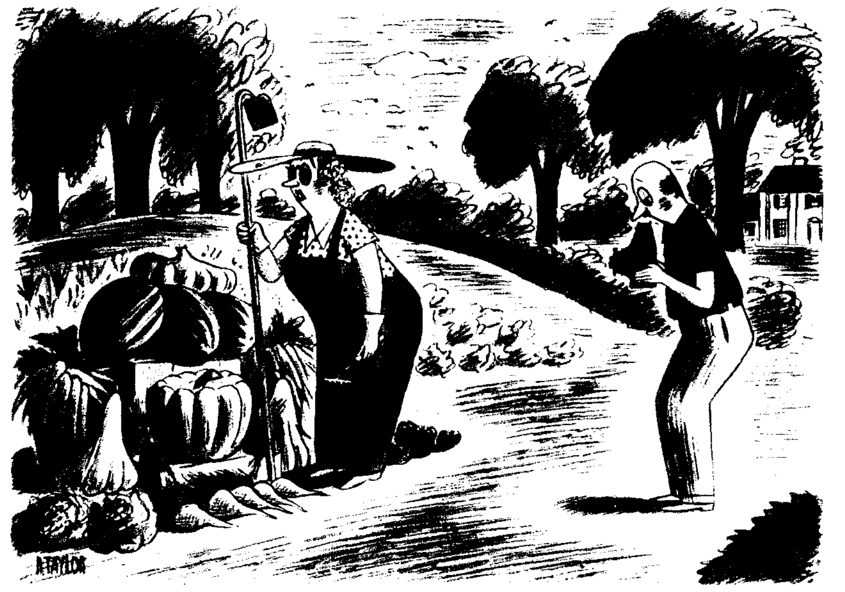
We ride along.

After while Hade straightens up, and throws one leg over the pommel of his saddle and looks over at me and kind of grins.

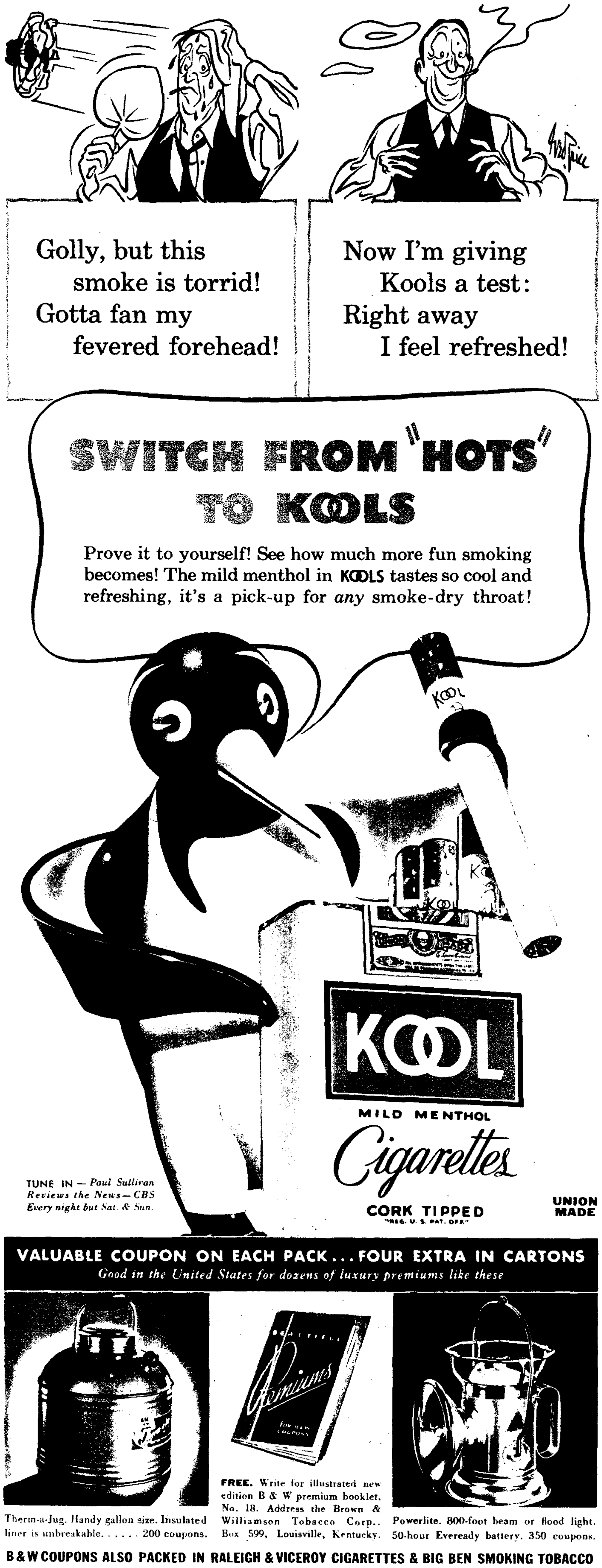
"It's all right, Steve," he says.

Well, I'm sitting there whistling through my teeth.

A tune I know.



"Make sure you get it all in!" RICHARD TAYLOR



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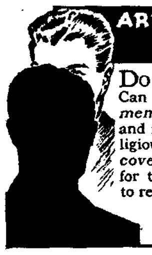

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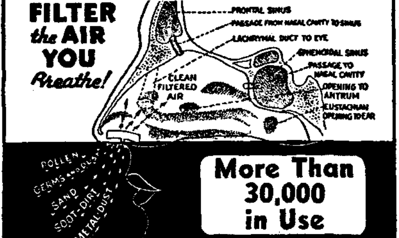

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# Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 23

blood—!" He glowered at Karl. "Now tell me, what's going on between you and Carola?"

Karl did not answer. He was not sure he could trust Wagner.

"Come, come, I'm too old to be fooled. I can read peoples' faces," Wagner said impatiently. "It's my business, along with caring for trained dog acts, eccentric dancers, and an occasional God-sent talent, to be able to sense what's going on. You and Carola are in love."

"Yes, we are," Karl said frankly.

"Then what's the trouble?"

Karl could answer that in a word: "Blaerchen!"

Wagner sat back. "I should have guessed that. She was with him when I first met her. I know him and his kind. He is very dangerous, Karl. It's hopeless if he's in the way."

Karl agreed. "Would he do anything for money?"

Wagner laughed. "I could tell you plenty about him and all that gang. They are all alike, men in power, misusing it, turning it to their own advantage." He was silent for a moment. "The Nazis have made patriotism into Big Business, but only the important party members collect the dividends. The Ribbentrop gang and the Goering gang, and a dozen smaller gangs, all fighting for spoils!"

"Why haven't you reported what you know to the police?"

"To *their* police?" Wagner looked astounded. "No, thanks, I don't interfere in politics. I was tempted once. Blaerchen used a friend of mine, a young American dancer who was here for a few weeks at the Winter Garden. He even got her a diplomatic passport so that she could carry material abroad."

"What material?"

"Some sort of Foreign Office information that he was supplying to the British."

To TEMPT Blaerchen into repeating such a thing was attractive—until Karl realized that Blaerchen would want to be sure to whom he sold such information.

Wagner was laughing. "Shocked? There have been many such instances, and not only involving Blaerchen."

"Praut?" Karl asked hopefully.

"As much as Blaerchen! Men like that would sell out Ribbentrop or Goering or even Hitler if the scheme seemed safe and there was a profit in it."

Karl was thinking fast. "There must be some scheme to get at Blaerchen." Timidly he asked, "Would you help if—?"

Wagner shook his head slowly. "Sorry, my friend, but I can't mix in politics in any way." Firmly he added, "I don't even want to know what you might plan. Any simple scheme will fail, I tell you. Blaerchen can have you arrested at once and say that he went along with you, just to trap you. You'll have to find a new plot."

"A friend of mine mentioned Hamlet," Karl said, disappointed.

"You used to know all the plots when you wrote a sketch a week at the Krokodil," Wagner said reminiscently. "Remember The Lion Tamer? The Twentieth Century Eulenspiegel?"

Karl smiled in spite of himself. They were short farces which he did over and over again. The audiences loved them and they were fun to do. Then, like a man jerked up by a rope from the flies, Karl was on his feet. "Remember The Butcher and the Policeman? I've got it!"

"I hope so." Wagner did not smile. "But don't tell me anything about it."

Wagner had no chance to say any more. Karl was out of the office and down to the street.

He hurried along the street, recalling every detail of The Butcher and the Policeman. It was a one-act farce that had made the crowds at the Krokodil roar. Sometimes he had done it every night for a month. It was a farce acted in medieval style. In it a butcher, troubled by a nagging wife, wanted some way to quiet her. He persuaded his friend, a policeman, to arrange a secret rendezvous with her and to keep it. From that time on, the butcher had control of the situation as he went about hinting, "I know something, I know something!" The wife was unable to question him for fear that she might reveal something that he really did not know. Yet she was always afraid thereafter that he might really know something and reveal it to the town gossips.

For that plot, the first thing necessary was a "policeman," a man whom Blaerchen did not know. The second thing necessary was the money for the bait. Both these elements could be found. After those a hundred details remained unclear. The whole scheme was dangerous and it might mean concentration camp or worse. Yet an attempt would be better than waiting grimly for Blaerchen to act on jealousy and hatred and turn on Carola.

Karl hurried to Carola's house. It was her new apartment, near the Tiergusten and he was glad it was not far away. Carola opened the door, her face more than usually troubled. On the sofa sat an old woman dressed in black, her face red, her hands holding a sopping gray handkerchief.

"This is Anna, Maria's sister," Carola said. "Maria has been jailed and Anna wants me to help."

"What did she do?" The old woman began to cry again. "What did she do? Why should they arrest her? All she wanted to do was to live peacefully."

"What can I do?" Carola asked hopelessly.

Karl shook his head. This was Blaerchen again.

"Why should they arrest Maria?" the old woman continued. "She had done nothing wrong. Gott in Himmel! The police were so rough too. When they came, the swine, they would give no explanation. They just said, 'Come along with us' the same way you take hold of a cow and say, 'Come along.' Can't you do anything?"

"I wish I could help," Carola said.

"This is just more hardship," the woman continued. "It's been that way all our lives. My sister and I were raised in an orphan asylum and sent out to work when we were twelve. We had to work hard for no money on an estate in East Prussia. We've never been happy. Everything has gone wrong. I'm married—I saw a 'Wife Wanted' ad in the newspapers and I married a man. We had nine children. Then he ran away from me." She began to cry again. "Five of my children died and now two of my sons are at the front and who knows what will happen to them. And now Maria is in jail!"

Carola took money from her pocketbook while Anna began to cry again. Karl watched her try to comfort the old woman and said nothing.

THE old woman left and for a little while Carola said nothing. Then she said, "It's all horrible, the whole thing." Then she said, "Is there a way we can get abroad?" She waited for an answer; then she was shocked to see Karl shake his head.

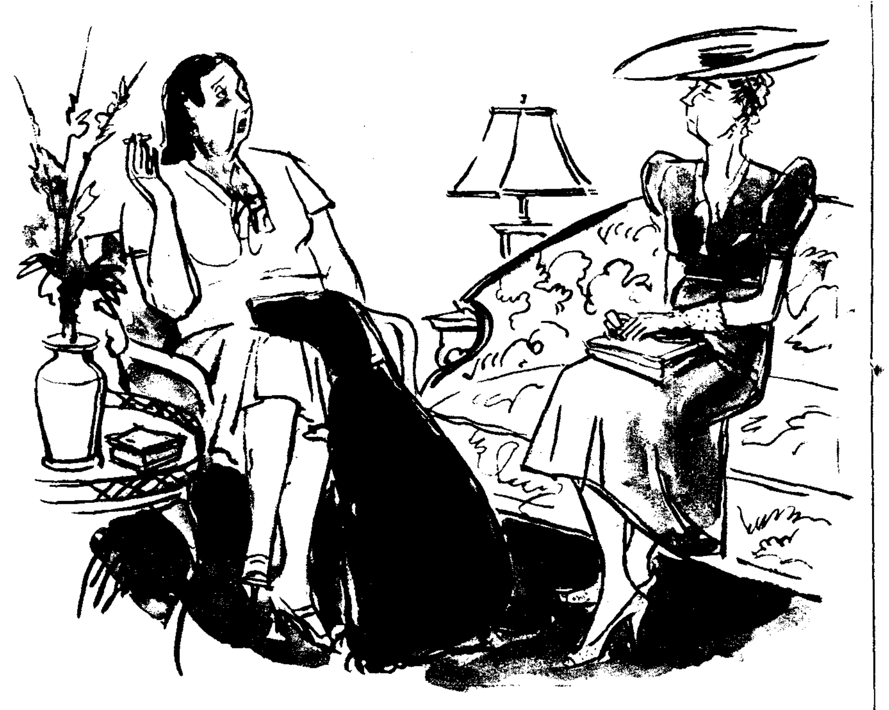
He kissed her, then said quickly, "There may be no need to go abroad." Gently he added: "I've thought of something we can do."

Carola looked up hopefully. "What? Tell me!"

"In a moment." One sentence that Anna had said supplied some of the missing details of the scheme! Then, quickly, "Have you von Maurer's address?"

"It was on the note he wrote me. He lives in the southeastern part of Berlin."

"That's the first thing done." Karl sounded satisfied. The next thing was to get in touch with Klauss again and ask if he might use some of the material that Schebeler had supplied. Then; "Would you be willing to ask Froscetti within the next few days to return the favor you once did him?"



"She was chosen Apple-Blossom Queen the year of the blight"

PERRY BARLOW

The questions made no sense and they were asked with an air of rising excitement. "Gladly, but please explain."

"I think we can put Blaerchen in a position in which he can't threaten us," Karl said firmly. "My scheme is possible but it may be very dangerous."

"Why consider danger? What else have we to look forward to?"

"You'll go through with your plans for Wagner, too."

"How can I?" Then she smiled. "Very well, if you think it best."

That answer pleased Karl. He glanced across the room and saw a pile of Carola's sheet music on the piano. He went to it quickly and began to thumb through it. Carola stared at him, understanding nothing and not quite sure that he understood. Almost jubilantly he said to her, "You're going to sing some street songs, aren't you?"

"Of course I am!" Carola sounded surprised.

"Do you know the song called The Handsome Widow?"

Carola shook her head. She supposed that all that Karl was saying made sense but she was not sure.

Like a boy with a secret, Karl explained, "Get that song and sing it at your opening. It's about one of those women who put an ad in the newspapers for a husband. It's very funny! Listen to the chorus:

*"Handsome widow,*
*Hair and eyes of brown,*
*Only twenty*
*House in town!*
*Seeks life's comrade,*
*Loyal, true.*
*Please send photo.*
*No postage due!*

Get that song and sing it for Blaerchen at your opening."

"And thereafter Blaerchen will not threaten us?" That was too ridiculous!

"That song can hint to him that you know something he would rather no one knew."

Carola wrinkled her forehead. "Then why not go to him and tell him so?"

"That would be too dangerous," Karl explained quickly. "What we want is to keep him guessing, to make him worry, to keep him uncertain. If that song taunts him just enough and makes him wonder what you know, if you know anything, how many others know, then Herr Blaerchen is going to be a very uneasy gentleman."

Carola caught Karl's jubilant excitement. "But how does a song about a handsome widow—?"

KARL laughed and for a moment hummed, "Handsome widow, hair and eyes of brown—" Then he said, "Every Sunday, as it has been for the last fifty years, the newspapers are filled with ads headed, 'Marriage Partner Wanted!'" He was gay now, a new Karl. "Have you read any recently?"

"I haven't been interested," Carola said.

"You've seen the sort of advertisement," he continued. "They say 'Handsome widow of forty-five with small inheritance, well born among the first circles, wishes to meet well-situated civil servant or *Kleinegrundbesitzer!*'" He laughed pleasantly. "What a dreadful word, that, to describe someone with a little piece of land."

"Yes, yes," Carola said impatiently, "but—"

"Today is Wednesday. I'll write Blaerchen a letter, unsigned, hinting that some interested party would be glad to make a financial arrangement that might interest him. If he is interested, he is to put an advertisement in the Tageblatt marriage column reading, 'Handsome widow, with brown hair and eyes—' That will give me a box number to which I can write. In the meantime I must find von Maurer. I need an honest man whom Blaerchen does not know. And I want you to see Froscetti."

"And then?"

"Then if Blaerchen answers my letter and everything works, sing that song right at Blaerchen at the Sans Souci next Thursday night!"

IF BLAERCHEN was interested in replying to Karl's letter, the answer would be in the Sunday paper.

Karl was up early Sunday morning, and hurried to Alexanderplatz. A woman selling newspapers was on the corner. She watched him curiously as he took a paper, opened it, and hunted for the marriage advertisement columns.

Here was a half page of fine print and Karl went through a hundred small advertisements, "Retired dry-goods dealer wants to marry . . ." "Brother seeks husband, from first circles, for sister, aged 37 . . ." "Beautiful cultured masseuse, 44, wishes to find . . ."

Then in the last column, near the end, he saw it: "Widow of twenty, brown hair and eyes, owner of house in Berlin, wishes to find life's companion, loyal, honest, true. Please send photograph, prepaid. Address box number 25 D."

There it was, an answer!

The newswoman smiled at him. She knew what page he had been reading. "I'm sure you'll find a handsome wife," she laughed.

"What? Oh!" Karl returned her laugh and hurried to a telephone to call Carola. She would be waiting for him to say, "I have an answer."

On Sunday afternoon Karl took the subway to the southeastern part of Berlin. He got out at the Treptow station and had to walk a half mile, passing several factories, then the parks along the river. A few couples had dared the cold afternoon for a promenade but they walked quickly. Passing them, he told himself that some day he and Carola might be able to promenade arm in arm, in park or on pavement, fearlessly and free.

Along a row of old apartments, he hunted for one number and entered a house in the middle of the block. After an hour he came out, the look of satisfaction deeper on his face. It was colder outside now but less cold than it had been in the apartment. Even the house in which a man like von Maurer lived could not get fuel.

Karl started down a side street to the subway but a crowd ahead blocked his way.

Smoke plumed out of a large factory building. A policeman was holding people back. Back of him were more policemen and police wagons were arriving every minute.

"What's on fire?" Karl asked the man nearest to him, a workman with a hard, expressionless face.

"The electrical works." The workman took a pipe from his mouth.

"The police seem worried about it."

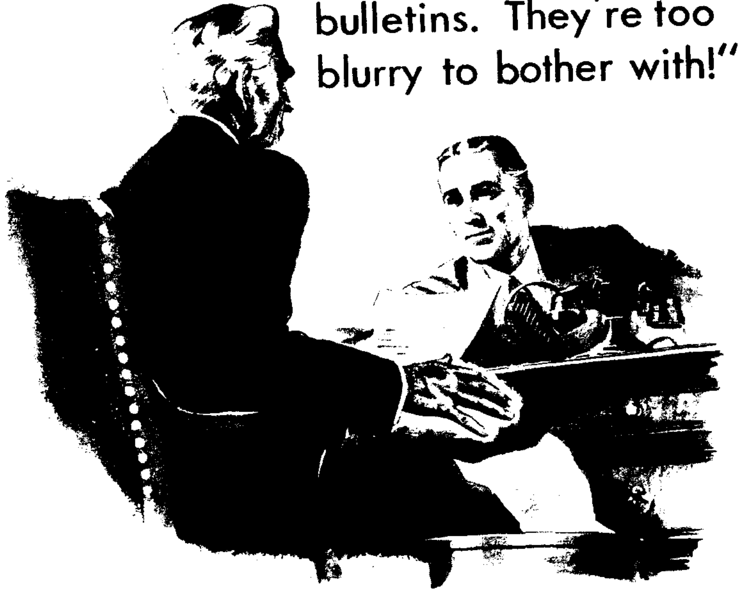
"They ought to be." The workman spat on the pavement. "That kind of electrical works may explode." He lowered his voice. "Makes fuses for shells!"

That was a good reason for moving faster!

Karl detoured and reached the subway. He rode to the Zoo. It was pleasant to be able to look forward to being with Carola without having to worry about Blaerchen's knowing of it. He would not bother them so long as he expected her to keep that engagement with Praut.

Karl went into a café. Carola was not on time but there was no need to worry about her being late. She, too, had had an engagement this afternoon. When she came she was smiling and when she smiled like that her blue eyes glistened, matching the blue of her little

"No, I never waste time reading their bulletins. They're too blurry to bother with!"



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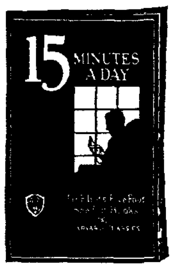

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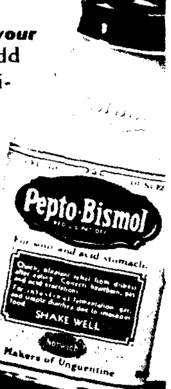


hat, the blue of her boyish coat. She looked like a promise of spring. The cold had pinked her cheeks. People at other tables turned as she passed.

Karl met her with eager questions: "What happened? Did you see Froscetti?"

She nodded, smiling as if a little secret amused her. "But first I saw the newspaper this morning. I couldn't believe it!" She looked at him proudly. "You were right, Karl." Then she asked, "What about von Maurer?"

"I saw him." Karl picked up a menu. "One minute. Let's order something—I'm awfully hungry." He frowned as he looked at the card. "It doesn't look very appetizing. We have our choice between sausage and fish, boiled potatoes, carrots, and cabbage."

"I'm not very hungry."

Karl called a waitress. "What do you recommend, Fräulein?"

The waitress smiled sadly. "The sausage is *ersatz*, imitation. The fish—"

"They haven't discovered how to make *ersatz* fish?"

"*Nein, mein Herr,* but there isn't any more fish!"

Karl shrugged his shoulders. "I think we'll both have coffee, Carola."

She agreed.

"The coffee isn't what it used to be, *mein Herr,*" the waitress said apologetically. "It used to be *ersatz* made out of real malt. Now it's made out of *ersatz* malt!"

That sounded as bad as it would probably taste. Karl watched her leave and said slowly, "I wonder what will happen when people find out that men like Blaerchen don't have to drink imitation coffee made from the imitations of coffee imitations?"

"I'm more curious about other things," Carola smiled. "I want to know about von Maurer. Did he agree?"

Karl nodded.

"Without argument?"

"AT FIRST he felt it beneath his dignity as a good Nazi to argue with me," Karl said. "When I told him that Blaerchen was threatening you, von Maurer remembered Mainescu and became friendly. Then he wanted to help us. He is eager to help but he said, 'If Blaerchen is a scoundrel, then why not report him to his superiors?' I told him that in that case the three of us would be arrested immediately and that Blaerchen would insist that he only co-operated with us to trap us." Karl paused for a moment. "I convinced him that the important thing at the moment is to forestall Blaerchen, not punish him." Then he asked, "What about your visit to Froscetti?"

Without a word she took an envelope from her bag. "Here is five thousand marks! As soon as he looked at the German-Swedish documents, he said they were more than worth the money." As she handed him the envelope she said, a little more uncertainly, "Is every detail complete now?"

"Complete!" Karl said emphatically. "Blaerchen has answered my letter. Klauss has let us have documents to sell to Froscetti for cash. We have it. Tomorrow von Maurer will meet Blaerchen, pretend to be on the Goering side, and offer to purchase information about the activities of the Ribbentrop crowd."

"Suppose Blaerchen calls the police? He may suspect von Maurer."

"Von Maurer has a long party record. He's the type that's on the Goering side." Even more convincingly Karl added, "He won't call the police for interparty intrigue. All that Blaerchen could do would be to refuse."

For a little while Carola was silent. Then, "If he accepts von Maurer's offer, all that remains will be my song at the opening?"

"That's all!"

"And we shan't have to fear Blaerchen after that?"

"I don't think so." Karl explained eagerly, "He will feel sure that you know something about this advertisement and about his answer but he will not dare to ask you or to arrest you for fear you'll report to his Foreign Office superiors what you know."

"I hope so, but I can't believe that Blaerchen won't do something to us."

"He will be unable to do anything, my dear." Karl spoke confidently. "He will be afraid of you. Let him have some sleepless nights."

"I hope you're right." But Carola did not sound convinced.

ON THE afternoon of the opening, Wagner's office was like a railroad station on mobilization day. Last-minute telephone calls for reservations, for choice tables, visitors on a dozen different missions, kept everyone busy—everyone but Wagner. He was around smiling, unconcerned by the confusion. "Everything's done, everything's arranged," he said, paying no attention to callers or telephone calls. "It will be sensational. The number of important officials coming tonight— It will be like the Nuremberg Party Congress!"

Throughout the day, Karl watched the clock. He had two appointments in the late afternoon, one with von Maurer, another a routine meeting with Schebeler.

The day before, von Maurer had met Blaerchen for the first time and the meeting had gone as Karl had hoped. Blaerchen was suspicious at first until von Maurer showed him money and hinted at having access to much more. Today von Maurer was to have met Blaerchen at noon at a little inn outside the city. That meeting was the key to Karl's entire scheme and if Blaerchen had used it to trap von Maurer, then the scheme collapsed and with it any hope that Carola would ever be free from Blaerchen.

Karl was meeting von Maurer in a little café off Mittelstrasse. He was there on time. He looked around the room. At a rear table a man sat, his head on his folded arms, as if he were sleeping. It was von Maurer.

He was not asleep but acted like a person dazed. "I was here ahead of time," he said absently.

"Did you see him?"

Von Maurer nodded but said nothing.

"What happened?"

"Everything happened as planned."

"Then, what—"

"It made me sick. It made me horrified. He took the money and he was eager for it. He gave me an envelope. The contents were genuine. But he took the money—" There was something dreadful in the man's voice. "I didn't think that any Nazi official, so high-placed, so trusted, would be so low, so criminal! It was like a blow in the stomach."

Von Maurer would get over his reaction. It was understandable. The important thing was that the trap was sprung.

"I didn't feel nervous, I wasn't frightened. I half hoped police would be there. I didn't want to think we were right." The pain in his voice was not pretense. He looked like a sick man. "In my pocket I have the envelope he gave me. I *am going to keep it*," von Maurer said firmly. "I may be less of a good Nazi but I am still a good German. This must not fall into the hands of any enemy of Germany." Then, as if it were something condensed from long thought, he said, "I think I have a duty here. I feel that Blaerchen should be reported at once."

"And have the police arrest you, too?"

"I know that," von Maurer nodded. "But it troubles me. Sometimes I think I should take this envelope to the police—!"

"Promise me one thing since I'm concerned in it," Karl asked. "Before you decide to do anything, please let me know." Then Karl left him at the table, his mouth drawn tight, his face pale, like a man ready to spring at something but uncertain of his footing.

KARL hurried now. He was due at the Sans Souci by six and he still had to meet Schebeler. For a moment he thought of the ever-present chance of detection and arrest; it would be incredibly bitter to be arrested on this night.

Schebeler met him eagerly, glad as usual for a chance to talk to someone. "Please sit down a little while." Karl began to make excuses but Schebeler insisted. "First of all, I have memoranda of conversations with the Italians. They will interest your friends!"

"They will be obliged to you."

Schebeler slipped an envelope under the table and Karl pocketed it.

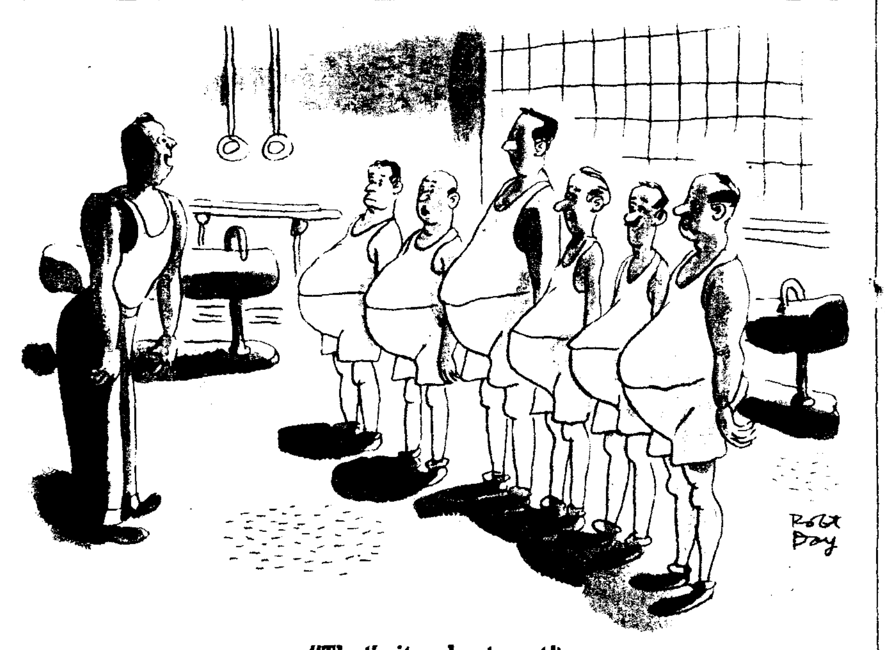
Then Schebeler leaned halfway across the café table. "I have something to tell you! Blaerchen and Praut are friends!"

That was scarcely news. Yet Karl asked eagerly, "What changed them?"

"No one knows! It was very sudden. Everyone in the Ministry speaks of it."

"I wish you had more definite information," Karl said casually. Then he excused himself and hurried away.

Now, a brief meeting with Ranke to



"That's it—chests out!"

ROBERT DAY

deliver the envelope and then to the Sans Souci!

Ranke was not at the station and Karl had to wait restlessly. He hoped that tonight of all nights nothing unexpected would happen but his restlessness increased. He pretended to read a newspaper but the lines of type jiggled before his eyes.

"Cousin Karl?"

He turned and saw a stranger, a young man, attractive, well-dressed. He seemed friendly but Karl could take no chances.

The other guessed the dilemma. "My name is Kuhlmann," he said. "Don't be uneasy. Herr Klauss sent me. Herr Klauss could not come and Doctor Ranke has disappeared."

Karl had to chance trusting the man. "Disappeared?"

"Herr Klauss is very worried," Kuhlmann nodded. "You haven't seen Ranke?"

"No." If Ranke had been arrested then no one who had had any contact with him was safe!

"We're sure he has not been arrested," Kuhlman said positively. "He left his house Sunday morning, to meet with some friends, workmen in a factory in Treptow. That factory was set on fire Sunday afternoon."

Karl was sure that that was the fire he had seen. "Perhaps the Gestapo caught them!" And Ranke, by his impetuosity, now threatened all the work that Klauss had done. And with that, anyone who had had any contact with Klauss!

"I can assure you that the Gestapo has not got Ranke," Kuhlmann said quietly. "But no one knows what will happen in the next few days."

There was no need for Kuhlmann to be any more specific. If Ranke was caught he might be forced to confess names. A man tortured with the scientific cruelty that the Nazis had developed could not be blamed for anything he said.

"If you have anything to send to Klauss—" Kuhlmann began.

Karl remembered the envelope. He had to trust Kuhlmann. He gave the envelope to him.

"Herr Klauss will keep you informed," Kuhlmann said. "Don't be worried!"

BECAUSE black-out restrictions forced an early closing, the opening was set for eight o'clock. Carola was in her dressing room before six, wishing that Karl would come. The last costume fitting was over, the last rehearsal finished.

"Is Fräulein ready to dress?" the maid asked.

"Not yet!" Carola was watching the time. Karl should have been here by now.

The whole plan hung on what Karl would hear from von Maurer. If anything had gone wrong, then the engagement with Praut was unavoidable. That thought made suspense the more sharp and she began to pace up and down.

When she heard a knock at the door Carola ran to it. Then she stepped back. There was Praut, resplendently puffy in Foreign Office uniform, ridiculously pompous.

"I just wanted to tell you how eagerly I'm looking forward to tonight," he said. He looked her over from head to foot. "I'm most eager. And you?"

"So am I!" she said, with a sorry attempt at sounding sincere. She could not slam the door in his face until she had sung her song. "Now, if you'll excuse me—"

She came back to her dressing table and wanted to cry.

Then Karl came in. Carola rushed to him and clung to him, her golden hair close to his cheek.

"Is everything all right?" she whispered.

"Everything, sweetheart."

Praut was forgotten! Like a little child, reassured, she said, "Then I shall dress now." As if ashamed of her worry she protested, "Let me go! You're mussing my hair! You must go, Karl. Let a lady have her dressing room."

He stepped into the confusion in the wings. There were flowers to attend to and messages. People who had been around the Krokodil and other cabarets in the old days came backstage with best wishes. They were pleasant but not too pleasant to Karl, lest any Gestapo observer should be watching to see who was too friendly to an ex-political prisoner.

FROM time to time Karl peered out from behind the curtain into the house. The decorators had done a good job. Mirrors around the walls picked up the gold of the lights so that the room seemed burnished. People were beginning to arrive, in uniform and party dress, strangely gala for a country at war. Now and then some high official whose face Karl had seen in the newspapers entered, followed by a group of friends, like a miniature monarch with a retinue of retainers. Each group tried to outstrut the others, like self-conscious exhibits at a poultry show. They had their women with them, for the most part attractive blondes, whose Paris gowns hinted at the strange contents of diplomatic pouches from France in the days before the war.

Once Wagner joined Karl as he was looking through the curtain. "A pretty crowd, *nicht wahr?*"

Karl agreed.

He came closer and whispered, "I wouldn't have let most of those men wash dishes in any cabaret of mine ten years ago! They would not have left even the washrags and the soap. Ah, well!" He smiled broadly, "It's a sensational opening! Sensational!"

A master of ceremonies, Hans Ritter, a man whom Karl did not know, came into the wings, straightening his tie, brushing the lapels of his coat. Karl could feel envious. Like Ritter, he had waited like this, and a thousand times, for the first music from the orchestra.

Karl turned to the curtain again. There was no sign of Blaerchen or Praut, but one large table in the front row was still vacant.

The first act, a pair of comedians, was almost finished when Carola's maid called him to her dressing room. Carola had not wanted him to see her in her costume until it was completely ready. She wore it now, her golden hair combed straight, lying flat on her head like a sheet of beaten metal. She had almost no make-up on; a usual make-up would have been superfluous. She wore a plain gray dress, simply cut, exactly like the dress she used to wear at the Krokodil.

"Like it?" Her face was shining.

It was hard to stop a throbbing throat, hard not to believe that in a moment he and she would go out on the stage, hand in hand, as they had once done. "You're beautiful!" Karl went up to her and kissed her.

"My hair!" She laughed.

"You look as if time had stood still."

That reminded her of something not pleasant. "Is Blaerchen here?"

"I haven't seen him come in yet. Sing your song and he will be too frightened to do anything to you."

"And to you, too?"

"And to me!" The thought of other dangers, from von Maurer and from Ranke, was vivid again but he could not speak of them now.

Then a callboy entered. "Five minutes, Fräulein Dirling!"

*(To be continued next week)*

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# How to Build Airpower

Continued from page 17

became the world's foremost airpower; then slid from leadership to last place.

England has a rich and skilled industrial background, the resources of the earth's greatest empire, and a three-century tradition of "ruling the waves"—which meant she ruled the sea channels of international trade in war and peace. You would have expected her to attempt to transfer her rule of the waves to rule of the air—the modern ocean of commerce and combat.

Germany was poor in all things compared with these three countries—the world's two most powerful and wealthy empires, the world's most powerful and *rich single nation.*

Germany did not become top airpower by spending most money. We spent hundreds of millions, too; so did France and England. You can't just buy airpower. It is a state of mind and method, as well as of possession. Difference between totalitarian and democratic administration is a glib but not a whole answer.

## We're Building Against Germany

The answer to German air strength is, of course, composed of many things; some tangible, many intangible. There was the addiction, for example, of her leaders to youth. Germany's solicitude for the physical welfare of her youngsters, the manner in which she trained and indoctrinated them, were familiar over the years—even lamely imitated in England. Not so familiar is this significant comparison:

The average age of the highest generals in the German air force is forty-four. In the English army, sixty. In the French, nearly seventy. British and French generals are veterans of many far-flung and old-fashioned campaigns. Germany's are veterans of only the last war and this one—plus a little experimenting in Spain.

Such contrasts and studies in detail are endless. Our immediate aim in this piece, however, is to see how Germany's airpower exceeded that of nations with greater potentialities for it—and our chances of overtaking her. If you aspire to be the greatest airpower, you must boldly say we are building against Germany. Military power and foreign policies are always built "against" someone. Our modern Navy was originally built "against" the British, as the most elementary histories tell you—if England had a small navy, we should have had a small one, also. Our Monroe Doctrine was pronounced "against" France and the Quadruple Alliance of Russia, Prussia, Austria and England.

The inclination abroad has been to blame wholly Blum's nationalization of aircraft factories for France's loss of airpower leadership. On the other hand there was not much profit in aircraft production for France's great steel industrialists. There was huge profit in the fortification of the Maginot Line, and the ammunition for its heavy guns. The "Line" was consequently oversold to the French public, who relied on it as if they were approaching 1914 rather than 1939.

I saw more than one of the prewar French plants. So did many other Americans. It was agreed they were *poorly conceived, wretchedly operated.* There were dirt and bad lighting, inadequate rest and toilet facilities and general slovenliness. One thing struck every foreign visitor to prewar French aircraft shops—all employees smoked at their work and in every department and corner. There was neither discipline nor interest. Factory directors complained of lack of co-operation by private French business leaders.

From an industry capable of 1,000 planes a month years ago, France was down to a production of only 20 to 40 planes a week in the summer of 1939. Some of her planes had been sent into the bloody rehearsal in Spain in 1936. Their record was so bad against the Germans and Italians, and beside the American-inspired Russian models, that they were withdrawn for further study and for redesigning.

Officers of the French aircraft carrier Bearn, which came to Canada in June to pick up cargoes of United States planes, told the American pilots who "ferried" them over the border that in April and May of this year France's aviation industry produced exactly *one* airplane.

In many French aircraft factories, just before the war, completed planes were covered by paper and stored away for want of motors. The motor plants were not nationalized. Their owners had a profitable export business, and they took care of that before they would supply France's own nationalized aircraft makers.

England's prewar aviation industry had better morale, organization and factory management. It was at the other extreme from nationalization. But visiting experts frequently warned that it was inefficient and costly by either German or American standards, and that it suffered from the stuffy old English sin of underestimating foreign products and exaggerating the merits of its own. Pan American's transatlantic service was delayed at least five years because the English, unable to produce a plane capable of ocean schedules, would not grant the United States necessary landing rights. Frequently, in press and interviews, English leaders belittled American planes, scoffed at the idea that England would need them.

## The First Grand Strategy

Main criticism of English planes by American experts was that they were "too sturdy," had too much "British solidity"—like English boots and marmalade—and were built in the "by hand" tradition of the famous old English coachmakers instead of by up-to-date machine practices. What this boiled down to was a fear they were too expensive, complicated and necessarily too slow in manufacturing processes for an industry that might suddenly have to be geared up to wartime quantities. It was estimated that tooling under English methods cost for each type of plane ten or more times as much as in the United States—for the Wellington bomber, for example, several millions were spent in tooling up for an order of 1,000. Less than a year before the outbreak of war, four of these planes—England's best bomber—had been finished. England's finest pursuit, the Supermarine "Spitfire." had great difficulty getting into production because it is an assembly job and various parts made by subcontractors failed to fit. In the autumn of Munich only *seven* Spitfires had been made, of an order of 1,000.

Germany, by then, had reached a *production rate of 2,000 planes a month.*

Co-operation between the French and British air forces and other military leaders was bad until the fright of Munich. Then a so-called "Grand Strategy" was decided upon, with belated recognition of airpower. The Germans were to be

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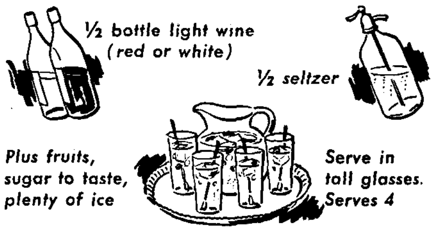

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held off by the Maginot Line for three years and meanwhile blockaded by the English fleet. Terrific drive was to be employed to prepare a "knockout" blow at the end of that time by air. The air slam was to be mostly a British enterprise, with whatever help France could summon by the purchase of American planes. England recognized the vulnerability of her centralized aviation factories and training facilities, within range of German bombers. So Canada was selected to be the Empire Air Training Center.

In each of the three years 20,000 pilots and enough over to allow for casualties were to be trained until the 60,000 deemed essential for the terrible knockout were ready. Planes and engines were to be manufactured in Canada, as well. With the constant menace of German bombers near by, foreign military experts figured England would devote every factory hour at home to the manufacture of defensive pursuits, while trainers were bought in Canada's next-door neighbor, the world's potentially greatest reservoir of aviation manufacture, the United States. But England decided to kill two birds with one slug. The transports, running westward empty to get Canadian soldiers, would be loaded with English-made training planes, and a few dollars would be saved on each plane over American costs. Precious home factory space, therefore, was turned away from bombers and pursuits to little trainers.

### But the Factories Lay Idle

With the rout in Flanders came a change in the "Grand Strategy." Two ships loaded with trainers were actually halted in midatlantic and ordered back to England. Now, the London authorities informed Canada, the plan was to hold Germany on the Somme-Aisne line for two years, and consequently the training program must be speeded up to deliver the "knockout" then.

The London Air Ministry asked Canada to prepare to build factories—for which plans were supplied—to build Rolls-Royce aviation engines. Canada did so with enthusiasm, dispatch and efficiency; notified London it was ready for the patents so that it could tool up. When these were not forthcoming, and the factories lay idle, Canadian officials repeatedly phoned London and finally sent a commission there. Air Ministry people were sorry: Rolls-Royce aircraft motors were made by a private firm, and its board of directors were unwilling to release its aircraft patents for overseas manufacture! It was June of this year—after the Battle of France had begun—before Rolls-Royce, under government compulsion, released its patents simultaneously for the United States and Canada.

The half a dozen small airplane manufacturing companies in Canada were told by the Air Ministry, before the war, they would be expected to make English planes, for which plans would be supplied. They eagerly and quickly prepared. Each was a complete plant. After a long wait, each was told it would be leased only certain parts to manufacture and these would be shipped to England for assembly. The powerful British Society of Aircraft Constructors had decided it would be unwise to let any one Canadian manufacturer have the *whole* plan of any English plane, for it might make use of that to go on as a competitor in world markets after the war!

Last year's appropriations for the United States covered an air corps of 5,500 planes. All have been contracted for and will be delivered within the set time limit, June 30, 1941. Although some experts believe these figures are oversanguine, it is hoped and planned by the Knudsen Board that the United States aviation industry will produce 40,000 military planes in the next two years, of which 25,000 will be for us. It is also hoped that our production thereafter will be 40,000 a year. The factory investment for such plane output, not including motors, will be at least half a billion dollars, and it will cost you between three and four billion dollars every year to maintain a production rate of 40,000 or 50,000 military airplanes.

American military observers here and abroad reached the point of hair-tearing when the $4,000,000,000 "second navy" was appropriated, in the light of Europe's war. The British navy, the world's largest, had not thwarted German operations or strategy in a single particular. The withdrawal from Dunkerque was made possible by the Royal Air Force, and a pooling of French and English fast, small naval vessels—destroyers, light cruisers, speedboats. Not a single capital ship participated. If the combined navies were not able to prevent the transportation of an initial German force of 65,000 men across the open Skaggerak to Norway, and of several German divisions down the Netherland coast to the Hague and other ports, how could a United States fleet, however large, prevent landings on the open thousands of miles of South American coasts—which is the avowed purpose of the increased navy? German staff officers told me: "Air and mechanized forces represent land power, hundreds of small, fast surface vessels of various types represent sea power in the 20th century. The 'Big Navy' is a 19th century project: but it is 'big business,' and will die hard. Dreadnoughts, or capital ships, are as extinct as dinosaurs."

Hitler's known private contempt for sea power was expressed in the French armistice terms, when he merely asked demilitarization of the French navy, indicating no plan for its use.

Lastly, if French and English experience suggests pitfalls, there are lessons in a comparison of the German and the United States aviation industries.

Just before the fall of Paris, French air officers reported that the paint was still wet on the door hinge of one of the Heinkel bombers they shot down. They said this indicated hasty, careless production: ships hurried from factory to firing line. Perhaps it did, although this solitary instance might have been a repair job. Also, every flier knows that metal paint within secluded nooks of planes—control stick root, door hinges—where the wind rush in flight does not reach—may stay wet for several days or a week. The most important point of this incident was overlooked. Yet it is the key to the whole German air policy. German officers spoke frankly of it to me in Berlin:

### Stripped for Action

"Airplanes for war use cannot be judged like airplanes for commercial use. Quantity is more important than all-around quality, so long as your fire power, or armament, is equal. Warplanes are expendable just as shells, torpedoes and cannon are expendable. There must be basic quality and design to begin with. But then we strip our warplane down until there is barely enough of it to carry guns, fuel, motor and pilot—and to hell with the golf-stick compartments and steam heat and cockpit full of fine and fancy instruments that your Air Corps specifications demand from your manufacturer. We give our squadron leader's ship a pretty good set of instruments, but the rest of the planes are up there to follow him and only need a few basic instruments. The gallant lone aces of the last war have no part in this one. An air squadron is a team, exactly as a machine-gun squadron on

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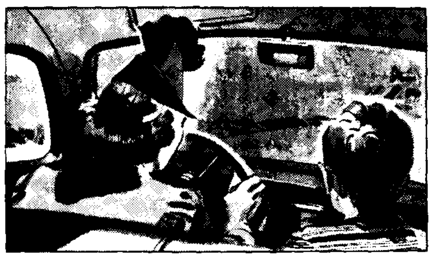

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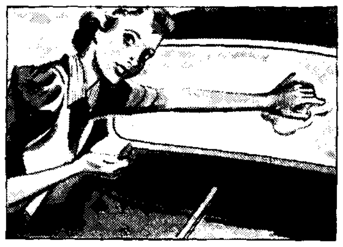

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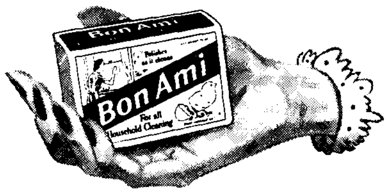

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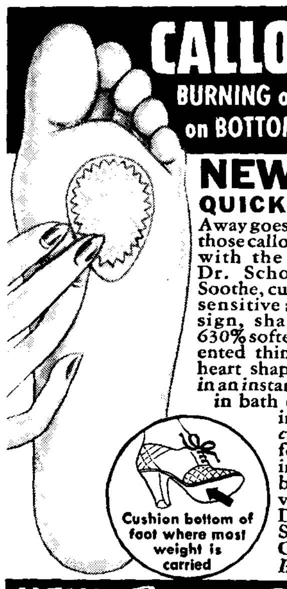
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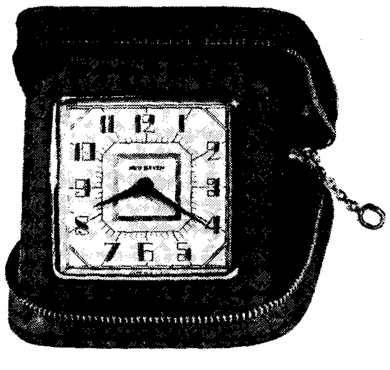

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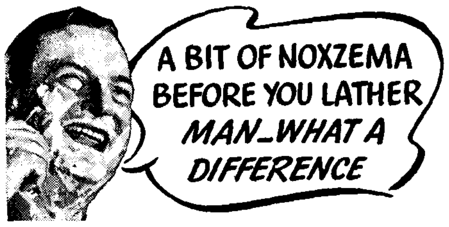
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the ground is. It is mass principle on a little scale. Its value is in co-ordination as a unit. Airplanes are extensions of torpedo ranges, of machine-gun and cannon muzzles. So we build our planes *adequate for the job* demanded of them—to go out and kill and destroy—and nothing more. We figure on heavy expenditure of planes, and our industry is geared up with that in mind. Our warplanes are built to last five hours or five days—not five years, like yours. And if we win the war there will be no point in our enemy's saying, 'Oh, our planes are better built than yours. They last longer!'"

In the United States, plane makers have complained that even after they had won competitive bids they could not get under way because the Army kept changing plans and specifications in a constant search for perfection. There seemed to be nobody in authority who would take the responsibility of freezing the design and saying "Go to it!"

In Germany, the system is as follows: Two or more private firms bid on Air Ministry specifications. A responsible officer says "this one" or "that one" is best. An order for 400 is immediately given, to be run off without change. Also, the winner is compelled to release his design on a royalty basis to his unsuccessful competitors, each of whom is given a large order. Thus, the talents, factories, workmen and production skill of all bidders is swiftly turned loose to build each winning design, while the extra money accruing to the model's originator encourages an incentive.

In peacetime there were no changes until at least 400 of each new model had been turned out. Now, in wartime, the first run-off is much larger—about 1,000 each. Then an improved design may be ordered. If the responsible officer doesn't know his job and a type proves bad in practice—he's out of luck.

In the United States, if you want to see a man about an airplane you don't know whether to go to the War Department, Navy Department, Air Corps, Commerce, Treasury, National Advisory Committee, Post Office, Interstate Commerce Commission, and now also the National Defense Council—or your congressman. You probably end by going to all. When the aviation industry leaders hastened to Washington for the emergency confab about Roosevelt's 50,000-plane demand they were shunted from one office to another—and ended by having their group picture taken.

### No Place to Land

In Germany, there is no such dispersion of authority. The air force is separate and distinct, like the Army or the Navy. You go to one place on your aviation business, and one place only—the huge Reichsluftministerium on Leipziger Strasse, and you will be quickly taken to a man who knows what he is talking about, has a single interest in the subject, and can say yes or no at once.

In the United States we haven't a single national highway that has been designed for emergency plane use. We haven't a national policy of airport construction co-ordinated with military defense or preparedness. WPA airport-project millions have been spent without plan, and, with a few notable exceptions, frittered away on landing fields dictated by political soaping rather than defense necessities. Our largest commercial ships and "Flying Fortresses" have virtually "No Place to Land," in formation away from the established military bases, as you were told in Collier's two years ago. Less than one tenth of all our airports are suitable for military use. Because of lack of Administration control and forethought, lack of a national program, we haven't airports on which to base 50,000 airplanes—if we had 50,000 planes.

In Germany, the whole national program of airport construction and planning has been under the proper authority of the Reich Air Ministry, and proceeded hand in glove with air force buildup. There are hundreds of fields from which all types of German planes can operate. Many key fields have underground hangars and underground repair shops. We haven't an underground hangar or shop in the United States, no system of protected storage for our planes, even at those military fields within bomber range of oceans or frontiers. The great system of German national highways — Reichsautobahnen — was conceived as part of the air program. Wherever possible the roads course in the direction of the prevailing winds. They are each from 4 to 10 lanes wide, free of poles, signboards, and other obstructions, beautified only by low shrubs, and bypassing towns and cities. These great highways are laid down across the face of Germany like a handy grille: east to west, north to south. They are constantly used by the air force. Near Frankfort I saw a pursuit squadron practicing landings and take-offs on one half of a highway, with mobile surface repair and refueling units co-operating, while the other half of the road was kept open to normal traffic. Moreover, more than two years ago Germany had perfected a catapult for launching heavy land planes. Within a distance of 300 feet, and a time of 5 seconds, bombers two thirds as big as our "Flying Fortresses" can take off on this catapult.

In the United States—as in England—all our airplane and engine factories have been grouped and built without an eye for their possible vulnerability to modern warfare. We have relied on old-fashioned and palpably outmoded factors to keep them safe—distance, land and sea defenses. The shops invariably are in one piece; under one roof. Engines in Hartford, Connecticut, and Paterson, New Jersey; sixty per cent of American planes made in the Los Angeles district. Large, easy, juicy targets, with not a single air-raid shelter in the lot, nor a thought for raid organization. One bomber, sneaking in from a ship cruising offshore, with a single load, could disrupt an entire assembly system. He would not have to "destroy" the factory.

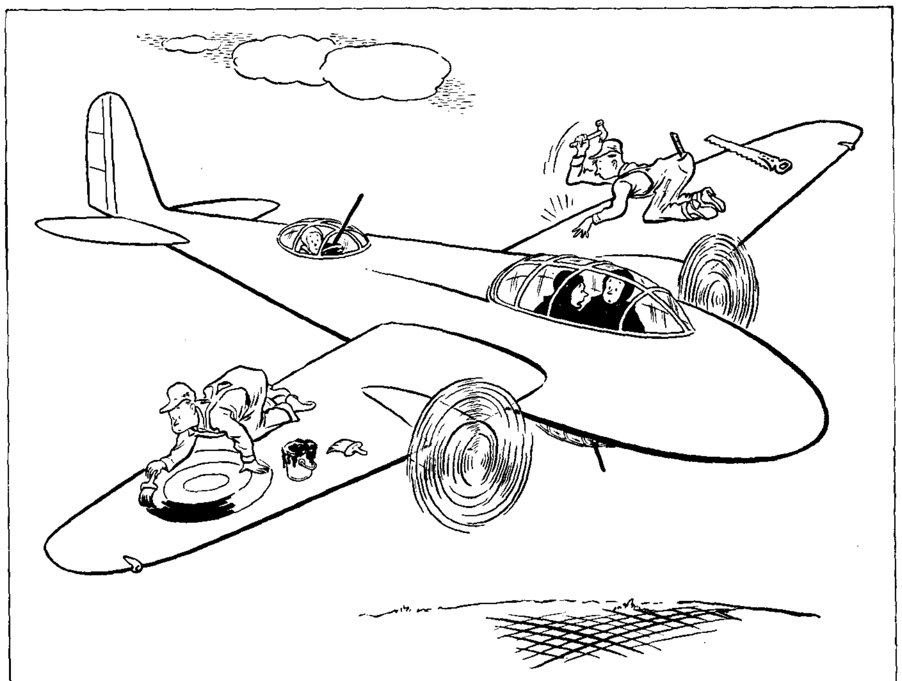
German air-industry factories, which I have seen, were conceived, designed, and constructed against air raids. They are placed away from rivers or rail lines or other "leads" that raiders might follow. They are camouflaged by paint and other means to blend into their surroundings. The buildings are invariably one low story, set among trees, with no tanks or roofs showing above the tops. Chimneys line up with tree trunks and contain smoke-dispersal gadgets. Special paint kills reflecting surfaces of windows and walls. Nothing shows in open spaces. Large factories are scattered through several square miles of forest. No single building is very large, and no building is closer than one fifth of a mile to any other building. Each factory is really like a scattered collection of individual plants, or subcontractors. Air raiders without precise information from their spies would have a most difficult time finding a German aviation factory by day, an impossible feat at night. Even knowing the general vicinity, raiders would scarcely put out of action more than a fraction of the plant because of the way the work is scattered. All German aircraft plants are in the country, away from cities and from obvious landmarks or military objectives. Average German experience has been factories in full production swing half a year or less after ground is broken.

### How the Germans Do It

Finally, each aviation plant is abundantly provided with air-raid shelters of the most modern conception: with hospital, kitchen, recreation, food storage, radio and telephone communications, sanitary and gasproof facilities underground. Air-raid drills are a part of the daily routine of each shift, and remind you of the fire drills we had as school kids. Complete raid damage repair facilities and materials are stocked in readiness. Several American air experts have said the welfare facilities at the best German plants, such as Heinkel at Oranienburg, compare with the best American country clubs, and represent an outlay of at least one million dollars, by American standards.

Every German plant is required to maintain an apprentice school, where boys from 14 to 16 are trained in a four-year course which pays them and graduates them into full journeymanship in the plant. Middle-aged women are also trained, and are extensively used in specific light jobs, such as painting.

In the United States we have the best, if limited, single research body in the aviation world; The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, under a distinguished board of experts and Dr. George W. Lewis. For years this invalu-



"I think they're rushing these out too fast" BILL O'MALLEY able organization was a government stepchild, housed by indulgence. Now money has been given for its expansion: to set up two additional laboratories. Some universities have research activities: notably Massachusetts Tech and California Tech. Others, like the University of Washington with its wind tunnel, investigate on a smaller scale. The important air lines conduct research of their own, but the exchange of information among all these diverse bodies has been haphazard.

In Germany, research has been one of the major activities of the Air Ministry, which has given money, scientists and acreage to it without stint. Germany has at least 7 great research centers, each more extensive than our N.A.C.A. laboratory, each concentrating on pursuit of only one field of study. In our country all fields have been the official responsibility of one group, the N.A.C.A.

It was in one of her research laboratories that Germany developed her famous system of dive bombing beyond anything known in other countries. In this type of bombing you don't need a good sight. The whole plane is pointed at the target, like a finger, or a pistol. The bomb is released vertically, and drops in the same path as the flight of the plane. The danger is that it might foul the plane. If the plane pulls up at the instant the bomb is released, it will clear it but accuracy is sacrificed for safety. The Germans know how to stay along with the bomb, by flaps and slow speeds. The bomb, in fact, actually gets ahead of the plane. Greater accuracy is attained this way. The nearest equivalent is the "follow through" of your golf swing.

In the United States, law until recently held profits of the aviation industry on military orders to 12 per cent gross. By the time the companies finished paying local, state, and federal taxes they could realize little better than 4 per cent, they contend, offering no inducement to investors. On the Saturday night Congress adjourned temporarily so that its Republican members could go to the convention in Philadelphia, a bill limiting the profit to 8 per cent gross was passed—amid carnival spirit of old songs, rebel yells, and desk-closing that did not promote thoughtfulness. However, it is planned in the tax-revision measure to reconsider this matter once again.

### Teamwork's the "Secret Weapon"

In Germany all privately owned companies engaged in building warplanes and motors are permitted a profit of 12 per cent. In addition to these are the royalties granted for the origination of designs. Six per cent, maximum, can be paid to stockholders of the invested capital. Any clear profits above six per cent must be invested in government bonds. The government, by guaranteeing profitably large orders, or by extending credit, virtually subsidizes essential plant expansions.

When the Germans first air-raided Scapa Flow and drove the British Grand High Sea fleet therefrom to shelterage on the west coast of North Ireland, out of bomber range, Royal Air pursuits were on the field at Kirkwall, motors racing, pilots eager, guns ready. But these angry Britishers never took off. Scapa Flow is a naval base, under Admiralty jurisdiction. The local British navy official was not empowered to grant permission to British non-navy airmen to take off to fight for the common British cause. By the time he telephoned to the proper authority on the mainland, and red tape was cut, the Germans were back in Hamburg!

This fantastic situation would be duplicated here, with some modifications due to bold young American impatience with red tape. Army Air Corps planes would not be permitted to search or chase enemy ships at sea, without Navy permission: or to repel attacks on, say, Charlestown Navy Yard—these being matters of department jurisdiction, over which there are great rivalry and jealousy.

Those of us who have seen the German navy, army, and air force know that whatever else he may divulge Chancellor Hitler's real "secret weapon" is teamwork; attained to a degree never before seen in military operations.

It permeates the entire organization, from general staff to lowliest squad: it ties the fighting men to home industrial background, civilians, farmers and spies. Military observers say the idea of "fifth column" is grossly exaggerated, and really serves as an alibi for the defeated. The truth is that espionage is on a not much larger scale than in the last war, but is superbly integrated with the whole teamwork and on a basis of split-second timing. Thus, Lieutenant Prien's submarine which slipped into Scapa Flow on signal from shore at the exact moment to pass the nets and sink the Royal Oak and damage the Repulse.

### Perfect Timing Wins

The capture of Fort Eben Emael in Belgium's strongest fortified line in the first days of the war in the West is an illustration. This was one of those Maginot-type strongholds: not a head showing above ground. Yet it fell apparently without loss or struggle; immediately stories circulated of "secret weapons"—of liquid fire that ate cement and steel, of nerve gas; a dozen guesses. This is what happened:

Spies gave the Reich air force such precise information of the layout of Fort Eben Emael that the location of the windows to the power plant was known. A slow-flying dive bomber, flaps all the way down to brake it, swept low across the fort and explosives were tossed through the powerhouse windows. This plunged the fort into darkness underground, destroyed electrical controls and signals. Parachute troops landed the next minute, and when the dazed Belgians came tumbling up—it was right into the hands of grinning Germans.

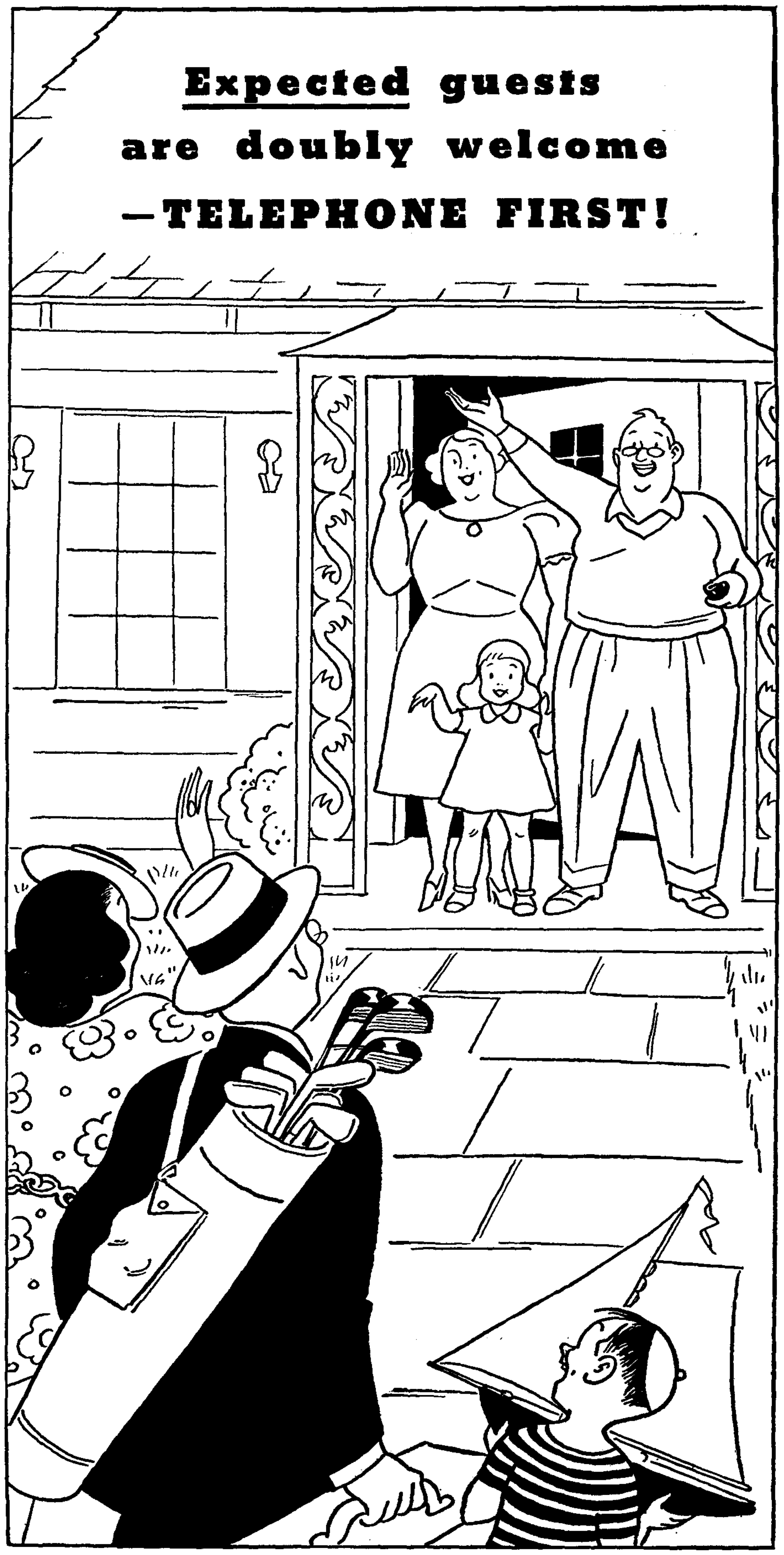
This timing between spies on the other side of the line, and attackers, is exceeded in the technical military sense of difficulty only by the timing between German air and ground forces. Remember that one moves at speeds of 250 to 300 miles an hour and upward; the other, when mechanized, at 40 miles per hour. Lost contact or clumsy timing would result in disastrous confusion.

In Hawaii when the air corps held maneuvers and ordered a general blackout every light in Honolulu and on Oahu Island was out—except those in the Navy Base at Pearl Harbor. The Navy wasn't playing.

All this should at least give you an idea what we are up against if we compete for first place in world airpower. It's a job our aviation leaders say we have the resources, workmen, and brains to accomplish—just as we matched, in a past day that now seems fearfully remote, the seapower of England.

There is a last thought. Germans say that war airpower can be translated into peace airpower. Air industry that is geared up to carry troops and explosives in overwhelming numbers can bear salesmen and goods, the soldiers and ammunition of trade, as handily.

Perhaps the greatest challenge to American aviation and its potential strength is the plain sign that the military air war in Europe is going to become very soon commercial air war all over the world.



**Expected guests are doubly welcome —TELEPHONE FIRST!**

When you're vacationing in the car, it's always a temptation to drop in and surprise old friends along the way.

But don't make it too great a surprise. *Telephone ahead to let them know you're coming.* Your welcome will be warmer because you're *expected.* You'll enjoy the visit more.

And remember, there are many other ways in which Long Distance telephone service can contribute pleasure and peace-of-mind to your vacation.

• • •

*The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.*

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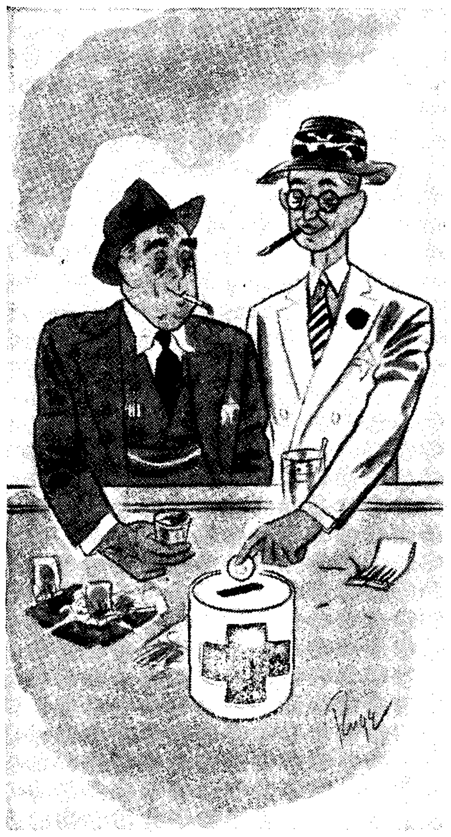


## "Our Daily Bread"

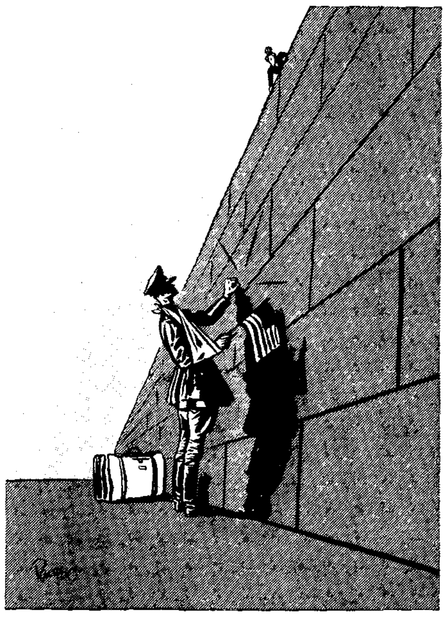
THREE men, so ran a letter sent to the New York Times, were gathered at a bar one evening. Two of them had bought drinks all around. The third insisted that it was his turn now, though none of the three wanted a third drink. Whereupon the bartender suggested: "If you really don't want the drinks, why not give them to the Red Cross?"

That gave these men an idea. The idea was that each of them, every day, would deny himself something that he really didn't need, and that would have cost a quarter, and would put that quarter aside for the Red Cross' foreign-relief work. Or if he didn't deny himself something, he'd put aside two bits anyway. Once a month the three of them would send the pot to the Red Cross.

This original "Daily Bread" club expanded to 34 members within three days—meaning that if all 34 should live up to their pledges they would send the Red Cross more than $3,000 in a year.

The reason the original three named it the "Daily Bread" club is that more and more people in Europe for a long time to come are going to be short on their daily bread. Regular, persistent help from somewhere is going to be needed if a lot of them aren't to be mowed down by hunger. The only big source of help is the United States.

We hope the movement spreads far and wide, whether based on a quarter in every club, or on a dime, or on a cent. It looks like a sound scheme for putting United States giving to war victims on the steady, day-in-day-out basis for which this ghastly emergency calls.



## Soldiers of Misfortune

TWO of my ancestors were in General Washington's army. Now I come to Canada to fight for democracy, and I wind up a guy without a country, without a job and without a dime! Gosh!"

Gosh, we'd say, is putting it very charitably, considering the story behind the above remark.

The remark was made recently by a man named Philip Stegerer, 26, who left the United States and joined Canada's air force last February, when British law required all foreign volunteers to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown. U. S. law, vintage of 1907, provides:

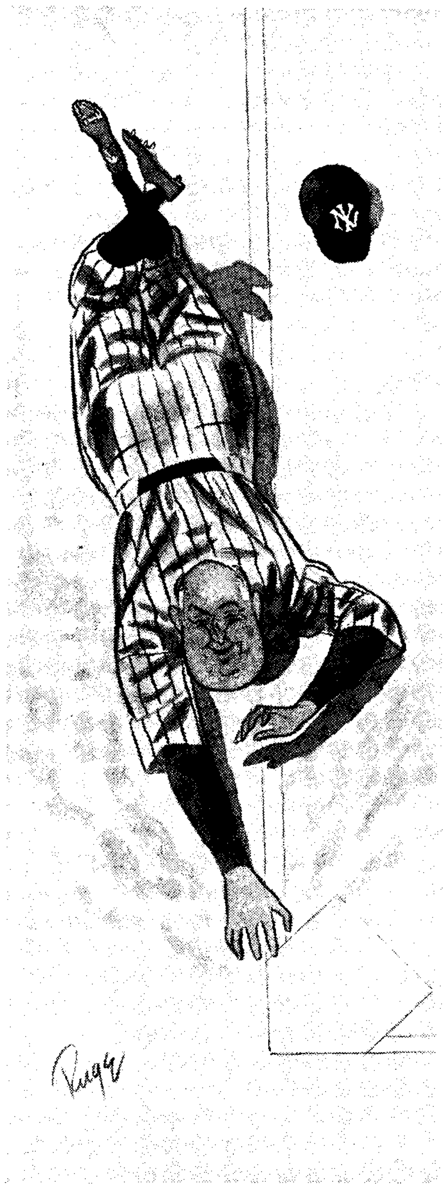
> Any American citizen shall be deemed to have expatriated himself . . . when he has taken the oath of allegiance to any foreign state.

So when some old injuries pushed Stegerer out of Canada's air force with an honorable discharge and he tried to return to the United States, he was stopped by immigration officials. They told him he would have to go through the same naturalization rigmarole to recover United States citizenship as if he had been born in Russia, England or Slobodka.

This law was passed, if memory serves, as a patriotic rebuke to wealthy Americans who left the United States claiming that gentlemen couldn't live in it, and to American heiresses buying themselves husbands possessing foreign titles.

It couldn't have been intended as a slap at soldiers of fortune. If it was so intended, Congress also rebuked the memories of Lafayette, Kosciusko, DeKalb, von Steuben, and others of this gallant stripe.

In the World War, of course, thousands of American soldiers of fortune simply shifted over to our Army when we went in. There appears to be little chance of such a solution for our soldiers of fortune in this war. On their behalf, Congress ought to act, and act quickly.



## Good Luck, General

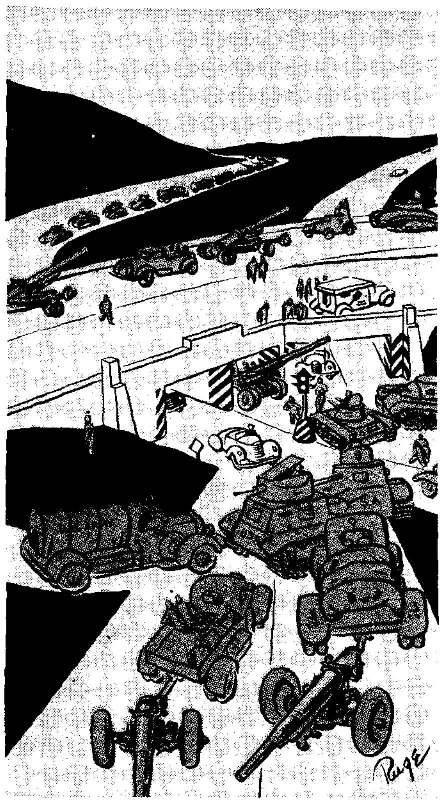
WE'RE too humane to mention the names of various New Dealers who are looking a bit shopworn after seven years in the public eye.

We merely want to say that such is not the case with James A. Farley, as he leaves the Administration high command to build himself and family a nest egg as head of the New York Yanks.

Farley started his New Deal career with about every conceivable strike against him. He had a Tammany and New York Boxing Commission background. He was promptly labeled the practical politician who did the dirty work while the big boss uttered the pious sentiments. He was given the job of Postmaster General, notoriously the big patronage-dispensing job in the Cabinet. And—a totally undeserved misfortune — Mr. Farley almost never takes a good picture.

General Jim has cleared all these hurdles as he came to them.

He ran the Post Office Department well. He never tried to grab the limelight from the big boss. He would have liked to be President, but he never let that ambition deflect him from what he considers his duty. You can't help admiring him.



## Defense and the WPA

PENNSYLVANIA'S opening of its 164-mile "Highway of Tomorrow," from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg (or from Irwin to Carlisle, if you prefer) over an old railroad right of way of Commodore Vanderbilt, gives the nation more cause than ever to congratulate itself on its magnificent highway system. Road improvement in the automobile's first 40 years has been almost incredible.

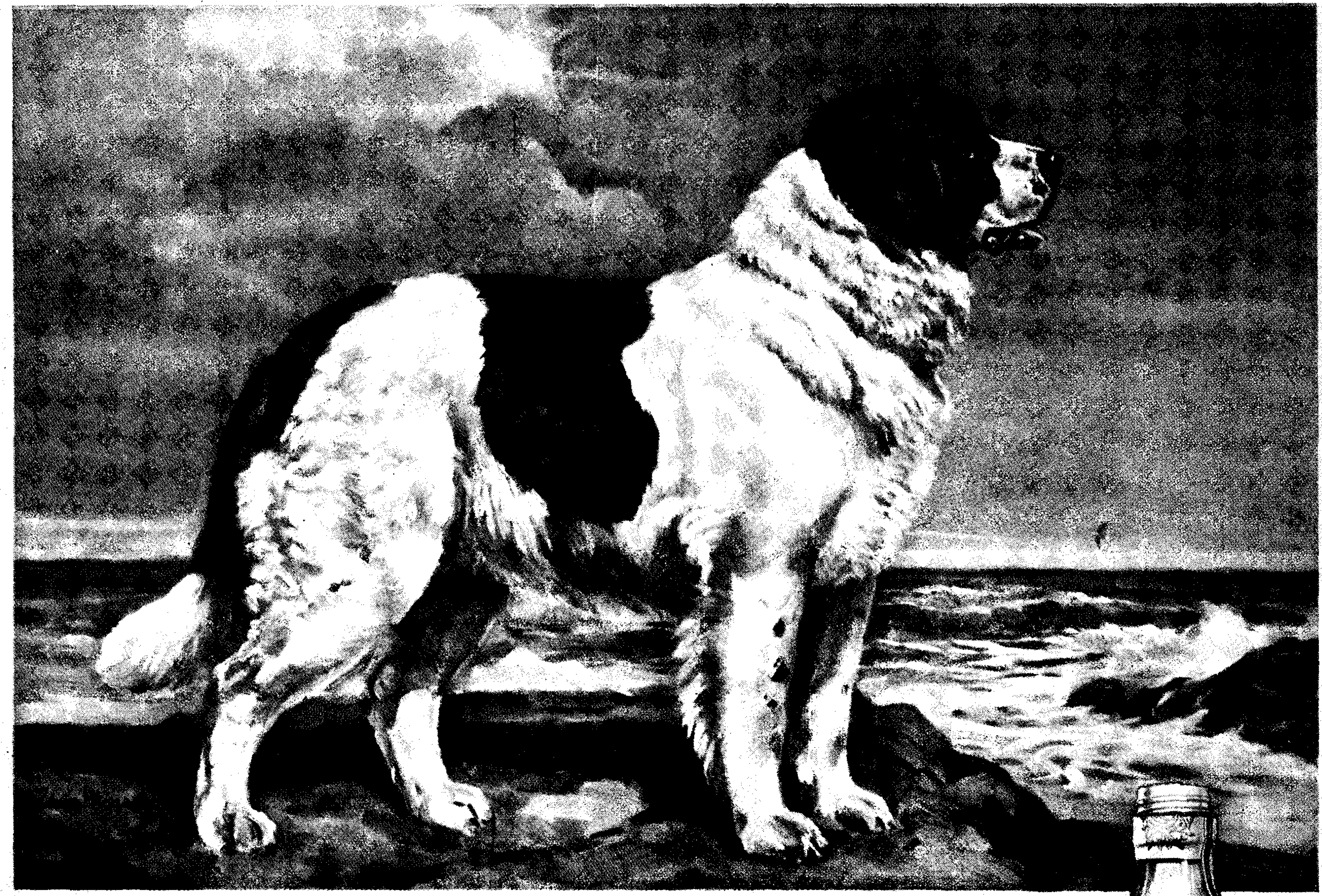
We haven't finished the job yet, though, by a long shot. Especially we aren't out of the woods if our highway system is to be hooked into our national-defense system. It is coming to be realized that many of our paved, hard-surfaced or comfortably passable roads have too many kinks in them.

These curves would seriously slow up a delegation of, say, ten panzer divisions speeding toward one or the other of our coasts to give some would-be invader the welcome he deserved. A mechanized, or panzer, division is a huge military unit, with great numbers of weapons on wheels plus numerous conveyances for men and supplies.

How about putting as many WPAers as possible to work on the job of straightening out the more crippling of those kinks?

Robert Moses, noted park commissioner and bridge and highway builder of New York City, suggests that this country needs to do some heavy imitating of the German military roads (autobahnen). Main features of these roads are long, slow curves plotted by railroad-building engineers, correct banking, no grade crossings, inlets and outlets as safe as can be in an uncertain world. We move that the WPA get busy.

# The Newfoundland comes to your aid in mixing summer drinks



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ESTABLISHED 1870
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DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled and Bottled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF

**Q.** *Why does the Newfoundland have such a heavy coat?*

**A.** He was *developed* that way—for the icy waters into which his rescue work takes him.

**Q.** *Why does Fleischmann's Gin mix so smoothly in icy drinks?*

**A.** It's been *developed* that way—since 1870. Every kernel of grain used in its distilling is specially selected for the purpose.

**Q.** *Is that why Fleischmann's is called a "pedigreed" gin?*

**A.** It is! So why not let America's first gin come to the aid of *your* parties this summer! Ask for Fleischmann's.

# Fleischmann's Gin

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